The State of the Heart: A Report in Words and Pictures

Esquire

Man At His Best

JUNE 1987 PRICE $2.95

THE PASSIONS OF MEN, 1987

Spirits That Move Us.
Adventures That Test Us.
Women We Love.



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By John Updike, Jay McInerney, William Styron, John Gregory Dunne, Harry Belafonte, Malcolm Forbes, William Kennedy, Mike Wallace, Frederick Exley, David Halberstam, Roy Blount Jr., Bob Greene, William Broyles Jr., Edward Kennedy, Tom Robbins, Christopher Buckley, Frank Conroy, Martin Amis, Scott Spencer, Richard Ben Cramer, Guy Martin, Jerry Adler, David Remnick, Jennifer Allen, Steve Oney, and others


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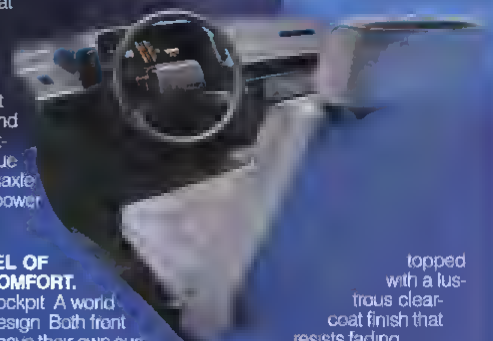
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*Performance figures compiled by a professional driver on a GM test track.

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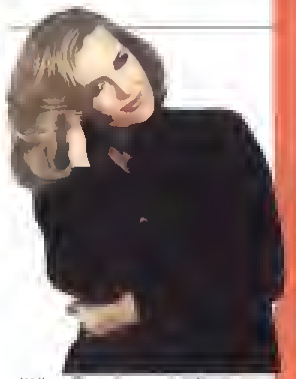
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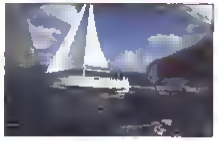


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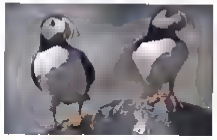
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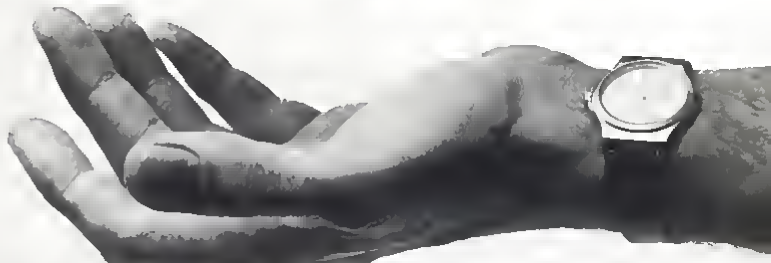
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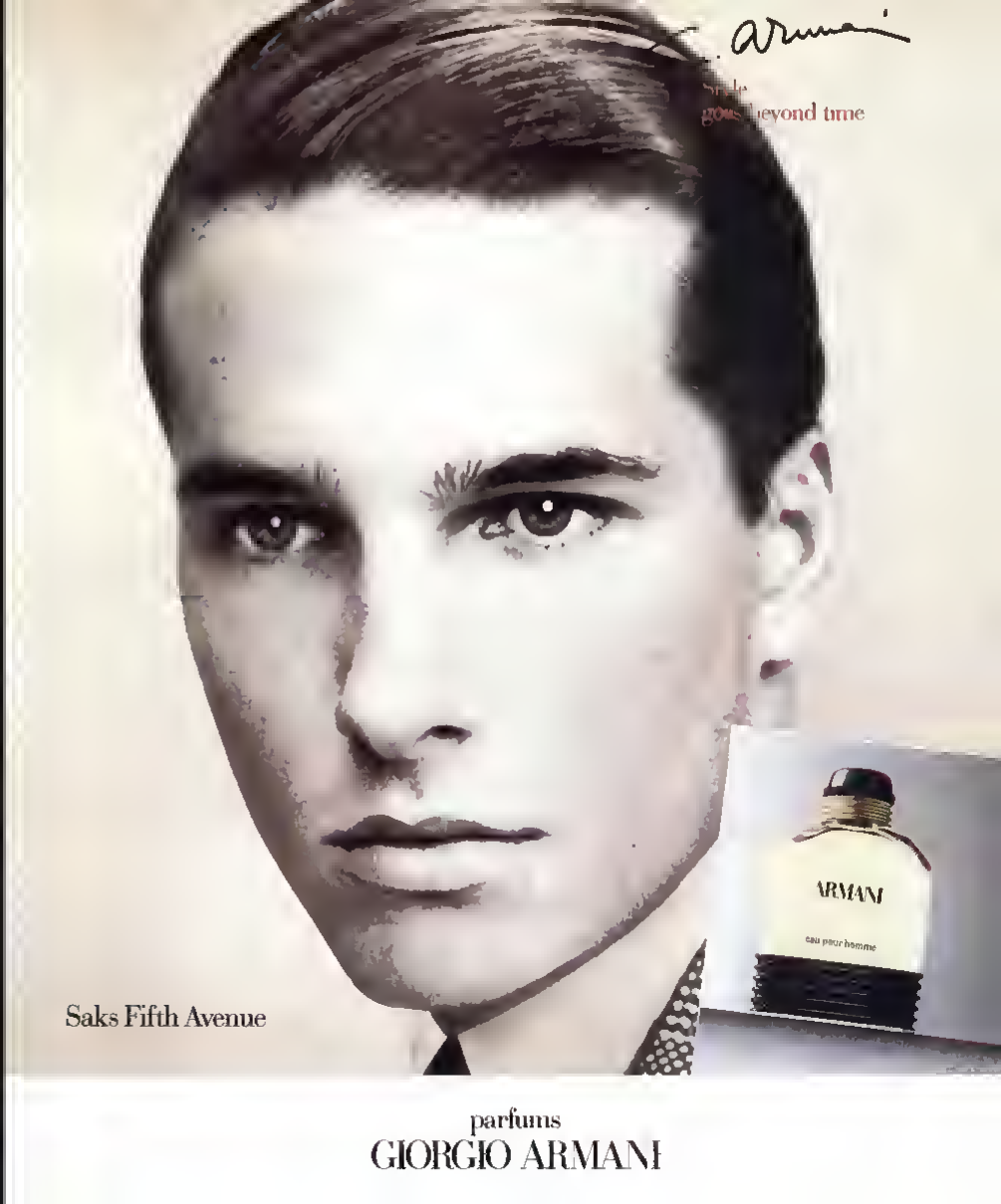
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Lee Eisenberg

Playing with Fire



PHOTOGRAPH: PETER JOHANSKY, HEART: MACDONNELL & BOKOW

THROUGH THE YEARS THE AMERICAN man has been variously pictured as cold, cautious, even calculating with his emotions. Just conjure up the stock images. There's Dad with his nose surgically affixed to the morning paper. There's the warrior—call him Patton or Rambo—with his blue-steel gaze, a man in a mask for whom even the most triumphant victory elicits scant more than a tight smile, almost. The American man has been accused of being hermetically sealed, freeze-dried, and vacuum-packed. As closed as a book, as tight as a drum. He doesn't open up, he stews. He doesn't cry, he sulks. He doesn't exclaim, he harrumphs.

With these pages, Esquire offers sufficient evidence that the vital organs of the American man—beginning with his heart—are in full throttle. This issue is dedicated to the premise that men not only have the genetic capacity to feel—let alone to stop and smell the peonies—but even to live to talk about it later. However grudgingly.

Even so, a guy is a tough nut to crack, which is why we've elected to come at him from different directions and why the magazine is divided into three parts. In "The Spirit Aroused," we have a look at many of the things that inspire a man to greater glories. In "Affairs of the Heart," we dust off our trumpets to offer some resounding fanfare to the women we love and the obsessions we nurture—whatever the reason. And in "Abiding Pleasures," we chart the particular sensations that make up the moments remembered by just about every man we know. And not only by the so-called sensitive ones.

However ferocious a man's passion may be, it is at the same time fragile. Who among us has not, at least once, *talked* a passion to death? This issue has tried to avoid the same by evoking emotions through image, and not just by throwing words on the fire. But certain passions are made for a good, long burn, which is why you'll find some remarkable journalism here.

Our lead story ("Pushing the Mid-life Envelope," page 72) is by William Broyles, formerly the editor of *Texas Monthly* and *Newsweek*, and now a journalist living in Los Angeles. While there are those who would die to write for Esquire, Broyles, in fact, came perilously close. Last January he joined a team of climbers for an attempted ascent of Aconcagua, which at just over twenty-three thousand feet is the highest peak in the Western Hemisphere.

Broyles's tale is a first-rate adventure. Moreover, it signals a phenomenon we'll be hearing a great deal about in the coming years. There was a time when a man approaching forty realized that passion in his life was as recessive as his hairline. This precipitated the good old-fashioned middle-age crisis, the symptoms of which weren't pretty. All at once there were love beads around his neck, and a woman young enough to be a prom date on his arm. It wasn't passion he got for his trouble as much as indulgence.

Today men are reclaiming their passion the way Broyles has—by taking off their business suits and testing themselves physically and spiritually against the challenges offered by mountains, seas, or simply fresh employment. If this is freaking out, let it be!

The other pieces in this issue offer different lessons in how men pursue passion. David Remnick's profile of Reggie Jackson ("Reggie at Sunset," page 128) is the story of a man who has heard, and mightily responded to, the roar of the crowd. Jackson's heroics when the game was on the line have been Herculean. Now he is truly in the autumn of his time, and how Reggie gets his licks from here on in will bear watching.

Then there is Jenny Allen's intimate profile of Paul Simon ("The Apostle of Angst," page 210) who, other than an acquaintanceship with the Bronx, bears little resemblance to Mr. October. Simon's is a melancholy form of passion, heated nonetheless. Still another variety belongs to the architect John Portman ("Portman's Complaint," page 182). Portman, according to writer Steve Oney, practically built modern Atlanta and changed the face of a number of other cities. Like so many who've reached so high, he has paid a price for it.

Finally, there's the passion of David Fox ("Father of the Bride," page 170). Jerry Adler's account of a father's life up to and including the marriage of his daughter should bring back some passionate memories to any man who has taken the same walk.

Last June, Esquire published a history of the postwar journey of the American man. With this issue, we look at what he's made of today—at least as far as his spirit is concerned. From it we can conclude that many of the things that moved his father move him as well. Other things are new. The *important* thing is that the American man is hardly cold, he's astir. Even if he doesn't always admit it.

LEE EISENBERG *is the editor in chief of Esquire*

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The Sound and the Fury

MASTERING MODERN ART

LYNN HIRSCHBERG'S "THE FOUR BRUSHMEN OF THE Apocalypse" (March) is a fine description of the dead-but not-down syndrome afflicting the New York art scene

How much longer can New York continue its narcissistic claim of being in the forefront of artistic advance in this genuinely large and diverse country? The "art" most often produced is nothing more than a small, sad, incestuous train of commercial transactions, bearing little import for the future of creative expression

There are artists working in California the Midwest, and the Southwest who have derived more from painting than the ability to get a restaurant reservation quickly Longo, Salle, Fischl, and Schnabel may be modern masters to some but certainly not to all who follow art in America

Rebecca Waggstaff
Paris Maine

INSPIRATIONAL AS IT WAS TO READ JULIAN SCHNABEL admit that people say he s brave and Robert Longo explain how his art evolves out of a monstrous ego, I think there would be a few parties surprised to hear that "in the early Seventies, no one had been doing figurative work "

People like David Hockney, Andrew Wyeth, Francis Bacon, Andy Warhol, Larry Rivers, Fairfield Porter, and many others were producing just that

True art is, and always has been, the result of honesty, commitment, and, most of all, love

Joseph McNamara
New York, N Y

THE BOUNDING MAIN

AS A DEVOTED LANDLUBBER, I CAN T IMAGINE MAKing the trip Adam Smith wrote about in your March issue ("Passage at Cape Horn) so I appreciate David and Daniel Hays making it for me, and Adam Smith for describing the journey so well

The 'steep seas" picture on page 89 tells it all I was mesmerized by it A landlubber s problems seem minute compared to the steep seas these sailors conquered

Thank you for the article and the picture, which I have hung above my desk in my office as a reminder

Stanley R Ingold
Santa Rosa, Calif

I DION T THINK OF "PASSAGE AT CAPE HORN " AS A narrative about the life of an artist until I read Hirschberg s article on "The Four Brushmen of the Apocalypse " I could not, then, help but compare the personal and artistic achievements of the Hayses to the ego-matching, uncooperative elitism and the chic-oriented life-styles pursued by the so-called modern masters

Isn t there a connection between the art produced by an artist and his own life style? I suggest that if these artists want to take a risk they should take a sail with David Hays and his son, Daniel, though I m afraid they have already succumbed to the sirens that the Hayses successfully navigated around

Rick Rose
Gainesville, Fla

STEPPING OUT

"SOCKS OFF" TO LISA GRUNWALD FOR THE FASCINAting article 'E G Smith, Sockmeister" in your March issue Her description of Smith s boundless energy leaves the reader breathless

Thanks for a creative article on a creative personality

June Horwitz
Topeka, Kans

GOULD RECONSIDERED

DONALD R KATZ S PORTRAYAL OF JAY GOULD (' Reaping from Grim Decline," Smart Money, February) as a 'destroyer of investors' value" deserves a burial

Gould was the prime mover in two industries vital to the Industrial Revolution—transportation and communication His vision, energy, and, above all, originality thrust a rural and sentimental America into the Industrial Age By developing subsidiary businesses and markets such as ranching and mining, and promoting them with genius, he brought to realization the "manifest destiny" of the age

Throughout his career Gould chose weak properties and built them, like a chess master winning from a terrible position The Erie episode, in which he rescued an insolvent railroad, is an example

Why then did Gould get such a reputation, and why has it endured?

One reason is that the newspapers of the day were not exactly beacons of accuracy Engaged in endless bloody circulation wars, they contrived to personalize all the forces and wild energies loosed by the Industrial Revolution on their society, forces that they could sense but make no sense of, energies that they would portray as villains because they couldn t understand the changes they were effecting

Later biographies such as Josephson's *The Robber Barons* drew on newspaper accounts instead of research to draw their conclusions, thereby cementing the misperceptions They became as Maury Klein notes ' blinders handed down by one generation to the next '

Louis F Hansell Jr
Drexel Hill, Pa.

FAMILY AFFAIR

THE LEAD CHARACTER IN JAY MCINERNEY'S "REunion " (March) is despicable, weak, immoral, unworthy, nonsupportive and lecherous We hope that was the way the author intended him If so he succeeded The story aroused anger—once again another contemporary short story with no resolution Perhaps the author in his next story could have the woman daydreaming of the lead character s younger brothers lying in bed, with their succulent bodies and long, flowing hair

Paula J McNamara
Martha Durgy
Grand Rapids, Mich

AMERICAN ANTHEM

LONG BEFORE BRUCE AND JOHN COUGAR WERE SINGing praises to the American Dream Tom Waits (Openings March) had dug in reciting and singing stories of the little people who populate our land and remain its backbone

Thanks to Esquire and Matthew Rolston for an overdue tribute to a great American poet.

Joseph P Mitchell
Fairmont, N C

Editor's note: In January s Dubious Achievement Awards Esquire commented on the helicopter accident that occurred on the set of *Twilight Zone The Movie* and director John Landis s subsequent trial for involuntary manslaughter At the time Mr Landis s trial was still in progress, and we did not intend to imply that Mr Landis caused the accident

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire 2 Park Avenue, New York, N Y 10016 Letters may be edited for length and clarity

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MACY'S



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Hello?

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Your tattoo is safe with me. Were you able to get a taxi?

I walked home.

And how was Paris while all the sensible folk were still in bed?

It was grey and drizzling and bloody marvelous. I kept making up poems with your name in them. Also a love song that, for rhyming reasons, ended up being all about your right elbow. I don't think my feet touched the ground once all the way home.

I meant to tell you. I love the way you smell. Most men's colognes make them smell like they take themselves too seriously.

I thank you. My Paco Rabanne cologne thanks you. My mother thanks you.

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FIRST-RATE

Me and My Z

It is a post-transistor truth that shrinkage means progress. If humans changed the way computers do, each generation would be smaller and smarter than its parents. Parturition would become a cinch, and a race of elves would soon evolve. dire cuteness their only flaw. *Jumbo* would be a word on many tiny lips.

I mention this because I write these lines on an elfin computer, a wonder only one fifth the size yet with more than twice the memory of its desk-top peer of merely a year ago. Together, we are like the strong man and the circus girl: a perfect match despite our disproportion. Me you know. Now meet my machine, the Zenith Z-181.

The Z is not a personal computer; it is an intimate one. Do you grasp the distinction? If, in the gloaming, your mate says, "Let's get personal," it means abusive language may well follow. "Let's get intimate" kindles a different burn. I do own a personal computer: the Z's elder brother (an IBM-compatible Z-150), and I like it. But its legless bulk convinced me I needed an intimate partner: one that could always stay by my side, smaller than a bread box, cuter than a bug's ear. And far mightier than its house-bound sibling.

The Z-181 is about the size and weight of *McClane's Standard Fishing Encyclopedia*. It resembles a lady-giant's compact and, like a compact, it is hinged. Closed, the Z makes a tidy package. Open, its oysterish gape reveals a dark window in the lid. When you apply power, the dark window turns an opalescent pearl gray on (or in) which luminescent blue letters lie. I have no idea how the screen works. It is called a backlit supertwisted bi refringem screen, which to me sounds like bad doings down at the freezer factory. The screen could be filled, for all I know, with amoebas that glow at the prick and thunder of little lightnings, but I doubt it. In a dark room, it looks aqueous, Atlantean, ever so pleasing to the eye. It has a presence that makes a cathode ray tube seem vertiginous, like staring into the constant cold of space.

It is conventional to call the Z-181 and its competitors "laptop" computers. This distinguishes them from "portables" like the Compaq, which resembles a lightweight sewing machine. (Airports are filled with Compaq-laden business types hustling to sewing bees.) A lap is not necessary to run the Z. I reserve my own thighs for buffet suppers, infants, and the underlap of my wife when she says, "Let's get intimate." I am not often (and you can be sure no executive is) far from a horizontal surface on which to rest my Z. There is always the earth.

Though laptops are marketed as corporate tools, the Z is a perfect machine for someone just entering the world of computers. It requires no assembly and no umbilicals. Batteries (and MS-DOS 3.2) are included. Open it up, turn it on, and there you go. From my noncomputing friends it has elicited much amazement and an eagerness to get their doodlings on its luminescent screen. "Ooh!" one said. "Just like an Etch A Sketch." "Exactly," I huffed. My friends who compute have a more rational response. "You lucky bastard," they say.

It is impossible, finally, to describe a computer's virtues without coughing up numbers and jargon. Here they come. Duck if you need to.

The Z is equipped with a 640K memory and two 3.5 inch disk drives, each of which stores 720K (twice the storage of a normal PC). It runs at a standard clock speed of 4.77 megahertz. It is fully MS-DOS compatible and comes with parallel and serial ports, as well as interfaces for an external 5.25 disk drive and RGB and composite monochrome monitors. It includes room and connectors for an optional internal modem. Here now are some numbers everyone understands. A Z weighs just over eleven pounds and costs around $2,000. It is another post transistor truth that prices, in time, will shrink too.

> *The Z is not a personal computer; it is an intimate one.*

There are other laptops on the market, of course, and they have their virtues. The Toshiba T1100 Plus—a popular computer—matches the Z in most specifications but has two speeds, 4.77 MHz or 7.16 MHz, and a slightly better-arranged keyboard. (Toshiba also makes the T3100, an AT-compatible for big boys and girls who crunch numbers like ants or feel naked without a hard disk.) NEC and Data General also make excellent machines.

There is a good reason to prefer the Z-181 to these other sleek tools that aqueous, Atlantean screen with the sparkling amoebas. Most other laptops have conventional liquid crystal displays (like a calculator's) that are legible only in good light. Not so the Z, with it you can work by the stars. And the few other machines that do employ backlit supertwist technology still have a failing: their screens are squashed. On them, a circle becomes a squat oval. Using one is like living in a



house with four-foot ceilings. The Z offers virtually the same proportions as a conventional monitor. Running Microsoft Word on the Z, I see what I see on a PC.

Software poses the biggest problem for laptop users. Few MS-DOS programs exist yet on 3.5-inch disks; most are sold on 5.25-inch floppies. (Do not confuse 3.5-inch Macintosh software with 3.5-inch MS-DOS software. They will not get along.) But nearly any non-copy protected MS-DOS software can be transferred from 5.25-inch to 3.5-inch disks in one of two easy ways.

First, you can buy an external 5.25-inch disk drive. Don't. Enlightened computer stores will transfer files for you. Ask around. Second, if you already own a PC or PC-compatible, you should buy a program called The Brooklyn Bridge. It allows you to link your PC and laptop to create one giant machine with four drives. (Yes, it works with a hard disk.) Files can be copied from 5.25-inch to 3.5-inch format or vice versa. (When you order The Brooklyn Bridge, specify whether you have a Toshiba or Zenith; they require different cables, which come with the program.) You can obtain the program from White Crane Systems, Suite 151, 6889 Peachtree Industrial Boulevard, Norcross, Georgia 30092, 404-454-7913.

The point of a laptop is portability. To that end, most laptop makers offer carrying cases. They are good for toting cut bait to the dock. I wanted something sturdier and more protective. After an amusing hour at Crouch & Fitzgerald, wandering among the Vuittons, Hartmanns, and Halliburtons, I thought, what the hell, let's just head to Hermès and buy a nice saddlebag. Many that I contemplated cost more than the Z itself. So I purchased, and recommend highly, a Lowe Pro TrumTech Ultimate camera bag—about a hundred and fifty bucks. With its space dividers removed (they are attached by Velcro), the inner compartment fits the Z and its AC converter/recharger beautifully. The bag is well padded and has a shoulder strap that clings to the clavicle like starfish to rock, as well as an outer compartment for your diskettes, Walkman, and Jason and the Scorchers tapes.

There is only one small bristle of annoyance with my Z: only one thing I want to know. Why is cream the official color of computing? —**Verlyn Klinkenborg**

BIBLIOPHILIA

It's a Helluva Town

Ah, New York. The City We Love to Hate, the City That Greed Built. Or the Big Apple, the City That Never Sleeps. No matter the approach, there is no way not to have Attitude about the place. And now we can have a whole book of Attitude, serving both to ease the souls of city-weary natives and to introduce the amazing show to first timers—*New York Observed: Artists and Writers Look at the City* (Abrams, $19.95).

Editors Barbara Cohen, Seymour Chwast, and Steven Heller have gathered work from 1650 to present, putting between covers writers as diverse as Calvin Trillin, O. Henry, James Baldwin, and Pete Hamill, artists as eclectic as Thomas Nast and Edward Sorel. In poems and excerpts from essays and novels, we can look closer at just what constitutes this love/hate relationship.

Here's Thomas Wolfe on the "iron-breasted" city: "Nowhere in the world can a young man feel greater hope and expectancy than here," but it's also "the place of everlasting hunger." And F. Scott Fitzgerald on the Empire State Building, then the most astounding building on the skyline: "lonely and inexplicable as the Sphinx." And man about town Damon Runyon, on a night at the Stork Club (remember the Stork Club? No?), with café society: "You just set here a minute while I go brush my hair, and then we will show these chumps some more about dancing!" Ah, New York! ●



CLASSICS

Suspenders

I was adjusting my eardrums to the din of a Cyndi Lauper concert not long ago when a young man walked past me with suspenders hanging down around his knees. This was one postpunk nuance I hadn't seen before, and I couldn't make out whether the point was to look half-dressed or half-undressed. I turned to the person next to me, a girl with electrified blond hair and ruby lips.

"What's he trying to prove?" I asked.

She laughed. "It's, like, why wear suspenders any other way?"

What she meant to say, I think, was that since the pants stayed up by themselves, the suspenders were freed for creative interpretation. By letting them hang, the young man was saying, in effect, Look! My suspenders are being held up by my pants! (No, that doesn't sound right. Too profound.)

I later learned that dangling suspenders had been a signature of the British working-class street gangs known as skinheads and that the French designer Jean Paul Gaultier had sold the look to the New Wave crowd. All in all, it seemed time to set the record straight as to what suspenders are really all about.

Suspenders are exactly two hundred years old. They became an overnight necessity in 1787, when the French abandoned hip-clinging breeches for high-rise trousers and needed something to hold them up. The remedy was two lengths of ribbon with buttonholes at both ends. The French called them bretelles, the British called them braces.

It wasn't long before this purely functional device became an object of fashion in its own right. Napoleon had a pair woven for himself with bumblebees embroidered in silk. Oscar Wilde owned a whole wardrobe of suspenders, including a pair patterned after a Frederic Leighton painting. Queen Victoria gave suspenders as a gift to Benjamin Disraeli. Everyone wore suspenders in the nineteenth century; hardly anybody wore belts.

The First World War changed all that. Americans found suspenders too entangling in the trenches, so they opted for belts. Ever since then, most ready-to-wear trousers have been made with belt loops, though some have also come equipped with suspender buttons. Whether or not they have the buttons, however, modern trousers are cut differently from pants of old: they fit more closely around the waist so the waistband won't bunch up under a tightened belt. As a result, contemporary trousers are often snug enough to stay aloft on

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Find yourself a friend. Add one Mustang, Camaro, Daytona or performance car of your choice. And do a little spring cleaning.

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So what's the prognosis?

If you have a bad case of spring fever, we predict everything's going to turn out fine.

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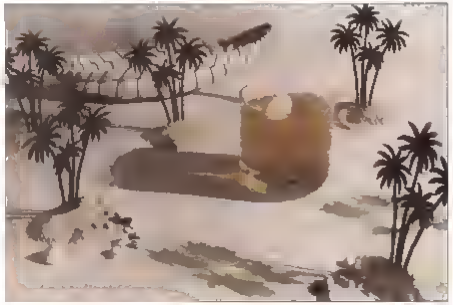


their own. Still die-hard suspender wearers will tell you that it takes suspenders to make trousers drape properly, which is true only if the trousers are cut in the old style—loose enough so that if they were unhitched in the skinhead manner they'd fall to the floor.

In their favor, suspenders have a distinctly masculine, structural look: they reinforce the flattering vertical line of trousers, they can be louder and more imprudent than ties or bow ties, because they are not as relentlessly visible. Suspenders are a more private matter, an inside joke, at the appropriate moment they disappear discreetly under a suit jacket.

The popularity of suspenders has been on the rise in the past several years. Those with figures of nude women are among the best sellers, I'm told, and leather or braided-silk fasteners are deemed preferable to the rather déclassé metal clamps. Trafalgar, a maker of quality suspenders costing from $25 to $120 a pair, reports that since 1975 its output has increased from two hundred pairs a week to more than six thousand. Included among Trafalgar's offerings are reproductions of suspenders worn by FDR, John Ringling North, and Napoleon. Marley Hodgson, the president and founder of Trafalgar, is a member of the International Society of Brace Collectors. He told me he inherited his passion for suspenders from his father and that now his fourteen-year-old son wears them, too—a ninety-dollar pair, no less. "And how does he wear them?" Now that you mention it," said Hodgson, "he wears them banging down around his knees."

—John Berendt



THE DRINKING MAN

The Best of the West Indies

Christopher Columbus may have misjudged the location of India by some seven thousand miles, but he did have the foresight to introduce sugarcane to the New World. On his second voyage he brought cuttings of the plant to Hispaniola, where it thrived. Soon it flourished throughout the Caribbean, and with it the making of rum. An ironclad rule of human nature states that man, faced with an unfamiliar substance, will instantly set about distilling it. So it was with sugarcane. Molasses—the dense brown syrup left behind after crystallized sugar has been removed from cane juice—proved an ideal candidate for the pot still. Today rum is made wherever sugarcane is grown, from Hawaii to Indonesia and the Philippines.

Rum tends to summon up images of Wallace Beery with a parrot on his shoulder (the yo-ho-ho syndrome) or smooth Latin Americans in white linen suits. But rum was once the preeminent American drink right up to 1775 or so, when barrels full of rye whiskey began rolling eastward from Pennsylvania and Maryland through the Cumberland Gap. Our forefathers consumed a staggering (literally) four gallons per person annually, more than double the current rate for all spirits combined. A commonly ordered drink was flip, a combination of rum, ale, and whipped-up egg whites that was seared with a red-hot poker.

The center of rum production was New England, whose dark, pungent Medford rum formed one corner of the "triangular trade." American rum was shipped to Africa and traded for slaves, who were shipped to the Caribbean, there they were traded for molasses, which was shipped to New England to be distilled into rum. A major boost to revolutionary sentiment came with the Molasses Act of 1733 and the Sugar Act of 1764, which attempted to force New England's rum makers to import their molasses only from the British West Indies. In the two centuries since independence, Americans have met the British more than halfway in most matters, but rum is not one of them. More than 85 percent of the rum consumed in the United States comes from Puerto Rico. And most of *that* 85 percent is accounted for by Bacardi Silver Label, the world's largest-selling spirit. Bacardi's phenomenal success has obscured the fact that nearly thirty Puerto Rican rums are sold in the U.S., most of them colorless mixers, but not all. The appealing Ron del Barrilito two-star (golden) and three-star (amber) tend toward medium body, and Vizcaya aims for a cognaclike body and finesse.

Broadly speaking, rums divide into those meant for mixing and those meant to be sipped on their own. The former include the whites, most of the golden rums, and a few of the darks. Meyers's Original Dark from Jamaica, for example, makes a superb planter's punch. Teetering on the borderline are Trinidad's Royal Oak, made by Angostura, and the excellent rums of Barbados's Mount Gay, the golden, medium-bodied Eclipse and the slightly richer and more fragrant Sugar Cane. Both can be used in cocktails (the daiquiri especially) or can stand on their own.

In a sea of colorless mixers, there are rums bold enough to stand on their own.

As rums get darker they become more interesting, showing a greater diversity and concentration of flavor. Gosling's Black Seal (the label shows a seal balancing an oak cask on its nose), an almost coffee-colored rum from Bermuda, contains rich hints of fruit and vanilla. From the British Virgin Islands comes the spicy and potent Pusser's, the regulation grog of the British Navy from 1655 until 1970, when the daily rum ration went the way of the threepenny bit. Appleton of Jamaica produces a twelve-year-old rum that bears comparison with a good armagnac.

Finest of all are the rums of the French West Indies, where distillers look to the cognacs of France for inspiration. Unfortunately, they tend to be scarce: the highly regarded Rhum Clément of Martinique, for example, has recently become unavailable. Haiti's Rhum Barbancourt, however, can be found without too much difficulty. The five-star Réserve Spéciale, aged for eight years in Limousin oak casks, is suave and subtle, with a slight touch of toffee to the taste. And the Réserve du Domain Barbancourt, aged fifteen years, can do equal battle with the finest French brandies.

From one, many. The lowly sugarcane, planted on a hunch nearly five hundred years ago, has yielded a profusion of styles and flavors that only the grape, with its many varieties, can top. For sheer ingenuity, only Carver's three hundred uses for the peanut comes close. And even he failed to come up with a drinkable peanut daiquiri.

—William Grimes





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THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

Long Train Coming

The Trans-Siberian is not so much the longest rail journey in the world as it is the most elusive. You already feel this the moment you approach Yaroslavsky Station in Moscow: the starting point: the art nouveau, gingerbread-castle facade, complete with a frieze of jolly looking bears, looks like a *Ballets Russes* set design inexplicably pasted over a corner of this great gray city of hungry spaces and stern bronze Lenins. A more ominous illusion flickers through the brightly colored ones as you step inside, right into a grainy newsreel of life during wartime: dark masses of people huddled like refugees with their bundles and cardboard suitcases or standing on endless queues through the shabby, cramped waiting rooms; and everywhere the dank smell of wet felt from the hundreds of Red Army overcoats on their way to guard the cold outer reaches of the empire. Europe is already an old dream, the atmosphere is almost Asiatic, heady with a feeling of otherness that adds a saving pungency to the drab business of Soviet travel. In the chill air of the platform, your breath quickens like a locomotive, the strangest discovery waits on the first track: your expectations mean nothing.

The *Rossiya* is long and drab, soot-covered and steel-encased, departing daily without fanfare for Vladivostok and weekly for Beijing—just a train, once the resonance of the name dies down. It pulls away at 14:05 with a punctuality that seems faintly absurd, given the 170 hours and five minutes it takes to get to the Sea of Japan (or 145 hours and forty-one minutes to the Chinese capital). The imposing mass of Moscow suddenly evaporates into a sparse countryside of birches and pines with widely scattered clusters of wooden houses and little else. It dawns on you, over a period of many days, that perhaps the most forbidding thing of all about Siberia is the awesome monotony of the landscape. Even the great landmarks have a way of slipping out of your grasp: the Urals, the boundary between Europe and Asia, are a gentle bump in the night; Lake Baikal is a brief blue shimmer in the wan afternoon sun; and in between, nothing but hut-tree trees filing by with the dull rhythm of a forced march. Here, along what remains the only continuous land route across the USSR, it is the sense of *absence* that is overwhelming.

So the Trans-Siberian turns into a great *conceptual* journey, a long, curving train of thought. The thrill of watching nearly six thousand poker-faced miles framed mile by mile in your window is gone, but the shiver of awe is still as strong as ever when you trace your index finger along the fragile red line that somehow stretches across the entire breadth of the map. The names strike your ears like frosty pearls from a broken string: Moscow, Yaroslavl, Kirov, Perm, Sverdlovsk, Tyumen, Omsk, Novosibirsk, Irkutsk, and on and on.... And if there is something almost suspect about the ease with which the train glides over the world's harshest terrain as if it never existed, picture yourself trying to get across a hundred years ago: sitting for months in a springless carriage behind a foul-mouthed coachman, bumping violently over the great Siberian *Trakt*, which Chekhov called "the longest and, it seems to me, the ugliest road in the whole world."

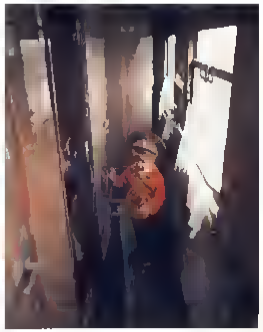
The malaise of Trans-Siberian travel in the post-troika era is, if anything, more insidious: your bones are no longer jolted—it's going after your *soul*. The vague boredom and disorientation of hurtling day after day through the unpeopled void induces a kind of creeping existential cabin fever. The local stations run on Moscow time, the restaurant car runs on local time, and your metabolism has slowed to a relative crawl somewhere back in Perm. The other foreigners are restless, too. A big, shaggy Swede spends the last half of the trip singing "*Summertime, and the livin' is easy*" over the frozen taiga, while a Norwegian tour group in the next wagon decides to throw a toga party dangerously close to the Sino-Soviet border. Even the North Koreans in the rear of the train, an aloof and shadowy group heading home loaded with American dollars from a stint in Libya, are beginning to fidget with their Kim Il Sung pins and trying to cadge cigarettes from you. What to do?

The desire to gripe, to some how define this elusive dread, becomes increasingly powerful. No less than Lenin felt it in 1897, when he was exiled to eastern Siberia with the novel privilege of forgoing the traditional means of transport, which involved heavy leg-irons and flogging, in favor of the nearly completed Trans-Siberian. He gave a local stationmaster such abuse about the overcrowded conditions that an extra wagon was added. Today, bitching won't even get you an extra roll of toilet paper, but it has its therapeutic, even cre-

The strangest discovery waits on the first track: your expectations mean nothing.

ative, aspects for the average traveler. You can curse your *provodnik* (conductress) because she reminds you of Rosa Klebb in *From Russia with Love*, and she never lets you take any pictures out the window, or the sinister little loudspeaker on the ceiling of your compartment, which blares out maddeningly tinny folk songs that sound as if they are coming from your fillings, and which can be turned *down* but never *off*, or the greatest horror of all, the food. The long and varied menu is nothing but a gastronomic Potemkin Village: it all boils down—literally—to the only two dishes that ever seem available—the borsch and the dread beef stroganoff. There is no alcohol of any variety for sale either, under Gorbachev, the Trans-Siberian is a dry run.

But perhaps the point of the trip is in fact to get drunk—not punch-drunk or drunk on the vodka you wisely bought at a hard-currency store before leaving, but intoxicated on the true *spirit* of the Trans-Siberian: the easy rhythm of Russian life that unfolds over the steady clang of the wheels. It





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presents the Western traveler with the rare opportunity to peer under the opaque surface of Soviet life for the Russians don't just ride the train—they *inhabit* it. Everybody changes into track suits and baggy old dresses and within twenty minutes of departure, the air is full of newspapers rustling, dominoes clicking, babushkas cooing over other people's grandchildren and the sharp odors of sour black bread and dried fish. You feel as if you've wandered into the heart of a large family gathering. The matriarch of the train is undoubtedly Olga the conductress of your wagon who rules over her oblong den with the fierce zeal of a she-bear cuffing sense into her cubs. Be good, keep your Nikon and Stoli tucked away, submit gracefully to the aggressive daily vacuuming of your compartment, and Mother Olga will reward you with bottomless glasses of tea and her wonderfully broad smile, which contains enough gold and silver to mint wedding bands for the entire wagon.

Your first companions in your four berth compartment are Andrei, a truck driver from Omsk, and his eight-year-old niece Zina, who is slender and heartbreakingly beautiful the way almost all Russian children are before the sad gravity of life pulls them rudely down to earth. You try to tell her fairy tales, but she erupts into giggles every time you make a wrong declension in your broken Russian. The neighboring wagon, by way of contrast, has been commandeered by a crew of merchant marines on their way to Vladivostok, who with brutal geniality invite you to raise glass after glass of homemade Ukranian pepper vodka, which is even harder to decline than Russian nouns. When the train reaches Omsk, Andrei departs with your Springsteen tape (it seemed somehow appropriate), and Zina with a small, glittering picture of life in the West, which will probably do her little good growing up in her bleak industrial hometown. You are stuck with Sasha, the sailor who puts his arm around you and asks confidentially what you think of the prospects for peace after Reykjavik, how much *prostitutki* charge per hour in New York and if you'd like to see the tattoo of his daughter's name across his chest. Others come and go like a slow tide, a large, half-wild gypsy family, two Red Army lieutenants and, late one night, a dimly perceived form with a seductively musical voice in the berth above you. The prospect of romance passes briefly through your dream like a freight train going the other way; she has gotten off again before sunrise, and in her place is a huge, blanketed form that eventually resolves itself into a fat Mongolian, one-eared like a veteran of the Golden Horde, who sits on your bunk all day, wordlessly smacking his lips and spilling pickle juice on your sheets.

Now Siberia finally starts lifting her voluminous white skirts to reveal a few little secrets to you: a man on skis with a rifle strapped over his shoulder and two black dogs, like one of Turgenev's sportsmen; the full moon, racing with the train and casting a blue glow over dark fir trees; the lovely, intricate carvings painted in bright pastels around the windows of even the most humble Siberian isbus; graffiti scrawled in English across the abandoned freight car outside Novosibirsk: HEAVY METAL RULES!; and at a railroad crossing, an old woman, older than the train itself, sitting atop a horse-drawn sleigh piled high with wood, waiting for the Trans-Siberian to disappear.

It's now well past two in the morning as the train pulls into Petrovsky Zavod, more than 3,600 miles from Moscow and still a long way from home. Even here, in this tiny Siberian train station, Lenin himself is awaiting the arrival of the *Rossiya* on his pedestal; his right hand thrust casually into his capacious pocket, and a dandruff-like dusting of snow on his eyebrows softening the severe cast of his forehead. The waiting room, a small wooden building, is empty except for a few dozing army recruits. Under Lenin's silent gaze, you jump down onto the frozen, glittering platform and dance a little jig in the waning moonlight to keep warm. After five minutes the stationmaster sends the train on its way to the next one of a hundred sleepy stations and a hundred vigilant Lenins, scattered across the unimaginably empty vastness. You would need an eternity to fill it.

Now the good news: whether you are riding hard (four berths) or soft (two berths), the train across the Soviet Union is surprisingly inexpensive. The choice of stopovers along the line is quite slim, and most of them don't sound much fun anyway, except for Irkutsk, which is known as the Paris of Siberia. That's stretching things a bit, but the old section has the raffish charm of a prosperous frontier town (without the saloons and cathouses). Coming at the halfway point of the trip, Irkutsk gives you the opportunity of starting off on the Trans-Siberian, stretching your legs for a day or two, and ending up on the Trans-Manchurian; the former service tends to be less packed with Europeans than the popular China-bound run, especially from October to April, when there are no ferries to Japan or Hong Kong, the latter gives you the fascinating—not to say fearful—symmetry of Moscow and Beijing at opposite ends. And there's an added bonus at the Chinese border: you get to watch them uncouple the Soviet dining car from the train—one of the most stirring sights of the entire journey!

—Jean-Christophe Castelli



THE SEASONED COOK

Nothing Like a Thai Grill

It usually occurs about your fifth or sixth barbecue of the season: just as the burgers start popping, little spigots of fat and Worcestershire sauce—a vague tinge of boredom—call it *mal de grill*. By this time most of us have put in enough hours stationed before a roaring pyre of briquettes to realize that meat plus flame will eventually yield some sort of dinner, and no one sane will ever refuse a twelve-ounce T-bone seared over mesquite, even if it is the third night in a row. Still, sooner or later during this summer's smoke business, a wanderlust might entice you to try some exotic tidbit for a change. When this urge occurs, it's reassuring to know that all over the Far East thousands of people are nonchalantly cooking skewers of meat over simple braziers into *sates*, some of the tastiest morsels to come off a grill.

If you've ever ordered the mixed appetizer plate at a Thai or Indian restaurant or tried an Indonesian rijstafel, you've probably tasted these ribbon-thin slices of meat or poultry, fragrantly marinated with spices and grilled until glistening and juicy. Typically they're served with a tempestuous dipping sauce that sweeps from mild to hot in a single dazzling swallow. *Sates* are a superb

Quick, turn the page.



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HONDA

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example of an Eastern tradition of outdoor cooking that is different from our own. Commonly items for an American grill keep the shape they were born to—a whole trout, ribs, chicken drumsticks we tend to stick close to the untampered fact of meat, fish or fowl for our fires. On the other hand, Eastern cooks prefer to elaborate on nature with a bit of highly skilled butchery. It began with the first nomad who ever stuck a haunch of camel onto a spear and gradually developed into the main characteristic of their grilling style: a finely studied tension between the wildness of flame and the refinement of rendering a hunk of meat into small, precise slices that fit onto a slim skewer. Over the centuries this technique has inspired native cooks to create such glories as Russian shashlik, shish kebab, Japanese *yakitori* and *sate*, the most popular snack in Asia.

Originating in Java by way of Middle Eastern traders, this spicy finger food spread throughout the Indonesian archipelago and then farther east. Today there are probably as many versions of the dish as there are *sate* vendors tending small charcoal braziers that puff white coils of smoke on street corners from Bali to Singapore. The languages are different, but everywhere *sate* making is essentially the same. The vendor calls out his display of marinated meats—goat, turtle kneaded with coconut milk, water buffalo, beef or chicken for the squeamish. While the skewers hiss over the coals, your man goes to work like an alchemist, pounding together perfumy spices and seasonings for the dipping sauce: coriander and cumin seed, a stroke of chili peppers, nuts, stalks of sour lemongrass or citronella, and salty *nam pla*—a fermented fish paste. In Indonesia the finished potion will be a dark, sweet sauce made of *kecap manis*, a soy-based mixture that is the ancestor of our ketchup. Other places prefer the hidden intricacies of smooth peanut dressings like the Thai version here, where sweet, sour, hot and cool play their haunting tones like wind chimes in the middle of the night.

Thai Pork Sate with Peanut Sauce
(for four servings)

For convenience you can prepare this marinade and dipping sauce a day ahead. At serving time simply light the coals (or preheat the broiler) and start grilling.

1 pound boneless pork loin, trimmed lean
½ cup thick coconut milk
2 cloves garlic, crushed and finely chopped
1 tablespoon nam pla
1 ½ teaspoon ground coriander
1 teaspoon ground cumin
1 teaspoon ground turmeric
½ teaspoon cayenne pepper

1. Partially freeze the pork for thirty minutes to facilitate cutting, then slice it into 2" × 1" × ¼" strips. Thread the meat like a ribbon onto bamboo skewers, about three strips per skewer. Place in a large, shallow pan.
2. Blend the remaining ingredients in a processor or blender until smooth. Pour the marinade over the pork. Cover the pan and refrigerate from six to twenty-four hours, turning the meat occasionally to coat it evenly.
3. When you're ready to serve, remove the *sate* from the marinade. Grill over hot coals or broil four or five minutes, until the strips are golden on all sides.

Peanut Sauce

2 tablespoons onion, finely chopped
1 clove garlic, crushed and finely chopped
1 stalk fresh lemongrass, white stem only, finely chopped
1 tablespoon light brown sugar
1 teaspoon ground coriander
½ teaspoon crushed red pepper flakes
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 tablespoon nam pla
½ cup chunky peanut butter
1 cup thick coconut milk

1. In a small saucepan stir together all of the ingredients in the order given. Bring gradually to a boil over medium heat, stirring until smooth. Simmer four or five minutes. Remove from the heat and pour into a serving bowl. If you're making the sauce in advance, cover and refrigerate. Bring it to room temperature before serving. —**Elizabeth Sahatjian**



GOOD THINKING

Wellness for the Well-Heeled

The spa life: A little morning golf followed by an herbal wrap to suck out the poisonous memory of that triple bogey on eighteen. A loofah scrub to exfoliate the skin. On to lunch: a big plate of fettuccine Alfredo, stabilized by another gin and tonic on the veranda. Next a lecture on "The Psychology of Relaxation and Stress Prevention." And then ...

Huh? A *lecture*? No, you didn't make a wrong turn coming out of the steam room. This is definitely a spa—La Costa Hotel & Spa, a venerable California tradition north of San Diego in Carlsbad. But it's a spa whose $85 million face-lift included the no-nonsense (you can tell by the name) Center for Lifestyle Management.

With a hard to shake reputation as a Family hangout (and we don't mean little kids) and its fame as a citadel of sybaritism, La Costa doesn't exactly spring to mind as a place to get one's life style managed. Enter behavioral psychologists David C. Gardner and Grace Joely Beatty. Lured west from Boston University to teach wellness to the well-heeled (the Center's nine day program costs $4,000), the two are not endorphin-fueled zealots, but state-of-the art professionals who make sense. So does their program.

"The typical participant," says Gardner, "is an executive who's spent his life being responsible for others—stockholders, partners, employees, family. We show him how to pay attention to his own needs." Those needs are addressed by the program's four pillars: cardiovascular exercise and flexibility training, relaxation techniques and time management, diet and nutrition and improved personal relationships.

Each day begins with a vigorous two to three mile "power walk" and ends with an evening lecture. In between are aerobics workouts, other lectures, more workouts and three squares at the well-appointed Spa Dining Room, where portion control (you don't get much), nutritional balance (more complex carbos, less protein and fat) and taste (good) are more important than calories per se (although calories per se are printed on the menu).

The program is highly structured, with little free time. That's just as well, because La Costa is still in the pampering business and temptations abound. While you're walking on a treadmill, somebody else is riding around on *your* golf cart chasing birdies until the cocktail hour. But for conscientious campers, the payoff comes on the last day, when aerobic capacity and cholesterol level test results are compared with marks posted on check-in day. That, says Gardner, is the best bottom line most have ever seen. —**Glen Waggoner**

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Martin Amis ("The Women We Love: Joan Collins," page 166) is the author of the short-story collection *Einstein's Monsters*, recently published by Crown Publishers. A profile of Amis appeared in the November 1986 and January 1987 issues of Esquire.

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Roy Blount Jr. ("What Guys Hate!," page 234), author of *Not Exactly What I Had in Mind* (Atlantic Monthly Press), also hates the Justice Department, Elliott Abrams, and people who stop in the top of escalators.

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Jay McInerney ("The Women We Love: Chrissie Hynde," page 158) is currently working on his third novel. He first saw the Pretenders at the Palladium in 1980.

Phillip Moffitt ("The Best of Times: Risky Business," page 233) sold Esquire to the Hearst Corporation in December 1986. He remains the magazine's editor emeritus.

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Steve Oney ("Portman's Complaint," page 182) studied architecture at Harvard. He is working on a book based on "The Lynching of Leo Frank," an article he wrote for the September 1985 Esquire.

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Steven Begleiter ("The Best of Times," page 227) is currently working on a book of portraits of fathers and sons. His photographs have appeared in *Fortune*, *Forbes*, *US*, *Life* and other publications.

Tom Christopher ("The Best of Times," pages 228–233) describes his work as "expressionistic realism." His one-man show will be opening this winter at Helio Galleries in New York.

Philip-Lorca diCorcia ("Some Guys Have All the Luck," page 105) received a 1987 Guggenheim Fellowship. His work is in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art, Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, and Bibliotheque Nationale, among others.

Jim Dow ("A Fan's Further Notes," page 150) has received a Guggenheim Fellowship and two National Endowment for the Arts grants. His work is in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and other museums.

Sandi Fellman ("Heart Strings," page 114, and "Let 'Em Eat Meat," page 192) is the author of *The Japanese Tattoo*, published last winter by Abbeville Press. Her work was part of the show "Art and Advertising" at the International Center of Photography.

Benno Friedman ("Some Men Collect...," page 194) has photographs in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, and other major museums. His one-man shows have appeared at the Light Gallery and the Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery in New York.

John Goodman ("Some Guys Have All the Luck," page 104) has contributed photographs to *Elle*, *Interview*, *Playboy*, and other magazines. He received the Gold Award at the 1984 New York Art Directors show.

John Harding ("Driven to Perfection," page 109), a 1983 Guggenheim Fellow, has photographs in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, among others. His work is featured in *American Independents*, recently published by Abbeville Press.

George Hurrell ("The Women We Love: Pointer Sisters," page 163) has had photographs appear in these pages since the 1930s. He is currently working on his second book of collected photographs.

Terry Husebye ("Some Guys Have All the Luck," page 107) was a recipient of a 1983 Guggenheim Fellowship. His work appears in the collections of museums across the U.S.

Peter Johansky ("The Museum of Modern Male Art," page 140) has photographed food for cookbooks and magazines. His work will be featured in *Food in Focus*, to be published by Watson-Guptill next year.

Gerd Ludwig ("Father of the Bride," page 170) has participated in all of the *Day in the Life* projects. His first book *Ao Tea Roa*, was published in Europe.

Alen MacWeeney ("Some of Her Parts," page 200, and "How Sex Feels, page 205) has done photography for many magazines, record covers, and advertisements. He has had one-man exhibitions in New York, Boston, San Francisco, Stockholm, and Paris. His photographs are in the collections of more than sixty museums.

Arnold Newman ("Reggie at Sunset," page 128, "The Women We Love: Virginia Foster Durr," page 161, "Portman's Complaint," page 182, "The Apostle of Angst," page 210) has won many photographic awards. His retrospective, "Arnold Newman —Five Decades," is currently touring the country. A book of the same name was published last year by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

Michael O'Neill ("Others Just Won't Let Go," page 197) specializes in portraiture. His photographs have appeared in *Life*, *The New York Times Magazine*, *Geo* and Esquire. He is currently working on a series of platinum prints of Venice.

Eugene Pinkowski ("A Fan's Further Notes," page 150) recently had an exhibit at the Tower Gallery in New York. His work appears in *Interview*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Rolling Stone*.

Ann Rhoney ("Radio Romance," page 117) specializes in hand-coloring photographs. Her works are included in many museum and private collections.

Francesco Scavullo ("The Women We Love: Nora Ephron," page 156, "Guess? Jeans Girls," page 159, "Lori Singer," page 162, "Lou Ann Barton," page 164, "Helen Bransford," page 166, "Isabella Rossellini," page 168) has had four books of his photographs published and recently completed "Still Lifes," a series of silk-screen paintings of floral subjects.

Richard Leslie Schulman ("Some Men Collect...," page 195) has most recently exhibited his work in "Portraits of American and Soviet Contemporary Artists," a show currently touring the country. He is working on a series of portraits of China's leading cultural and political figures.

Mark Seliger ("Some Guys Have All the Luck," page 106, "The Women We Love: Barbara Bush," page 165, "Some Men Collect...," page 196) has contributed photographs to *Rolling Stone*, *Elle*, *Manhattan Inc.*, *New York Woman*, and other magazines. He collaborated on a performance-art piece, "Waiting," which appeared in New York and Boston.

Neal Slavin ("Nuts Nuts Bits Bolts Tacks Tape Putty Paint Hammers Spackle Pliers," page 120) is the author of *Britons*, published last year by Aperture Books. He is now working on a book and film about America.

Michael Tighe ("The Spirit Aroused," page 71, "Affairs of the Heart," page 149, "Abiding Pleasures," page 191) has contributed photographs to *Interview*, *Rolling Stone*, *Spin Details* and other publications. He is also at work on an ongoing series of portraits of great celebrities.

Elizabeth Zeschin ("The Women We Love: Diane Sawyer," page 155) received a 1987 Art Directors Merit Award. She is currently at work on the photographs for Martha Stewart's garden cookbook.

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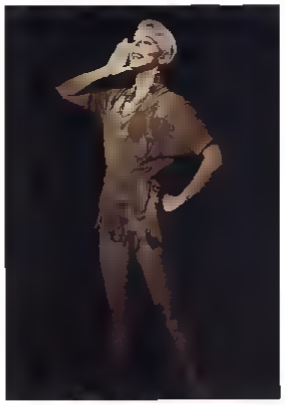
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PRIVATE PASSIONS

A Prelude

A survey of fifteen men and the books, films, music, and theater that get their pulses up



FRANCESCO SCAVULLO
PHOTOGRAPHER

Character from a play: Peter Pan
Musical composition: Mozart's *Don Giovanni*
Poet: Frank O'Hara
Character from a film: The Beast in Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast*
Actor: Robert De Niro



JEFF GOLDBLUM
ACTOR

Poem: *The Spoon River Anthology* by Edgar Lee Masters
Author: P. G. Wodehouse
Film: *Manhattan*
Artist: Blinky Palermo
Book: *Wuthering Heights*



CHARLIE DANIELS
MUSICIAN

Work of art: *Mona Lisa*
Authors: Matthew, Mark, Luke, John
Character from a film: George C. Scott's General George Patton
Passage from a play: Lady Macbeth's speech to the doctor
Actor: John Wayne



ARTHUR ASHE
TENNIS PRO

Musician: Eric Clapton
Book: *Uncle Tom's Cabin*
Work of art: Photo of Coretta Scott King and daughter Bernice at her husband's funeral by Moneta Sleet Jr.
Character from a play: Don Quixote, from *Man of La Mancha*
Poem: "Dreams" by Langston Hughes

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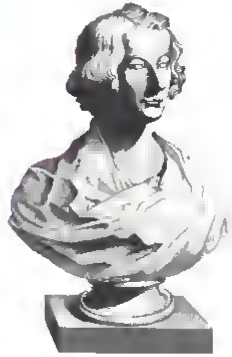


EDWARD ALBEE
PLAYWRIGHT

Musician Mabel Mercer
Film Peter Brook's *King Lear*
Poem "In Memory of W B Yeats" by W H Auden
Play *Happy Days* by Samuel Beckett
Actress Peggy Ashcroft

DAVID GEFFEN
FILM AND RECORD PRODUCER

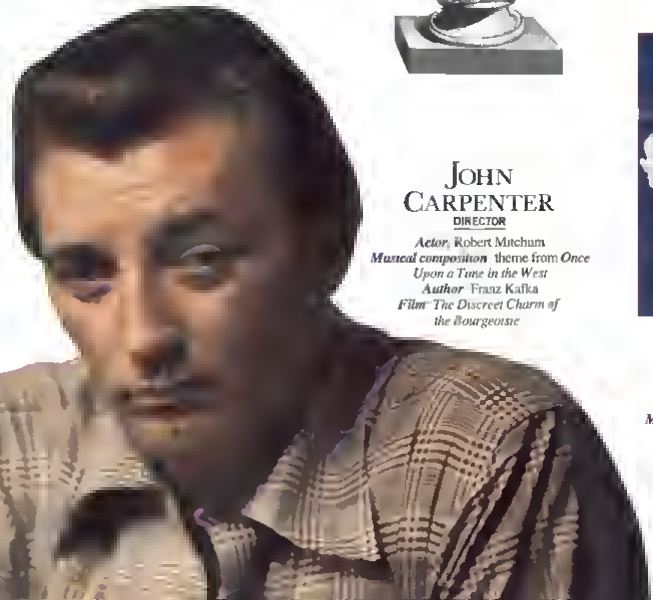
Author Charles Dickens
Film *The Wizard of Oz*
Character from a book Dagny Taggart from *Atlas Shrugged*
Musical composition "Blowin' in the Wind"
Work of art *Nighthawks* by Edward Hopper





TONY RANDALL
ACTOR

Work of art Picasso's *Three Musicians*
Character from a book Dick Diver, from *Tender Is the Night*
Poem Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn"
Actor Laurence Olivier
Play *Awake and Sing* by Clifford Odets



JOHN CARPENTER
DIRECTOR

Actor Robert Mitchum
Musical composition theme from *Once Upon a Time in the West*
Author Franz Kafka
Film *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*



ALFONSE D'AMATO
U S SENATOR

Film *Young Frankenstein*
Musical composition "Clair de Lune," by Debussy
Author Robert Ludlum
Play *Children of a Lesser God*
Actor Clint Eastwood

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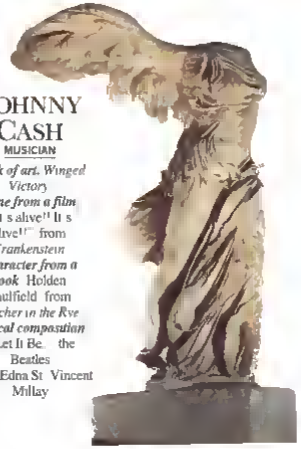
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JOHNNY CASH
MUSICIAN

Work of art. *Winged Victory*
Scene from a film "It's alive!" It's alive!" from *Frankenstein*
Character from a book Holden Caulfield from *Catcher in the Rye*
Musical composition "Let It Be," the Beatles
Poet. Edna St. Vincent Millay



QUINCY JONES
MUSICIAN, RECORD PRODUCER

Work of art. Whitney Houston
Scene from a film Taxi scene in *On the Waterfront*
Musician Duke Ellington
Character from a film Oscar, from *The Odd Couple*
Author Alice Walker

yes I said yes I will Yes.

F. MURRAY ABRAHAM
ACTOR

Passage from a book "...yes I said yes I will Yes." —from *Ulysses* by James Joyce
Work of art Twyla Tharp's *The Catherine Wheel*
Scene from a movie James Dean walking his land in *Giant*
Musicians Bette Midler and Cyndi Lauper
Scene from a play Balcony scene in *Cyrano de Bergerac*





BRUCE WEBER
PHOTOGRAPHER

Scene from a film Love scene from *Room at the Top*
Musical composition "One for my Baby (and One More for the Road)"
Work of art *Jo Sketching*, by Edward Hopper

DAVID BRENNER
COMEDIAN, TALK SHOW HOST

Musician. Ray Charles
Scene from a film John Wayne in *Hondo*— "A Man should always do what he thinks he should"
Character from a play Willy Loman from *Death of a Salesman*
Artist Renoir

JOHN HUSTON
DIRECTOR

Character from a film Charlie Chaplin's Little Tramp
Musical composition Bach's Mass in B minor
Actor Walter Huston
Character from a book Raskolnikov from *Crime and Punishment*
Artist Michelangelo

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THE PASSIONS OF MEN, 1987

THE SPIRIT AROUSED

Here's to that little guy in each of us who one day, without warning, decides to kick down the door.



MIKE WALLACE
Correspondent, 60 Minutes

"At the end of a week full of stress and anxiety and combat around the shop, the Saturday tennis game I've been playing for twenty years is an oasis. It's the tennis most of all, but also the talk, the comradely spirit, the old friends, the smell of sweat and sameness, that wonderful sameness."

PUSHING
The Mid-life Envelope

When a forty-two-year-old man realizes that time is running out, he looks for purpose in another place. You are looking at that place

By William Broyles Jr.

I AM HANGING EXHAUSTED, BY MY FINGERTIPS FROM a rock ledge 23,000 feet above sea level. My right foot searches for a dimple in the rock to push from, fails, then my left foot does the same. Finally, my toe catches on a tiny protrusion. I take eight desperate breaths, then push. My left hand goes up to another rock, finds a hold. I breathe eight more times, trying to muster some last shred of strength, and pull.

Somewhere above me is the summit of Aconcagua, the tallest mountain in the Western Hemisphere. Storm clouds are gathering. It is past 5:00 in the afternoon, and soon the temperature will fall to 20 below zero. I have climbed 4,000 feet since 6:00 in the morning, the last 1,000 feet through a 45-degree pitch of loose boulders. For three days I have been unable to eat. I am dehydrated. My breathing comes in irregular gasps. My brain, starved for oxygen, has all but ceased to function. I have become senile, an old man, in the snow on the summit as the body of an Argentine who froze to death after reaching the top a few days before. Five other climbers have died on the mountain in the past month.

This is what mountaineers call a "nontrivial situation." I have, however, never climbed a mountain in my life, and until a few weeks earlier I owned barely a Swiss army knife. I am also intensely afraid of heights, and break out in a sweat when I stand near a high window. I cannot look down on a ski lift. I have nightmares about falling.

What am I doing here?

I asked myself that question more than once. I had reasons that made sense to me, at least at sea level. I had always thought of my life as going up, the direction of growth and progress. But as I approached my forties I began to realize that determination and ambition do not always lead up the right ladder. Because I had worked so long for success, had come to expect it and had become all too accustomed to the trappings that go with it, I took longer than I should have to admit the truth: success was killing me.

Each morning I struggled into my suit, picked up my briefcase, went to my glamorous job, and died a little. I was the editor in chief of *Newsweek*, a position that in the eyes of others had everything; only it had nothing to do with me. I took little pleasure in running a large institution. I wanted personal achievement, not power. For me, success was more dangerous than failure; failure would have forced me to decide what I really wanted.

The only way out was to quit, but I hadn't quit anything since I abandoned the track team in high school. I had also been a Marine in Vietnam, and Marines are trained to keep on charging up the hill, no matter what. But I *had* got up the hill, I just hated being there. I had climbed the wrong mountain, and the only thing to do was go down and climb another one. It was not easy: my writing went more slowly than I had expected, and my marriage fell apart.

I needed something, but I wasn't sure what. I knew I wanted to be tested, mentally and physically. I wanted to succeed, but by standards that were clear and concrete, and not dependent on the opinion of others. I wanted the intensity and camaraderie of a dangerous enterprise. In an earlier time, I might have gone west or to sea, but I had two children and a web of responsibilities.

Climbing this mountain was the perfect thing. I could do it in a month, and it had the added advantage of forcing me to confront my deepest fear—of falling, being out of control, going down. I knew that just getting on the mountain would take all my courage, and I liked the idea of that.

ACONCAGUA (THE NAME MEANS "STONE SENTINEL") is in the southern Andes 670 miles northwest of Buenos Aires. Most atlases give its height as 22,835 feet, but the Argentines surveyed the peak recently and claim it is in fact 7,021 meters, or 23,036 feet. Not only is Aconcagua the highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere, it is also the highest outside Asia. Climbers like those sorts of credentials, they were, in fact, exactly



Before the climb: nowhere to go but up

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK WINWOOD, FIRST PEAK EXPEDITION



To the approaching climbers, the distant peak is an unreal but pervasively unsettling presence.

what attracted me.

For serious climbers Aconcagua is more a test of stamina, strength, and endurance than skill. The final 1,000 feet of what is known as the Normal Route is an infamous steep gully of loose rock called the Canaleta; even veterans of Mount Everest consider the Canaleta one of the most demanding physical challenges in mountaineering. The lack of dramatic technical problems tends to mask the danger of Aconcagua's extreme altitude and unpredictable weather. In a graveyard near the mountain are some sixty markers in memory of climbers who have died there, and the actual number may exceed one hundred—more than twice as many as have died on Mount Everest and K2 put together.

I signed up through Sobek Expeditions for a climb of Aconcagua leaving at the end of January, six weeks away. To get in shape, I began running in the mountains above Los Angeles. At first my legs and lungs rebelled against going uphill, but after a few weeks I was running eight miles a day, a pack loaded with rocks on my back. I was feeling strong and confident in the best shape since I was in the Marines.

I read everything I could find about mountain climbing. One of my favorite books was *Seven Summits*, by Dick Bass, Frank Wells, and Rick Ridgeway. Bass and Wells were successful, self-assured men in their fifties, but like me they wanted more. Even though they had virtually no climbing experience, they decided to climb the highest mountain on each continent. I talked to Wells, now the president of The Walt Disney Company, in his office near the corner of Mickey Avenue and Dopey Drive in Burbank. I asked him why he wanted to take such risks.

"In the beginning," he said, "I did it for roc—to set myself apart. But by the end I was doing it for the mountains and for the people I climbed with. Unless you've been to the top, you can't understand—but I can tell you there's nothing like it."

Ridgeway, a veteran climber, told me he was losing his interest in climbing big mountains.

"Too many objective conditions," he said.

"Objective conditions?" I asked.

"Yeah. Altitude, avalanches, storms, crevasses. You know, objective conditions."

Objective conditions. I liked the sound of that—a welcome relief from the subjective dangers of ordinary life: greed, envy, jealousy, ambition.

Wells gave me the name of Glenn Porzak, a lawyer in Boulder, Colorado, who was leaving in March to climb Makalu, the world's fifth-highest mountain. Before dawn one Saturday morning we attacked a mountain northwest of Boulder. We ran the first few miles in our snowshoes, then when snow gave way to steep rocks we abandoned the snowshoes and kept climbing into the face of a blizzard. We couldn't see five feet ahead, and the wind was blowing so hard we could barely stand.

"What a great day!" Glenn said, rubbing his hands. But finally the storm managed to temper even Glenn's enthusiasm, and we went down without reaching the top.

The next day I journeyed to some rocks outside of town for my first lesson in rappelling. The other climbers scampered up a cliff, sheer and smooth as a marble table. I somehow managed to reach the top, which was covered in ice and snow. I sat down, afraid to move. The edge of the rock formed a rough overhang, which then dropped about forty feet to the ground.

Before I knew it I was standing above the overhang, the rope running through the carabiners on my waist harness. The rope was still slack, I couldn't believe it would hold me. I felt on the edge of space, not attached to anything. It was exactly the way all my nightmares of falling begin. I took a breath, then stepped backward. The rope tightened and held. Suddenly, I was over the cliff and hanging in space. It worked! I let out the rope in bigger and bigger chunks, and too soon I was at the bottom, yelling for joy.

I scrambled back up the rock and stood again on the cliff, confident this time. I stepped over the edge, leaned back—and my foot slipped. In an instant I was hanging upside down like a ham hung up to cure, blue sky was between my feet, my head aimed at the ground.

After a few anxious moments, I righted myself and carefully let myself down. I was a little shaken, and my hands and knees were scraped and bleeding, but my heart was light and happy. I had felt fear on top of the rock, and for good reason: it was dangerous up there. But I had not felt as close to death as I had felt each morning when I went to a job I hated.

One of the benefits of success is the security of being protected, of having schedules and secretaries and comfortable places to live, shop, play, and work—to presume to know the future. But that world can come unglued at any moment, its security is an illusion. On the mountain, I couldn't assume that things today would be as they were yesterday. A mountain is intense, real, your life—and those of others—is in your hands.

Mountaineering is a sport of narrative, of beginning, middle, end, of form and structure. It is alien to the world of America's literary elite, in whose work nothing ever happens—or matters. A mountain has no place for conceptual art, atonal music, or deconstructionist theory. Climbing is the antithesis of postmodern. I began to think it was just what I needed.

After lunch I told Glenn about Aconcagua. Two groups would depart at the same time, one up the Normal Route, the other by way of the more difficult Polish Glacier Route. I asked Glenn which one to take. Glenn had reached 27,000 feet on Everest and has climbed more than seven hundred different peaks. He climbed Aconcagua by the Normal Route.

"If you want to get to the top, do the Normal Route. You pick the Polish Route, your chances go through the basement."

"But I'm not sure the Normal Route will be challenging enough," I replied in my ignorance.

He looked at me for a long time.

"Don't worry about that," he said.

OUR EXPEDITION MET IN MENDOZA, A TOWN IN THE high Argentine desert just east of the Andes. From there we traveled by bus to Puente del Inca, at the foot of the mountain. On the bus were twelve climbers and four guides: Harry Johnson, owner of Genet Expeditions (the Talkeetna, Alaska, company that was leading the climb), was in charge of the Normal Route, and Daniel Burneza, one of Argentina's best climbers, the Polish Glacier Route.

PHOTOGRAPHY: LLAMA BOY, INC.

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Some writers just need a pair of shoes to inspire them.

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The waiter at Mario's who told us how his shoes "...have endured double shifts and the splattering of eight pounds of pasta primavera."

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See Reader Service Card after page 206



Team Aconcagua: W. Cordner, Barron, Broyles, Fregoso, Baldwin, K. Cordner, Flores, and Johnson

I sat next to Ralph Gorton, thirty-one, a former college quarterback and basketball star, who took up mountaineering after a knee injury put an end to his athletic career. "I've been climbing since 1979," Ralph told me, "and even though there aren't any cheering crowds it's brought me more feelings of success than playing in Madison Square Garden. If you make the summit it will be because you had good luck and the mountain lets you. you could have prepared for a climb all your life and not make it. The greatest climbers can die from bad luck. On the mountain, luck is everything."

Ralph was a formidable presence, but I felt reassured by his friend Mike Larrabee, fifty-three, who looked like a college professor who'd taken up tennis to keep in shape.

"Is Mike all that athletic?" I asked.

Ralph paused. "Well, Mike only won two gold medals in track at the Olympics in Tokyo. If he'd been athletic, he might have had three."

And so it went for the rest of the group: the bookish-looking doctor, Mitch Flores, who turned out to be a veteran triathlete, the quiet, lacone Gabe Papp, a mountaineering instructor; Harry Johnson himself, who came in twenty-ninth in the Pikes Peak Marathon. Harry's wife, Diane, just back from a winter ascent of Mount Rainier via the difficult Gibraltar Ledge route, Steve Selbrede, a 2:44 marathoner.

At least, I thought, I could keep up with Art Schultz and Kim Baldwin. At sixty, Art was the oldest member of the expedition, it turned out he raced in cross-country ski marathons around the world.

Kim, then? Small-boned and shy, she hardly looked the mountaineering type.

"Is Kim really up for this?" I asked Mitch.

"We'll see," Mike said. "She set the record in the Seal Beach Triathlon, and a few years ago she won the junior world windsurfing championship."

Was this the place for a forty-two-year-old jogger? I was beginning to wonder.

Along the way we stopped for Argentine barbecue. The local bus from the mountains arrived and some climbers staggered out, looking exhausted and dirty, with that same distant stare I remembered on the faces of the Marines who were leaving Vietnam as I arrived. We talked to a young American who had just come off the summit. The news he had was about death.

"The weather's been bad," he said. "Two Japanese are still missing. A Frenchman and a Spaniard were swept away by an avalanche on the South Face. All they found was one glove. The body of an Argentine is right on the summit."

We climbed back on the bus, sobered. Two Japanese. Missing. A Frenchman and a Spaniard, swept away by an avalanche. Only one glove found. An Argentine. On the summit—where we were going.

Ralph, Mike Larrabee, Gabe Papp, and Steve Selbrede were taking the Polish Route, and that night among their team there was mounting anxiety over the proposed route: a direct climb up a 50-degree slope of ice. Ralph handed me a sweater he'd bought for his daughter.

"If anything happens to me," he said, "be sure my little girl gets this."

That night I loaded my pack. It weighed forty-six pounds on Mike's scale, and that was without the tents, food, stoves, and other community gear I'd carry. Gabe and Ralph picked up my pack and put it on my back. The straps bu down into my shoulders. I could barely keep my balance. I walked down to the end of the hall, and when I got back to the room I was out of breath. How could I possibly climb the 14,000 vertical feet between Puente del Inca and the summit?

That night I lay awake in the bunk, listening to the others breathe, worrying if I was up to this. I thought of that body waiting for us on the summit, like a sentinel. I had been in the presence of death before, during the war; but that was almost twenty years of comfortable living in the past. This was now.

The next morning the Polish Route team, reassured of its option to take a safer route, jammed into the back of a truck and departed for their trailhead. As we waited for the truck to return I had a sandwich with Harry. Harry is thirty-one and leads climbs of Mount McKinley in the summer and Aconcagua in the winter. But for all his familiarity with mountains, he grew up a few miles from me on the Texas Gulf Coast—not a hill in sight. And so we sat in the Andes and talked of gigging flounder and crabbing with mullet heads for bait, of water moccasin and alligator gar, of killing fish with dynamite and treeing coons with Coleman lanterns.

We were interrupted by an Argentine policeman, who summoned us to the stone police headquarters, where the chief and some of his cohorts sat warming themselves before a fire. The chief asked us to take a small silver cross and bury it with the Argentine climber.

"It is very hard for the widow," the chief said, "knowing he is there, unburied."

At that altitude, no one is strong enough to carry a body down the steep side of a mountain. We could only promise to bury him in a pile of rocks, off the summit.

As we squeezed into the truck, everyone was subdued. We were no longer simply an expedition. We were a burial party.

THE TRUCK LET US OUT IN A HIGH MOUNTAIN MEADow dotted with grazing horses. Wildflowers were everywhere, each besieged by clusters of bees. We could hear the bells around the horses' necks, and the sound of birds singing. To our right was the Horcones River, roaring in its gorge down from the peaks. Ahead were mountains crowned with snow and topped by high, white clouds.

As I put on my pack I realized that some of the high clouds were in fact Aconcagua, looming above the smaller peaks, a mass of gray and white plumed by a streaming cloud that seemed torn out of the snowy summit. As I stood there in the soft meadow, dressed only in shorts and a T-shirt, I wanted to visualize myself on the summit, but it was too distant and too immense, my imagination failed. And so I abandoned that distant goal for a more realistic one. I put on my pack and followed the others up the trail along the river—one step at a time.

The landscape was sheer and stark. High above us were striated ledges, massive rock cathedrals perched atop ridgelines 14,000 feet high. Buttes bathed in iron and copper ore rose out of great fields of scree scarred by the course

POLO RALPH LAUREN

EYEWEAR

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNE JOHNSON



The things he carried, forty-six pounds of gear, weren't as heavy as the baggage he'd left behind

of water and avalanche. The wind began to howl down the valley. We could walk only by putting our heads down and leaning into it. Suddenly from nowhere came a hail storm, pelting us with ice. In fifteen minutes the temperature dropped 40 degrees and kept falling. Moments before, we had been sweating. Now we were chilled to our bones. Finally we reached a valley laced with waterfalls and carpeted with the last hardy remnants of grass. We had on all the clothes in our packs, but we were still shivering. We sat in the shelter of the rocks, former strangers, holding each other tight for warmth.

The next day we were up early. Twenty miles to go. We left the valley and emerged into the riverbed. The wind was worse, blowing down from the mountain like a message: stay away. With the wind came dust, clouds of it, choking and blinding. I could walk only by pulling my bandana over my nose and mouth.

For the last six miles we climbed up narrow rock trails, clinging to cliffs high above the river, twisting back and forth, sliding on loose rock, switchback after switchback. Aconcagua had disappeared, but through gaps in the wall of peaks to the right I could catch glimpses of something massive and mysterious. After another steep section across a barren moonscape of boulders we emerged at Plaza de Mulas, our base camp—two small ledges more than 14,000 feet above sea level, as high as the summit of Mount Whitney, the tallest mountain in the continental United States. We had come 5,000 vertical feet from Puente del Inca, we had 9,000 feet to go.

WHERE'S THE MOUNTAIN?" I ASKED HARRY.

"You're under it," he said, gesturing behind him. I looked and there it was, rising up above me in tier after tier of cliffs and rock. I had to lean backward to see the top, and all at once it seemed vain and pointless to be pitching our tents on this tiny shelf. Who did we think we were?

Not five minutes after we arrived a figure came staggering off the mountain like a portent. Beneath his parka his face was frostbitten and white as ivory, the cheekbones gleaming through the skin. His eyes were sunken, his lips cracked and gray. He walked awkwardly, as if his legs were stumps, and he held his hands out at an odd angle. He looked sixty years old.

He was, in fact, a Yugoslav in his twenties, and in a slow, halting voice he told his story to Mitch Flores, the doctor.

We were caught in a storm just below the summit. We had to bivouac overnight at 21,000 feet. He paused for breath. "You've got to come see my friend. He's much worse than I am."

Much worse? I could hardly believe it, but he was right. His friend was in a state of near shock. His hands were black and purple, the skin blistered and dead. There was nothing Mitch could do but send the Yugoslavs down the mountain.

"He'll have to have the dead tissue cut away under sterile conditions," Mitch said. "He'll lose his fingers, but at least it looks like he'll keep his thumbs—that's what counts."

I had never given my fingers and toes a good deal of thought, but at that moment I was thinking how much I wanted to keep them. I had had romantic ideas about climbing a mountain. But the dead Argentine on the summit, the missing French and Spanish climbers, the frostbitten Yugoslavs—they no doubt had romantic ideas as well. To climb a mountain is to accept certain risks, I was being reminded that the risks were real.

We had spaghetti for dinner. It was delicious, but I had a hard time eating. I was in the throes of the first stages of altitude sickness. Above 14,000 feet, the air contains less than half the oxygen present at sea level, and the body's ability to absorb the available oxygen is dramatically reduced. If we had been transported directly from sea level to the summit of Aconcagua our bodies would have had only one response: unconsciousness followed by death. Given time, however, the body begins to adapt to high altitude, which is why high-altitude climbs are slow, careful projects. The process, acclimatization, is seldom a smooth one and affects virtually all of the bodily functions. Severe headaches, shortness of breath, disorientation, loss of appetite, palpitations, nausea, insomnia, dehydration, clumsiness, and impairment of short-term memory are common symptoms. I had them all.

The degree to which a climber suffers these symptoms is less a question of conditioning than genetics. High altitude can quickly kill climbers who adapt poorly. For reasons not yet fully understood, the combination of higher blood pressure, lower oxygen content, and higher heart rate can force plasma through the walls of the capillaries in the lungs and brain. With pulmonary edema, the lungs fill with fluid; if the victim does not go down at once, he literally drowns. With cerebral edema, the fluid fills the cranial cavity, the climber becomes confused and disoriented and then loses consciousness. Cerebral edema can develop with frightening speed, even during sleep, when the symptoms can be masked until it is too late.

That night the wind blew even harder. The ropes holding my tent creaked and moaned; the sides vibrated as if they were being hit by a giant fist. At times the wind simply picked up the floor of the tent and shook it. The wind kept attacking me, searching me out, probing for weaknesses. For a moment there was a lull, then the wind roared down the mountain again like a jet taking off. I held my hands over my ears. Whenever I drifted off to sleep I was jolted awake by the image of my tent sailing over the nearby cliff. It was as if the mountain were trying to throw me off, as if I were a tiny irritant it wanted to be rid of.

I began to think perhaps this was all a big mistake. Faint, dizzy, nauseated, and, I had to confess, scared, I resolved to go back down first thing in the morning. It was a wonderfully soothing idea. This wasn't like Vietnam. I could go home any time I wanted. Then I became angry with myself. I wasn't a quitter. At dawn I finally fell asleep, and when I woke the sun had already begun to warm my tent. I was feeling better; the panic of the night before seemed a bad dream.

ON THE FOURTH DAY AFTER LEAVING PUENTE DEL Inca we were to begin the move up to Nido de Condores ("Condor's Nest") at 15,000 feet, our next camp. We loaded our packs with extra tents, food, fuel, and high-altitude climbing gear. We would cache our supplies at Nido and return to base camp to rest and acclimatize before we climbed up for good. Every ounce of food or

PHOTOGRAPH: HARRY JOHNSON

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Climbing a mountain is like being a POW. You have to fight to keep order in your mind, since the mind, being rational, wants to quit.

equipment we needed would go up the mountain on our backs

The trail went all but straight up. I stopped constantly to peel off my clothes in the sun, to put them back on when the wind picked up, to cover my feet with moleskin to ward off my growing blisters, to drink some water, to chew some raisins—anything to get relief from the weight of my pack.

I settled into a pace: step, breathe, step, breathe. My mind kept churning up strange fragments as I climbed: the Book of Common Prayer, poetry, rock 'n' roll lyrics, my children, women. When the fragments stopped coming I tried counting, then I began alphabetizing the months of the year and the numbers from one to ten. Climbing a mountain is like being a prisoner of war. You have to fight to keep order in your mind, you even have to fight your mind itself—since the mind, being rational, wants to quit.

I began thinking about how different this mountain was from my career. I had worked hard, yes, but I had also vaulted over many others to reach the top—almost by magic. There was none of that here: no pushy kid getting a chance to direct a movie, no favorite of the chairman on the inside track, none of the vagaries of ambition and success. Good public relations doesn't help, nor does office politics, fast talking, good connections. There are no shortcuts. No one can take the steps for you. You make it, or you don't.

Because of my frequent stops, the strongest climbers had gotten considerably ahead of me. I knew that I should keep my own pace, but the competitor in me wanted to catch up. So I pushed myself, which was a mistake. In climbing mountains you don't compete with other climbers, only with yourself—and with the mountain. The climbers ahead of me were in their twenties and early thirties. They climbed mountains, ran marathons, and competed in triathlons. I wanted to be young; they *were* young. Never had the difference between desire and reality been so powerfully etched in my mind.

I caught up with the others, and together we climbed another 2,000 feet to the edge of a snowfield. I was already exhausted when the altitude hit me. My pack became a powerful hand pushing me down into the snow. Each step took tremendous effort. I had to breathe once, twice, three times, then concentrate as hard as I could, lift my foot up and set it down.

Halfway across the snowfield was a small rocky area. I decided I would try to make it there and then rest—a simple goal, but everything was conspiring against me: the glare from the snow, my fatigue, the altitude. I couldn't distract my mind any longer. Its message was clear: Stop. Go down. This is pointless. Make things easier. Set down your burdens. Ease your pain.

I wanted to listen, but the rhythm of breathing and then taking a step had taken on a force of its own, and I kept going. At last I reached the rocks, sat down, and wriggled out of my pack. I felt faint. My breathing was irregular and labored: instant emphysema.

I took a swallow of water, then stood up and after considerable struggle, got my pack back on. I began my breathing pattern again: One, two—what comes next?—oh yes, three. The snowfield seemed never to end. After an hour I emerged at the foot of a rocky ridge, which I climbed with great difficulty—four breaths to the step now—but the ridge led only to another ridge. Despair. The summit of Aconcagua loomed directly above me. I couldn't bring myself to look at it.

I inched my way up the last ridge and emerged onto another snowfield. Nido de Condores. I had made it. I staggered over to where the rest of the group was unloading the supplies and simply collapsed. Harry took one look at me and told me to get back to base camp. He and the others would follow later.

I had to go lower, to find more oxygen to feed the starving cells of my mind and body. In fact, my mind had already shut down. I remember the snowfield going up, and I remember it going down, but I remember nothing about Nido de Condores. When I returned there three days later, it was as if I were seeing the place for the first time.

As I lay in my tent back at base camp, exhausted, trying to recover the luxury of automatic breathing, I realized how focused my life had suddenly become. Back in the real world I had been waging a losing battle against distraction. The older I got, the harder it was for me to concentrate. Decisions were more difficult to make. The stakes were higher. Each choice meant others were foreclosed. But on the mountain there were no phone calls, no meetings, no other responsibilities—no choices. I was concentrating, thinking of nothing else. The only problem was I could barely think at all.

That night I tried to tell a story at dinner, but I forgot the punch line. We talked about politics for a few minutes, but I couldn't remember a single country in Central America. My mind had become a stranger.

I walked out under the stars, vomited up everything I had eaten that day, and then slept well, without dreams. The wind had died. Perhaps the mountain would let us climb it after all.

THE NEXT DAY IT BECAME CLEAR THAT I WAS NOT THE only one suffering from the altitude. Two Germans, experienced alpine climbers, abandoned the mountain. Art Schultz, the oldest member of our group and a strong climber, decided to go down, and several others in our group were sick. For two days we stayed in camp.

I wandered from tent to tent, talking to my fellow climbers. For Kim Baldwin, twenty-six, this expedition came at a crossroads in her life. She had just sold her interest in a windsurfing store, and she had yet to decide what to do next. The climb up to Nido was sobering for her. "I'm not sure what it's going to take to get me to the top. I'm used to going through the pain threshold, but being in shape is not what gets you up. The higher you get, the more mental it becomes."

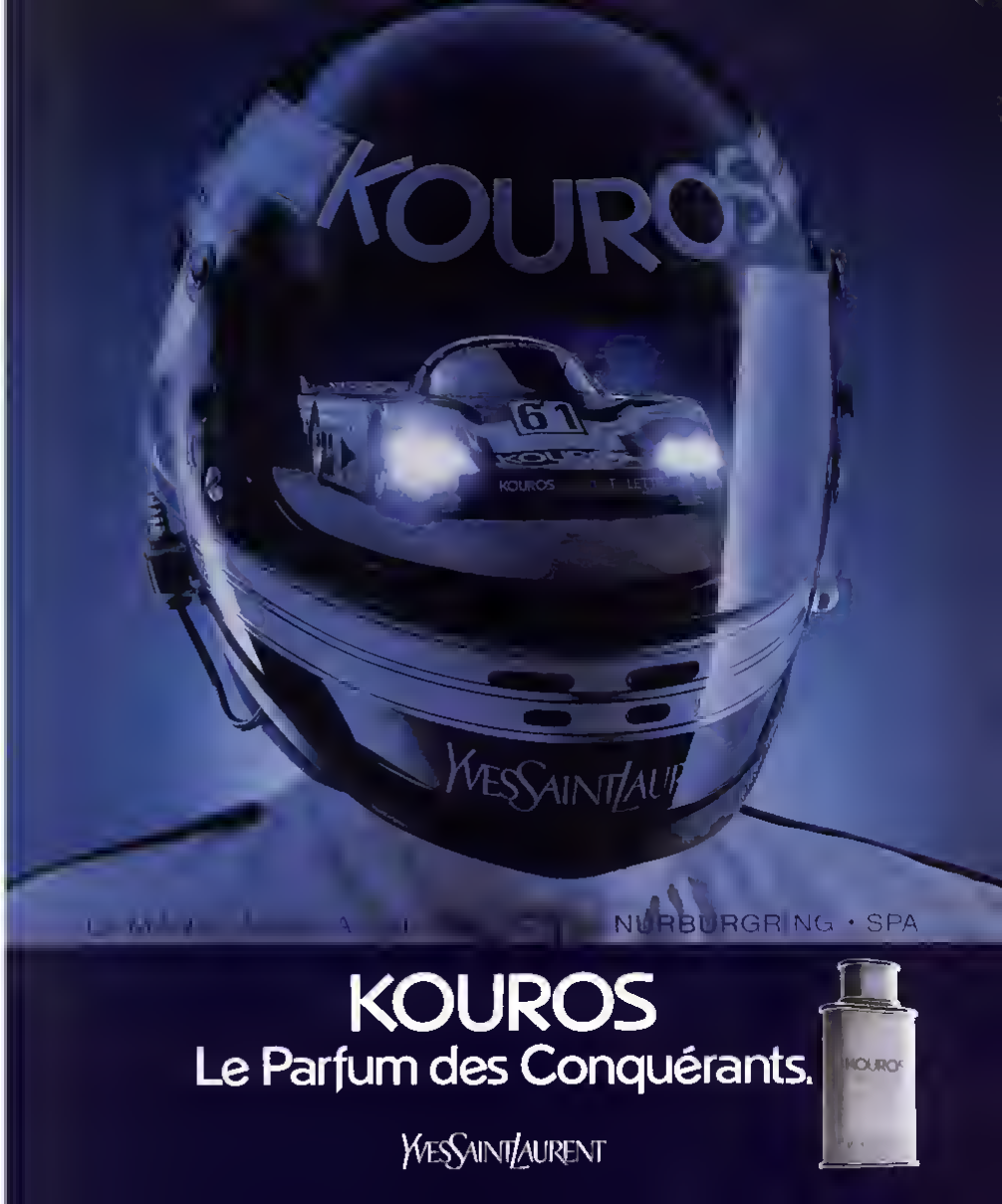
Warren Cordner, fifty-nine, lives in Lake Tahoe. He sold his company, First Thrift of America, in 1979 and decided he wanted to "chase down some windmills—climb some mountains, run some marathons, the things I never got to do because I was working too hard. My friends think I'm nuts to do this. They say I don't want to get old—and they're right. I don't. Why should I? I'm going to get old kicking and screaming. I'd like to get to the top, but I've failed before. The trick to life is not to win—it's getting back up when you lose and trying again."

Warren's son, Kelly, thirty-three, went to an exclusive Los Angeles prep school and has an M.B.A. from UCLA. Kelly was the last climber to bed and the first one up, his infectiously enthusiastic voice the alarm clock for the camp. He has been backpacking since he was eight and is confident and unintimidated by the mountain or one senses, by anything else—he seemed immune to the altitude.

Ernie Fregoso, twenty-seven, grew up a runner and football player in the barrio of Anaheim, where all but one of his six brothers and sisters still live. He worked his way through high school in a tire shop, then took a semester of auto body in junior college. He was going nowhere when the father of one of his Anglo friends offered him a job selling real estate. A natural salesman, Ernie prospered, and soon he and his partner owned two real estate offices with more than thirty agents. Charismatic and funny, Ernie was the camp's entertainer.

"Before Christmas I had never been on a mountain," he told me. "But I was bored, everything had come too easily. I wanted something that looked out of reach. I'm determined to get to the top—I won't be pretty doing it, but I'll get there."

Misael "Mitch" Flores, thirty-five, is a pediatrician and a member of the teaching staff of Children's Hospital of Los Angeles. He was born in Mexico and came to Nevada when he was four. Mitch is intense and driven, since 1982





No one had the strength to bury the climber, who, at 23,000 feet, decided to relax.

he has been competing in triathlons around the country. "At first I would look up at the mountain and think, *You're mine*," he said. "I just knew I had it. But now I don't say that. Six people have died on the mountain in the past month. We're like ants compared to it. Now I'm saying, 'Hey, mountain, I want to cooperate with you.' I've lost that arrogance."

Keith Rizer, forty-six, grew up, as Harry and I did, on the Texas Gulf Coast. Since 1963 he has lived in Alaska, where he is in the investments and insurance business. Keith was too sick to make it all the way to Nido the day before, and today he was barely able to get out of his tent. "Right now my chances are about zero," he told me. "But if I just have enough time, I'm mentally tough enough to get there. The thing about climbing is that if you have any 'quit' in you, the mountain is going to find it."

Keith and I were talking in the kitchen tent while Harry and his wife, Diane, were busy preparing dinner. Diane, a marathoner and climber herself, had already climbed Aconcagua and on this expedition was staying behind to run base camp. Diane has watched hundreds of climbers on McKinley and Aconcagua. I asked her why she thinks men in their forties take up mountain climbing.

"There are two kinds of middle-aged climbers," she said. "One type does it to prove he's still young. That's the mid-life crisis category. The other type has been testing himself all his life—maybe not on mountains, but in his work or some other part of his life. They're the adventurers, the ones who've always been breaking away from the routine of their lives to do what gives them joy."

"Which am I?" I asked her.

She paused in slicing potatoes and smiled. "You tell me," she said.

ON THE SEVENTH DAY WE WERE TO MOVE CAMP UP TO Nido. From there we would climb to Berlin Camp and from Berlin, if the weather held, we would try for the summit. That night I made lists of what to take in my pack. I no longer trusted my mind to remember what I would need.

As I wrote I noticed my fingernails were black. I was unspeakably filthy. My face was covered with whiskers and dirt. I stank. Every orifice was cracked and dry and raw. My teeth were moldy and my nose and ears filled with debris. Blisters oozed on my feet. Sex was a dim memory. Every meal began with a recitation of our ailments, about which our fellow climbers had a respectful and sympathetic curiosity. Medicines and advice were freely exchanged, belching and flatulence accepted without comment.

The morning was clear and cold, and we blew on our fingers as we took down our tents and loaded our packs. Into mine went socks, gloves and Gore-Tex mitten shells, long underwear, Gore-Tex pants and coat, parka, vest, first-aid supplies, head lamp, knife, Bic lighters, face mask and balaclava, gaiters, heavy-pile pants and sweater, down sleeping bag, notebook and Flair pens (ball points freeze), camera, extra film, and snow goggles. I had tapes for the Walkman I carried on my belt: Bruce Springsteen and Buddy Holly for the tough going, Mozart and Handel for the more contemplative stages, Wagner for drama, Beethoven for the summit. I also had three bottles of water, a bag of food, some fuel, and the tent poles.

An hour into the climb I resented everything in my pack, every ounce of weight, just as I resented the other distractions and burdens in my life. I had come to the mountain to be free and had ended up a pack animal.

I was determined to climb at my own pace, stopping every hour or so to drink some water. I couldn't afford to pass out at Nido again. That would mean being sent back down, it would mean failure. I joined two Frenchmen, parasailers from Chamonix. I found them oddly reassuring, as if the insanity of their mission gave a certain sanity to mine. After all, I was only climbing this mountain. They were going to fly off it.

The snowfield I crossed without incident, needing only one breath per step. I climbed the two ridges and emerged on a barren, snow-filled basin in the shadow of the summit. The first climbers of our group were already unloading gear and putting up tents on some exposed rock next to a frozen lake.

I shared a tent with Mitch and Kim. By the time we crawled into our sleeping bags, the wind was blowing off the mountain again, and the temperature was well below zero. I had bizarre dreams. I was lost in a strange house, I was falling off the Empire State Building, I was wandering through New York City for hours with Bruce Springsteen on my back, trying to find the Meadowlands in a blizzard. I could feel the mountain right outside my tent, painfully close, like someone standing with his face right next to mine, staring.

THE NEXT MORNING WE PREPARED TO MOVE UP TO Berlin, at 19,100 feet, barely 1,000 feet above us. We took our time and broke camp slowly. Our packs were even heavier than the day before, since we had no cache at Berlin and had to carry all our food and fuel, in addition to the tents and personal gear. I was feeling weaker: simply getting dressed and loading my pack left me dizzy. The climb was steep but uneventful. I had to stop twice to get my breath and choke down some water. Each time, I was unable to put my pack back on without several minutes of intense, exhausting effort, fighting to keep my balance on the steep slope.

By 2:30 we reached Berlin Camp, a squalid collection of old huts perched amid garbage and excrement. I forced myself to eat some instant split-pea soup, then lay down in the tent next to Kim, who was trying to nurse her headache. Suddenly, nausea came over me. I staggered toward some rocks, inadvertently interrupting the videotaping of Ernie's account of the climb ("I'm standing in front of the El Tonto here at 19,000 feet . . .") and allowing Mitch to capture my tortured heaves on video.

Harry came over and gave me a suppository, since the pills I had been taking for nausea were being regurgitated with everything else. I crouched behind the rock and tried to insert it, but the suppository was frozen—perhaps the low moment of the expedition.

"Are you going to make it?" Harry asked me, meaning, Should I send you down?

"I don't know," I said. "But if I can eat some oatmeal in the morning I'm going."

I was discouraged, but also relieved because I was protected from failure. If I didn't make it, I



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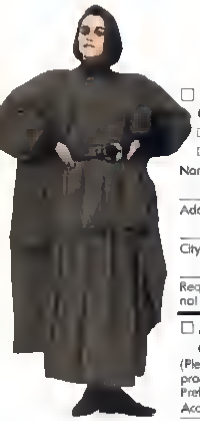
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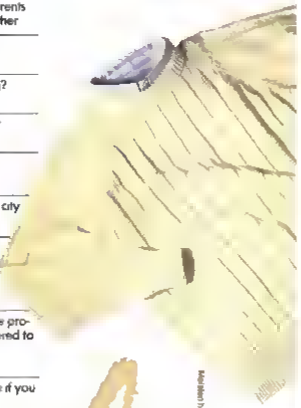
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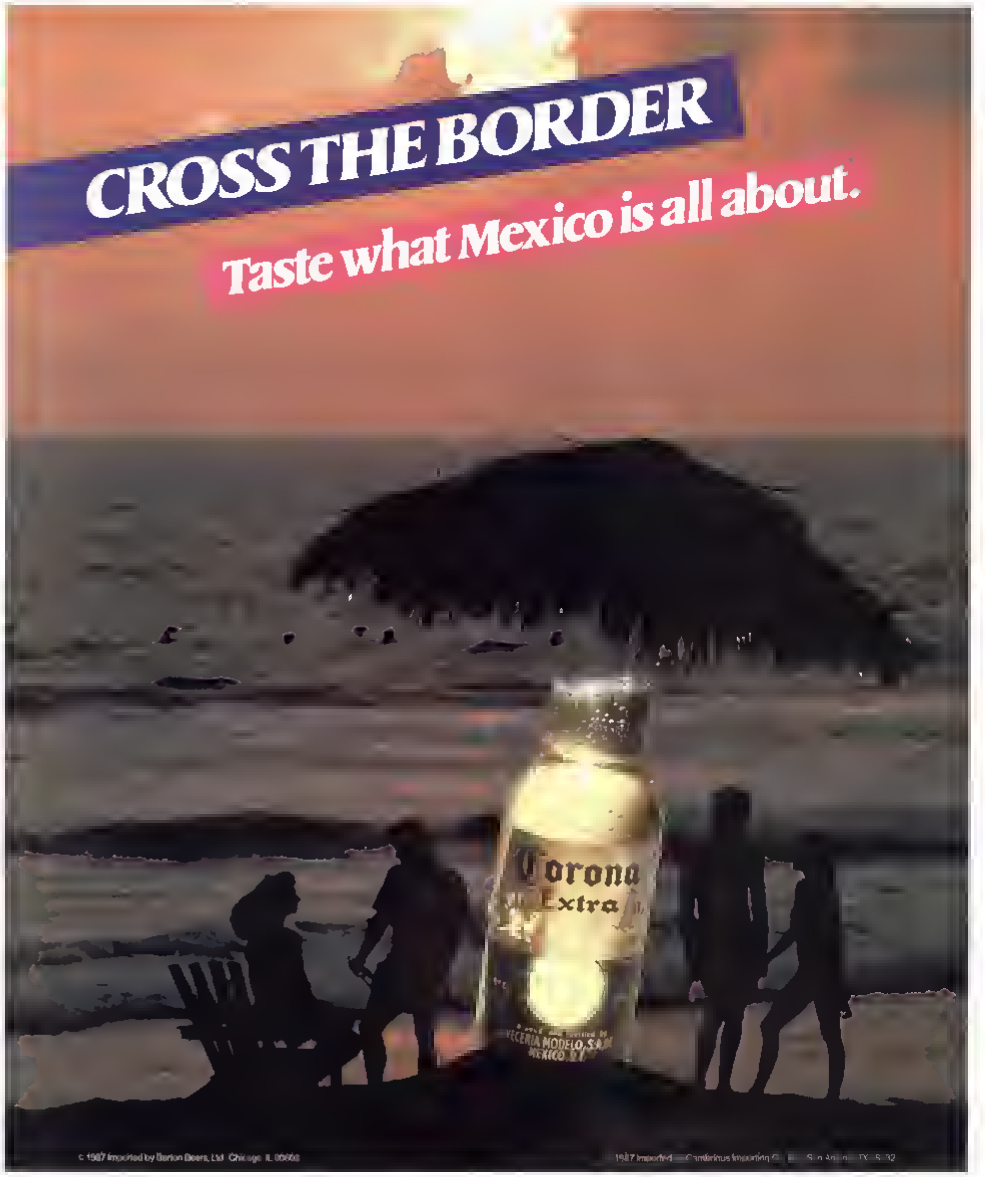


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Here at last was a venture where nothing I'd accumulated would do me any good. I couldn't show the mountain my résumé or my BMW.

had my excuse no food for days, sick, exhausted—why, it's a wonder he got as high as he did I could hear myself explaining how hard I'd tried, but there was nothing I could do

Kim and I weren't the only ones feeling sick Keith had struggled into Berlin long after dinner and had gone straight to his tent unable to eat or even to move Bruce Barron, our assistant guide had serious congestion in his lungs At 19,000 feet, such symptoms can quickly develop into pulmonary edema Even though it was almost dusk, Bruce shouldered his pack and went back to base camp As I watched him go I wondered if I should be with him

I lay in the tent with Kim and Mitch—the windsurfer from Long Beach, the doctor from Glendale—our bodies sandwiched together

"I'm going to make it. I'm going to make it."

I realized that was me talking, and they were the last words I heard until Kelly's voice woke me at 4:00 I got up slowly, my mouth dry, my head heavy and thick Where was I exactly, and what was I doing? Oh, yes, it came to me, through the mist I'm climbing a mountain I didn't feel fear or even much anticipation I only knew I had to begin getting ready I had gone to sleep in the underwear and pile pants and jacket I would wear on the climb, so I taped my feet with moleskin for my blisters, pulled on my heaviest socks and my boot liners threw my parka over my shoulders, and limped over to the hut, exhausted from the effort of getting dressed

The air was bitterly cold, and the stars shone with a furious intensity I wanted to brush my teeth but it was pointless there was no water yet and besides my toothpaste would still be frozen After Harry melted some snow I tried to eat some oatmeal mixed with hot water I had to chew each bite eight or nine times in order to swallow The taste was metallic I could feel my stomach gathering its protest

Since we would be returning to Berlin at the end of the day, I wanted to travel as lightly as possible I wore everything I had except my parka, which I put in my pack, along with my Walkman, some emergency medical supplies, and my knife At the last minute, as everyone else was headed out of camp, I stuck in my head lamp, just in case it was dark when we came down I didn't bother with food—I knew I wouldn't be able to eat anything, but I did bring two bottles of melted snow

All my life I had been accumulating things—people, ideas, achievements As I set off up the mountain, I realized that I had at last embarked on a venture where nothing I had accumulated would do me the slightest good I couldn't show the mountain my résumé or my BMW or tell it I was a good father The mountain didn't care, it was simply there. I wanted to be on its top, gravity wanted me at its base I was either going to make it or I wasn't, sick or not sick, food or no food Yes or no

Blessed, terrible clarity

We fell into line and moved out, casting strange moon shadows on the snow and rock I kept thinking of dawn patrols during the war, but in Vietnam my senses were always heightened, my body one vibrating nerve ending Here I felt almost nothing—I was numb and withdrawn, driven deep into myself

As the light dawned we were climbing the switchbacks to the Independencia hut at 21,000 feet, and I was falling behind At 9:00 I reached Independencia, a tiny A-frame with no roof, supposedly the highest permanent structure in the world I fell onto the rocks and began to retch—so much for keeping the oatmeal down My pack was intolerably heavy. I stashed the parka and the Walkman under some rocks to be retrieved when I returned I couldn't listen to music anyway my mind wouldn't have tolerated the noise.

I felt as if I were in a dream, each footstep pulling me up to some goal I no longer knew or understood or even particularly agreed with I wanted just to lie there on the rocks, but somehow I began to climb again, one foot, then the other Three breaths to the step already, and not even to the Canaleta.

Above Independencia I crested a ridge and then began a long traverse across a steep moraine that fell off thousands of feet to the right I crossed a snowfield, took one look down, and was sick again It was nothing like I had expected when this climb was a dream back in California No triumphant chords of Beethoven's Ninth No romantic communion with God and nature I didn't even see the mountains around me only the toes of my boots moving over rock and snow, a constant hypnotic rhythm

The trail stopped I looked up and saw an endless expanse of loose rock and snow going what seemed straight up, finally disappearing into the clouds I was at the foot of the Canaleta

THE ROCKS WERE TUMBLED AND BALANCED LIKE SOME huge house of cards massive yet fragile—an avalanche waiting to happen It looked like something fluid and powerful even alive Altitude, fear, fatigue, storm, and accident we had overcome them all Here was the last barrier a river of loose scree and boulders stretching up more than 1,000 feet, with no way around — only through Ropes were useless Everyone was on his own, to find his own pace and rhythm of breathing, no one could help anyone else

I remembered Glenn Porzak's account of climbing Aconcagua back in 1974 Glenn thought the Canaleta would never end before he reached the summit he was taking eight breaths to a step Eight! Breath breath, breath, breath, breath, breath, breath, breath Step Then again Breath, breath

When I read those words in the quiet security of my house in Los Angeles I could hardly believe them Eight breaths to a step? But as I looked up at the Canaleta, mustering all my strength simply to stand eight breaths to the step seemed like an achievement Only eight?

Up the middle went the faint hint of a trail in the loose scree I kicked my toe into it, hoping for a foothold Three feet above me, the rock started to slide As I watched, the toe I had kicked in slid past my other foot, and I began to slip backward It was like climbing up a down escalator There was a touch of hell about it instead of having to roll a rock uphill, we had to keep climbing a falling mountain

Around me I could see the other climbers in various stages of struggle I tried going to the right, then to the left, then up the center I felt I was going nowhere I was already taking six breaths a step The summit was far above, lost in clouds amid two large outcroppings to my left Panic came over me

"Help!" I yelled "Help! I'm lost! Which way do I go?"

But my voice was weak from fatigue and dehydration, and the wind snatched it away I felt totally alone No one was going to help me I was responsible for myself My will, however, was eroding I wanted only to go down Down was hot food and water and showers and sit-down toilets and my sleeping bag Down was this ordeal being over But I couldn't turn back The idea of "up" was so powerful that it kept my feet moving and my hands reaching for the rocks above me pulling me up even after I had slid backward

It was not particularly heroic I wanted to turn around with all my heart, but I simply couldn't I just kept going, picking out a rock, struggling to get over it, hoping it didn't begin to slide, getting my arms around it, my feet on it, pushing up—then picking out another rock and breathing six, seven, eight nine times until I had the strength to stretch out again

I tried to urinate, it was a pitiful flow the color of strong iced tea I was sick again—my vomit the color of prune juice, or was it blood? I was beyond caring The only way out was up I kept going ten breaths now to a step desperate when I stopped down, so many breaths just to get back to where I was

I had been in the Canaleta for almost three hours I looked to the left and saw Ernie trying to



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make his way up some cliffs. Three climbers from the Argentine army's elite mountain unit were there, too, but they seemed stuck. After an hour I finally reached the base of the cliffs, and just then one of the Argentines dislodged a rock.

Hypnotized, I watched it hurtle toward me in slow motion. It bounced into some ice, rocketed up and over a cliff, then hit some boulders. It began the size of a pea, then became an orange, a grapefruit, a small melon. My brain was sending impulses to my arms and legs, but I couldn't move. Suddenly, in a whoosh, the rock was by me, missing by inches.

I kept climbing, pulling myself up the cliffs, lying gasping on the ledges. Mitch and Kim materialized out of the clouds, headed down. At 22,500 feet, Warren turned back. That left Kelly, Ernie and me. I finally reached the Argentines, who seemed glued to the boulders.

"To the summit, which way?" I gasped.

One of the Argentines pointed to the left, the other to the right. I couldn't see the summit, only clouds and rocks.

I kept moving, although I had no concept of where I was going or how much farther it was. I was, totally and completely, a prisoner of the principle of up. Every time I reached a new ledge, my arms felt as if they would never be able to move again. Then I breathed ten, twelve times, lifted my arms, and pulled myself up again. A handhold, pull, step, handhold, pull, don't forget to breathe. Do it again, forever.

Suddenly two boots appeared in front of my face. I looked up. It was Harry.

"I thought you'd gone down," he said, his voice quiet and hoarse.

I shook my head. Harry took a moment to survey the situation. It was getting late, the clouds were building, we should go down. But I was so close, very close.

"Let's go," he said, and headed back up. I tried to follow him. He was just at the end of my vision, perched on a rock like a leprechaun. I breathed carefully, eight times, looked around the rock, located a handhold, pulled. Then I did it again with a foot and pushed. An eternity passed. Harry was on another rock above me.

"Find it," he said. "Find the strength. You can do it."

I kept going, trying to get to him. But every time I should have reached him, he was always higher. An hour passed. Finally I stood beside him. Above my head was a ledge.

"Up there," Harry said.

I pulled myself up, using my knees on the rock, and scrambled onto yet another ledge, this one covered in snow. I lay gasping for breath. I looked around for the next place to go up, for the next handhold, the next step, the next series of breaths, the cycle that never ended.



Back at base camp: joy, unadulterated joy

But it had. There was no more up. I was on the summit.

THE CLOUDS HAD BLOWN AWAY, AND THE SKY FOR A moment was blue. I was on top of the Western Hemisphere, quite probably higher at that moment than any other human being on solid ground in the world. The Andes stretched out in all directions. To my right was the breathtaking wall of the South Face, falling off 10,000 feet into the mists below. I knew the view was spectacular, that I should concentrate on it, absorb it, enjoy it. All I could do, however, was *feel*. I felt the wind, the cold, the blueness of the sky, the whiteness of the snow and the clouds. Those feelings were the only connection I had to my body.

The summit was thirty feet away, in a bed of snow, marked by a crude tubular cross three feet high. I walked slowly and carefully over to it and sat down. Harry appeared and put his arms around me.

"You did it," he kept saying. "You did it."

I had expected some epiphany, some magic moment filled with insight into man and nature, into ambition, success, and the fruits of human endeavor. I thought none of those things. In fact, I thought nothing. My mind was as blank as the great fields of snow on the South Face. On a ledge about six feet down was a pile of rocks.

"That's where we buried the body," Harry said. "Can't you imagine how it happened? He was exhausted, even more tired than you are, so he probably decided to lie down for a minute and take a rest. The odd thing is, he was trying to take off his clothes, as if at the moment he froze to death he felt warm. And there was a smile on his face. I doubt he even knew he was dying. It just felt so good to lie down."

I could imagine it. I felt out of place on the summit. I knew I didn't belong there. I wasn't sure any of us did.

I had begun my climb in green pastures, surrounded by life. My step was springy, my head clear. I was ending it weak and bent, lungs gasping for breath, my mind senile. I had thought to recover my youth; instead I became an old man.

I had climbed not toward life but death, a death I hadn't met before. This death wasn't an invigorating presence to be fought and cheated as I had in Vietnam or in rock climbing. This was death by old age and exhaustion, numbing and final—death as a soothing, blessed relief, the smile on the face of the frozen Argentine.

I didn't want to linger. I only wanted down.

"Let's go," I said. I had been on the summit less than ten minutes.

WE FELT OUR WAY DOWN THE Canaleta slowly and carefully. The rocks kept quivering under my feet. I expected the whole 1,000 feet to give way at any moment.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked me at the bottom of the Canaleta.

"Sure," I said.

"I'm going on ahead to check on the others. Just keep moving. It's about 7:00 now. You should be down to Berlin in an hour or so. If you're not there by 9:00, I'll come look for you."

I nodded. No problem. Down was easy. I made my way carefully along the ridge to Independencia, where I picked up my parka and Walkman and sat down. All of a sudden my eyes were heavy. It felt good, so good, to stop. Then I remembered the Argentine on the summit. I got to my feet and kept going. Five minutes later there was Ernie, standing in the middle of a series of switchbacks.

"Hey, I think I'm lost!" he yelled.

We stood on the slope and looked around. The trail kept going down to a ledge, then went both ways. The rocks at the bottom didn't look familiar, but another rock higher up did.

"It's down and to the left," I said.

"You sure it's not up there?" Ernie asked me.

I looked back at the familiar rock. I didn't want the path to be there, I didn't want to climb back up—wasn't, in fact, sure I could.

"Maybe," I said. "We'd better check them both out."

Ernie went down to the intersection and then turned left, disappearing over the ledge. I took off my pack and inched my way back up, sideways, one step at a time. I couldn't see another trail, so I returned to where I had left my pack. It was getting dark and clouds were gathering. I started to shiver. After about twenty minutes Ernie reappeared.

"I went way down and didn't recognize a thing," he said. "Maybe it's to the right."

"No, it's to the left—I think."

It was beginning to sink in. We were lost at 21,000 feet. Night had fallen, and a storm was coming in. We had no tent, no sleeping bags. We

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NOTHING ATTRACTS LIKE THE IMP ORTED TASTE OF BOMBAY GIN.

CORIANDER SEEDS FROM MOROCCO ANGELICA ROOT F <"M SAXONY JUNIPER BERRIES FROM ITALY CASSIA BARK FROM INDOCHINA ALMONDS FROM INDOCHINA LEMON PEEL FROM SPAIN ORRIS (IRIS ROOT) FROM ITALY LICORICE FROM INDOCHINA



couldn t go wandering around in the dark the trails were too steep, and somewhere below us could be glaciers and crevasses

Snow began to fall My feet were feeling numb I gave Ernie my extra pair of gloves We sat close to each other and draped the parka over our shoulders and set the pack across our legs I had the head lamp, which I began shining up in the hopes someone might see it Every now and then Ernie would stand up and yell, "*Harry!* "

The wind began to blow harder..and the snow came thicker wet and cold The temperature was already 10 below zero and dropping fast Ernie and I took inventory of our supplies We had a knife and the light which was good, but we didn t have the Bic lighter- it lay in my tent at Berlin jumbled into a sack with my toothbrush and my Lomotil If we had the lighter, we could have built a fire with some boards from the Independencia hut.

We decided to stay put until 11:00 and then try to make it up to Independencia and bivouac, just as the frostbitten Yugoslavs we had met our first day had done Our yells went unanswered My little light seemed pitifully weak as it shone up into the snow

Ernie and I put our arms around each other, I the overeducated Oxford graduate with the fancy résumé..he the possessor of one semester of auto body in junior college On the surface we had little in common, but that night we were each prepared to do anything for the other We didn t talk much We were caught in the open in a storm at 21,000 feet—it was hard to make conversation around that fact

So this is the way it ends I was thinking After all the struggle and all the ordeal after *succeeding*, to get lost on a simple, routine trail going down the easiest part of the trip We didn't know how far we were in fact off the real trail, which meant we weren t sure if Harry could find us, particularly if the snow kept falling

The dangers were only vaguely real to us we made no connection between fatigue and altitude and cold and death It was nothing like war where no one ever doubts bullets and bombs can kill But that body was on the summit six climbers were dead in the past month Mountain climbing is a high-stakes game By stupidly getting lost Ernie and I had put our bets on the table

"*Harrrrrrrry!* Ernie yelled again

It was after 10:00 My pack was covered with snow

I thought about my children, about my work, about people I loved, about my life and what I had made of it not clear, orderly thoughts, just crude pictures, feelings really My mind was too burdened for anything profound It had enough to do simply keeping me awake To stay awake was to stay alive

Ten-thirty

I kept shining my light up It seemed pointless If they were going to find us they would have by now On the other hand, I had total faith in Harry I knew..somehow, he d come

"What's that?" Ernie said

"What?

"That noise

"It s the wind

"No I heard something Listen "

I listened I did hear something Someone was yelling And there, down below, was a light!

Ernie leapt to his feet..stumbling over the rocks, and I was right behind him

A figure emerged from the snow

"Harry?" Ernie yelled

"Is Bill with you?" a voice answered

"Yeah, Ernie said.. "but what about me?"

"You'll never guess who this is," the voice said in a Spanish accent. "It s Daniel "

Daniel? Daniel The guide from the Polish Glacier team Had we wandered all the way around the mountain to the Polish Glacier? How did he find us? Our questions poured out.

"Later We talk later Let s get to camp "

Ernie and I followed him down, our head lamps shining in the falling snow My legs moved automatically I was beyond fatigue By midnight we were back at Berlin Mitch checked us over quickly while Daniel went to find Harry, who had gone down to Nido de Condores looking for us The Polish Glacier team had abandoned their attempt and traversed the mountain while we were trying for the summit and they were in camp as well

Mitch checked my pulse and examined my fingers and toes, and put me in my sleeping bag between Kim and him I was hardly prone before my eyes closed, and a deep sleep came over me the sleep I had been yearning for all day

During the night I kept dreaming someone was choking me, finally I woke up with Mitch s hands at my throat

"You ve got severe Cheyne-Stokes breathing " he told me describing a breathing arrhythmia at high altitudes that involves taking three or four breaths and then simply stopping breathing Usually the breathing reflex recovers and the breathing begins again, but not always

"I m just lying here listening to you.. he said "and each time you stop I take your pulse Once or twice I thought you d died on me, but your pulse is still strong

I had a hard time going back to sleep after that but I woke up feeling clearheaded, stronger, and hungry My body had finally adapted to the altitude—a day too late

I was tired but exhilarated I had made it to the summit, and..more important I had made it down It was a good clean feeling a feeling no one could take away from me Mitch and Kim were lying in their sleeping bags also awake

We made it.' Mitch said.

We just smiled at each other There were no other words to say

Later that morning we left for base camp, arriving there just before dark We had to wait until the next day before we received news from the climbers still on the mountain..and the news was not what we'd hoped to hear Daniel awoke suffering from severe pains in his liver, giving up his own shot at the summit Ralph escorted him down Steve Selbrede, sick himself, also returned to base camp Gabe and Keith were turned back by storms short of the Canaleta Suffering from severe congestion, Mike Larrabee had already returned to Mendoza

Of the sixteen of us who began the climb six had made it to the summit—more or less the average success rate for expeditions to Aconcagua After Harry Johnson Kim Baldwin—the only woman—was the first to the summit Novices like myself had reached the top while experienced climbers hadn't But I didn t feel like I'd beaten anyone, my competitive nature had been tempered by that first ascent to Nido My fellow climbers and I, strangers two weeks ago, now formed a unit, bonded by the mountain

Six of us had been lucky That made me humble even a little embarrassed around those who hadn t. Still, I was glad to be among the lucky ones If I hadn t been I d have had to return and I didn t want to see the Canaleta ever again

The following day we struck camp for the last time and made the long journey down the valley to Puenta del Inca, our packs and our spirits much lighter than before Behind us the mountain steadily receded into the clouds Late in the afternoon we came to the first meadow After only rock, ice and snow for so long the green of the grass was almost blinding We were back in the land of the living

WHY DID I DONE IT? NOT I THINK BECAUSE IT WAS there the enigmatic reason given by George Mallory when asked why he climbed Everest I did it because I was there When I began I felt some deep tie to the mountain as if it were alive But as I climbed I realized the obvious—that the mountain cared nothing for me, it was, after all made of rock I would live or die in the presence of its sublime indifference no more, no less I came to find that indifference comforting It meant that I was on my own.. that my journey was not up the mountain but within myself, that whatever I took away I had brought with me

And then I read what else Mallory had said

Something in man responds to the challenge of this mountain and goes to meet it the struggle is the struggle of life itself upward and forever upward What we get from this adventure is sheer joy We do not live to eat and to make money We eat and make money to enjoy life "

Mallory was last seen shrouded in clouds, as he headed for the summit of Everest in 1924 in the midst of what gave him the most joy in life For the ordeal I had just undergone joy might seem an odd description But that is what I felt the joy of accomplishment.. of having been tested—the joy of being alive The cares and complications of my life had receded into the valley

I had been to the mountaintop ◕

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BROOKS.



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Being THERE

Three dispatches from the great here and now



PHOTOGRAPH: GREGORY HEISLER

Fresh POWDER

"In a life filled with stress, the simple thing of putting your head down and going down a mountain as hard as you can is very purifying. The ability to do something that gives you pleasure without having to talk to anyone is a joy."

Barry Diller



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID STOECKLEIN

Clear STREAMS

"There is something deep in the human spirit that responds to running water. I find the liquid language of a trout stream beautiful. Fly-fishing satisfies the primitive thrill of the hunt—without the killing. It's an intellectual challenge, and a learning process that will never be satisfied in a lifetime of experiences."

A.J. McClane

Full SAILS

"When I was growing up, I had a sense of wonder about the sea—I enjoyed being close to nature. As I got old enough to race, there was the excitement of competition—the learning of sportsmanship. Now there's just the quiet, the tranquillity."

Senator Edward M. Kennedy

PHOTOGRAPH: TONY ROBERTS

Fore Play

A celebration of golf the glorious

By Richard Ben Cramer



I PLAY GOLF. I RECOMMEND GOLF. I CELEBRATE golf—for the exercise. For this I am roundly derided by friends. God knows what my enemies say. But they don't understand. This exercise has nothing to do with getting winded, making the heart bump-a-whump for twenty minutes or releasing amino-ketones (or whatever bodily chemical is this month's *Cosmo* health trend). I do not mean to join in the national beatification of sweat.

Golf is exercise of the spirit: the trimming away of lumps and rolls that distend the successful psyche. We all have ways of jamming ourselves into contortions that the world rewards: the best lawyer I know has to build up a hard knot of rage at some injustice that threatens his client. I know a woman who cannot entertain without subjecting herself, her home and family to such ferocious primping that she winds up a total wreck. But her parties are lovely. The point is, there are many useful twists of persona, but things unnaturally bent grow brittle if they're never snapped back into shape. And golf untwists. It's more than the sun and air, stretching and flexing the body. For those corporeal joys, why not try gardening?

Golf is bodily, sort of. The swing, as anyone who has tried it knows, is such a demanding blend of physics and physicality that any of a hundred different muscles or movements can be cited as the latest cause of failure. But the essence of the game, and the locus of its experience, lies somewhere between the body and the mind, or in their fusion—not in the precision of latinate names with which we label musculature but in that murkier realm where words, if there be any useful words, must come from oriental tongues.

This stems from the nature of the contest: golf may be played with a partner or against an opponent, but the real and relentless competition is the self. Any golfer, even the worst, knows basically what to do: there is the ball—hit it toward the hole. But every golfer, even the most expert, plays always against the tendency toward deviation and lapse. We play against our own capacity to screw up, against the limit of our imperfection, against the proverbial essence of humanity: to err. It is a solitary struggle, and humbling, trying to make the body do. Strength, speed, or size—none of these will avail; only the gentle coaxing of grace. It cannot be forced. The concentration is yogic.

Compare golf for a moment with some other sports: there are no bulked-up defenders trying to block the next shot. No faster player will thunder up to tackle us on the fairway. There is none of the fishy luck of the angler who can walk away from failure with a shrug and an easy alibi: "They just weren't biting today." And none of the competitive consolation ("That serve of yours is just too quick!") that tennis allows. In the game of golf, no one hits the ball out of reach—no one but us.

To the extent that we succeed we triumph over self, and when we confront failure we have nowhere to look but within. That accounts for the endless fretting, the golfer's morose self-absorption. Of course the scoffers, the jokesters see only the overt unhappiness (a "good walk spoiled," Mark Twain called the game). And I concede one may not see right away the straight line links from Aristotle and Aquinas to that



overweight accountant speaking foul words as he slams the 3-iron back into his bag and drives his sputtering gas cart over the moribund grass he has just uprooted with his latest errant swipe But I assure you, no theologian, no saint, has examined and condemned his own frailty with more sincerity Yes, the golfer may be ungainly with his tools yes he seems wrapped up in his woe, yes, he may talk of it without cease but what can we expect from a being who is wrestling with the mortal mystery, the meagerness of the human will?

Then the miracle happens and something goes right (it always does, though, alas, too seldom) A long putt curves to the hole, slows, and drops A chip shot arches just over a vicious abyss of sand and settles tractably on the green beyond Or a drive leaves the tee Can those scoffers have felt even once such a tee shot? A miracle nothing less There is the ball still, small, dimpled damning our latest failures with an unsightly bruise or two daring us to hit it again with all our might *Thwack!* The driver connects with a gladelap of wood and the ball is free of earth, aflight, ripping through the air under our fond eye with a speed that makes a green blur of the ground, and now the ball, a shapely dart of white, rises fast growing smaller more perfect ever as it climbs to its apogee, black now against a vault of blue sky, a speck of pure promise that seems to hang, holding hope aloft as we hold our breath, until it settles beautifully white again onto the velvet fairway, an eighth of a mile toward the hole

A fine thing God has made for us! And the feeling it promotes is not one of chesty self worth but wonder, awed pleasure we are blessed Of course, we cannot keep such joy for long We lose the grace, all too soon we lapse But oh, just to have had that moment, when we steadied the erring self and found within it the capacity to do right, to do perfectly! If it happens but once and the rest is dross, if we lose the match if we score like bums if it rains and our feet squish in our shoes still, we spent a day with our self, and found its best We exercised it We are untwisted

I remember a game last summer with my favorite partner, that ferocious hostess I spoke of before I had to drag her out She was facing a breakfast for forty—some cousin s daughter was getting married—only three days hence "Just nine holes!" I cajoled her "You *have* to get some air "

She hit the first drive badly She never bothers to warm up She always thinks of it as stealing the time, and on the first tee, she still carries all her cares That day she swung with forty guests on her back I said "Want to hit another? But I knew the answer "No Come on" and she grimly shouldered her little bag and stepped off the tee toward the rough and her ball

I watched her sink deeper in new troubles through the first hole, then the second I saw the fretful changes to her swing as she rifled her mental grab bag of tips, teachings, and keys to success turn on the backswing hands ahead on the downswing club head open club head closed She duffed two shots on the third hole then swung so hard she almost fell What *is* it?" she finally cried in despair, as if she d searched the whole universe for the cause of her troubles

I mumbled a few truisms—elbow in shift the weight, keep the head down—and then as I recall some of the incantatory stanzas that form my personal mantra "Let the club head do the work make the swing a slow and beautiful dance "

Who knows what she heard, if she heard any thing at all She was so downcast, alone with her million mistakes But something eased within her and here lub head drew back in a graceful arc and *thwack!* She began to hit the ball, only straight at first, but then hard, and harder, and she stood on tiptoes to see the ball bounding, scurrying over the hills ahead "Liked that one!" she said as she grabbed her bag and strode on I caught up and stood behind her as she hit her next shot. She smacked the ball free of the earth, watched it fall and roll and she turned with a grin "Feel better? I asked She tilted her head up, shook her head and cried *Oooohhh!* to heaven She had no words sharp enough for the joy

Of course, she lost it, too Just a few holes on, she overswung and pulled her ball sharply to the left, where it settled in a trap And that one shot broke the spell She hit some good ones still But the blessing was off her head Now she berated herself aloud, or clucked in disapproval as a chip shot skittered off the back of a green But she was smiling at herself, too, mocking her mere humanness (when she knew the divine was in her!) She had only herself to blame after all so she had only herself on her mind Not the weight of the world she d been freed of that

I stood behind her again in her kitchen that evening She was beat at the sink polishing silver It wasn t the silver she'd serve with that Sunday Those pieces sparkled already This was the silver that molders in the breakfront. In case anybody bothered to look, you know She was thinking of fish Could she call in her order? Would they pick out the best? Clean them perfectly? No she would go, pick them out herself Have them filleted under her exacting eye Then back home, she'd clean them all again Those little bones Could she get away with *buying* mayonnaise?

"How was the golf?" It was her husband coming home He walked in the back door and casually tossed off the question by way of hello He didn t mean much, just How was your day?

But as she turned all tightness at her eyes disappeared, her hands unclenched from a polish-smeared bowl and her smile was of another world a smile of the Sufis of the saintly, of the saved

"*Ohh* she said "It was so *de licious* "



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GRUENE

Some Guys Have All the Luck

How to do for a living what you do for love



PHOTOGRAPHS: JOHN GOODMAN

LEIGH PERKINS

Chief Executive Officer, The Orvis Company

IN 1963, AFTER SELLING HIS SHARES IN THE Harris Calorific welding equipment company, where he had been vice-president of sales, Leigh Perkins went shopping for another company, preferably something in metals. He wound up with Orvis, a company that had been selling fine fishing tackle by catalog since 1856. "It hadn't occurred to me before then to make my folly my business," Perkins says. Raised an ardent hunter and fisherman by his sportswoman mother, he had dreamed during his school years of working for Orvis. That he bought it in 1965 was all the more extraordinary since it hadn't been for sale. Perkins negotiated with then owner "Duckie" Corkran for nine months—"more like courting his daughter than buying his business." Those who believe that too much good fortune is not good for other people's characters would be comforted to hear that Perkins had made such a success of Orvis—$50 million a year in sales, six retail stores, fly fishing and upland shooting schools—that he no longer had time for his sport. But it's not true. In the autumn, Perkins shoots woodcock and wild turkey near the Orvis headquarters in rural Vermont. Summer evenings find him on the banks of the Battenkill, fly-fishing for trout, except when he is traveling. Perkins spends three months a year hunting and fishing the world's most exquisite sites, while keeping an eye on the sporting vacations he lists in his catalogs. "I was happy and successful in the welding business," he says. "At Orvis, I'm a hell of a lot happier."





PHOTOGRAPHS: PHILIP LORCA DICORCIA

EVAN BLUM

Owner, Irreplaceable Artifacts

IF YOU HAD AN EYE FOR BEAUTY AND A crowbar and went out into the world dislodging large, decorative objects from their moorings, your trip would end logically in New York, where you would turn over your antique bathtubs, your elevator panels, your terra cotta statuary to Evan Blum, and he would know what to do with them. Blum's retail empire of sublime recyclables is headquartered in the city's ramshackle Lower East Side in a building itself an antique, whose seven floors are littered with treasure, none of it cheap. Blum came by his secondhand passion early in life. At twelve, he was collecting antique phonographs, and at thirteen, having discovered not only the objects of his desire but the thrill of selling them, he was in business. A decade later he realized that a fortune's worth of collectibles were routinely being demolished with the grand old buildings that had housed them. He cultivated some useful contacts in the wrecking trade and opened his first Irreplaceable Artifacts store. Now Blum doesn't even advertise. The interior decorators, the set designers, the rich, and the curious all come to him. It's an enviable position, but Blum, outwardly diffident in the manner of a young Dustin Hoffman, has done quite a bit for his thirty-three years. He has built and raced sailboats, traveled around the world (twice), and sculpted, and whatever else he has in store for us, Blum says he will continue collecting and selling and collecting some more.





ROBERT PARKER

Author and Publisher, The Wine Advocate

His colleagues in the legal department of Farm Credit Banks of Baltimore knew they had lost Robert Parker to the bottle. Parker, the manager of the department, was spending more time on *The Wine Advocate*, his subscriber newsletter, and less on farm credit. Then, much to the horror of his parents—and consternation of his wife—Parker left the law to work full time at his passion, producing the ever-expanding *Advocate* and a series of brisk-selling books on wine. None of this could have been anticipated by Parker the college student, whose favorite drink was Coke and who discovered wine on a tour of Europe because it was the cheapest thing potable. "It had a mellowness," he recalls, "a diversity—each night it was different." The French regard Parker as the leading expert on the wines of Bordeaux. That's influence. Given the chauvinism of the French, it is also amazing. Parker has risen to international preeminence as a wine writer by being, of all things, a hardheaded American. His competitors take a wine and rhapsodize about the bosky taste of mulberries. Parker rates it on a numbered scale. Most writers strike some sort of gentleman's agreement with wine producers. Parker spends more than $60,000 a year of his own money on the wines he tastes for hours every day. Obsession, he admits, is a word that might fairly characterize his relationship with the grape. "I can easily taste a hundred wines a day," he says. "No one in the world tastes as many wines as I do."

PHOTOGRAPHS: MARK SELGER





BILL RUGER

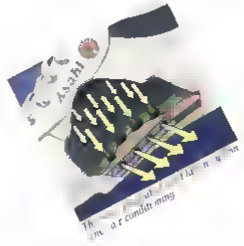
President, Sturm, Ruger & Company

Growing up in Brooklyn affords an education in many things, but hunting game is not one of them. Bill Ruger would get his chance to hunt lion in Africa and urial sheep in Iran, but not until he was the middle-aged president of his own firearms company. As a schoolboy, he was interested solely in the guns themselves; he studied weaponry the way ordinary youths pursued model trains. "It was the mechanism that intrigued me," he says. "A beautiful, coordinated piece of machinery." Ruger's first gun job was as a draftsman at an armory. Later he opened his own machine shop, but that enterprise eventually ground to a halt. He figured he'd give entrepreneurship one more try with his own firearms company. Should that fail, he'd consider sailing a fishing boat or hunting in Africa for a living. Fortunately, Ruger channeled his instinct for dangerous living into a design for a single-action revolver that strongly resembled the Colt Peacemaker. "The Peacemaker was the standard cavalry soldier's sidearm," he says, "and very romantic." Sales of the revolver assured the success of Sturm, Ruger & Company, which in forty years has grown into one of the largest firearms concerns in the country and the only one to earn a reputation for quality handguns *and* rifles. These days Ruger spends much of his time away from the main plant in New Hampshire, overseeing the construction of a new facility in Prescott, Arizona. At the age of seventy, the parts still mesh, precisely

PHOTOGRAPHS: TERRY HUSELID



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Asahi

DRIVEN TO PERFECTION

The stout heart of an auto mechanic

By PATRICK BEDARD

JOHN HOWE LOOKS LIKE WELL *LESSER* probably a dentist. Yeah, a successful dentist, one with three chairs and a waiting list. He's forty-two now, about the age men begin to amount to something if they're ever going to. And he gives off all the signals: the tennis court springiness in his stride, the shave that's movie star close, the twenty-buck haircut. So when he goes someplace nice—you know, people drinking chablis and eating crudités and talking social—they naturally ask what he does.

He shrugs. "I tell them I'm a Porsche mechanic."

Oops. In san gilded Santa Barbara, California—where the thinking is all-natural and the people pretty much avoid looking under the hood of life for fear of getting their minds dirty—the idea of earning your living under the hood is guaranteed to arch some eyebrows. And activate some zoning restrictions. The dirty-fingernail businesses are being directed to nearby Goleta these days.

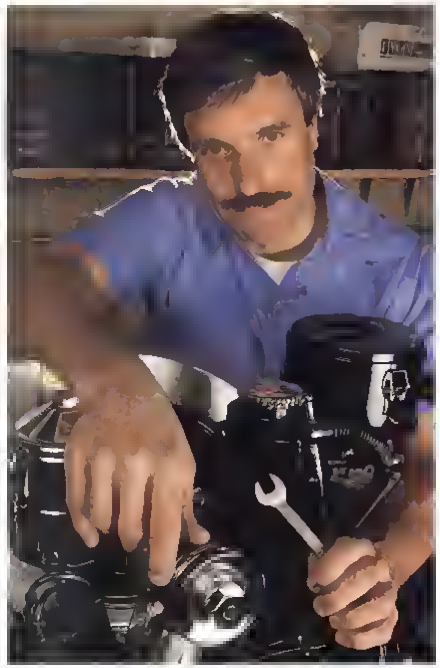
So there on Daley Street, under the airport flight path and amid the tradesmen's blight is a little oasis of orderliness called John Howe West Inc. Geraniums grow in front of the block building.

What goes on inside is not obvious from the contents. Arranged with military precision are workbenches, a valve grinder, and tire-mounting equipment—the stuff of auto repair. But there is also a lathe and a vertical milling machine—the basics of a machine shop. And numerous old advertising signs on the wall for Exide Batteries, Fisk Tires, Welch Penn Oil and the like—artifacts of an antique shop. And rare old Porsche posters that you might find in a gallery if you were really lucky. In the midst of this variety, an oak-case pendulum clock serenely ticks off the passing seconds.

There are cars inside too: four 356 models, those three-decade-old Porsches shaped like half-dissolved soap bars, and one 911 that doesn't look three of its thirteen years. They are situated about the immaculate gray epoxy floor in such a way that you might suspect a museum



PHOTOGRAPHS: JOHN HARDING



Howe has spent his life fine-tuning a fine machine

of kinetic sculpture, except that a few of the cars are partially disassembled. No, it's not at all clear what goes on here.

"This place lets me be myself," Howe says. "I don't honestly care if it's Sunday and I'm going out to play, or Monday and I'm going to work. I try not to let there be any difference."

The dentist guess wasn't far wrong, except that Howe does Porsches instead of teeth. He describes the shop as a service business for the affluent Porsche owner. Some of them are having serious affairs with their Porsches, others are simply married to them. Either way, he's the doctor. There's no other way to describe the relationship.

A beautifully restored 1963 black 356B coupe eases up to the front door. It belongs to a guy who owns a chain of haircutting shops. He hasn't had it a week and already the brakes are kaput.

Howe rolls the car inside. "I'm just very happy that you're able to take me," the guy says. Howe knows this disease. "It's in the hydraulics," he explains. "Probably a leak somewhere. In these older cars, we're dealing with geriatric conditions. Usually the master-cylinder reservoir has corroded through."

Howe's bedside manner is reassuring. The customer has just spent the price of a new family hauler for his old Porsche, and he's not looking forward to dropping another hundred or so for brakes that he thought were healthy when he took up with this beauty. Still, this isn't a fling, he says. He thinks this car could be a forever thing.

Howe explains that brake failure is not congenital. It's the result of neglect. Sure enough, the fix turns out to be textbook car repair.

Porsches are cars, you put gas in a hole and miles come out under the back bumper, just like with any other car. Since the first Porsche was sold in 1948, however, nobody has bought one for that reason. Howe escaped from high school on Long Island in a Porsche. He was bored, taking shop and mechanical drawing and barely squeaking through. Porsches weren't boring. From his father, who was an electrician as well as an amateur machinist, he inherited an enthusiasm for precision machinery. "Porsche had the detail work I had to have," he says. "Not jewelry, but compared to ordinary cars, they were well finished."

Porsches are idiosyncratic too, and that was important to a young man who wasn't easily challenged. The engine is in back. It's air-cooled. The factory's early aerodynamic efforts gave the car a unique shape. "I didn't see myself coming the other way," he says. And there's the giant-killer reputation too, the little peashooter Porsches used to beat the magnum-caliber twelve-cylinder Ferraris at Le Mans. Porsche was more than a sports car. It was a strain of independent thinking, a philosophy he could get behind.

At eighteen, Howe was driving his 1956 Porsche 356A and working in a foreign-car repair shop. The car gave him a certain credibility, so the Porsche customers came to him. And when he wasn't working on their cars, he worked on his own. He turned it into a show car. No detail was too insignificant. It was painted, then repainted, until it was perfect. He has a photograph of the car taken under a naked bulb. On the roof, reflected in the optical-quality lacquer, you can read SYLVANIA 100 WATT. His Porsche won its class forty consecutive times.

Howe became a disciple of Porsche. His dad drove a Ferrari, but when the old man had a heart attack, the doctor said it had to go. John converted him to Porscheism.

By age twenty-three, he had his own Porsche shop in Sea Cliff, New York. He stayed in the same spot for seventeen years. Appointments were booked a month ahead. "Everything I've got comes from Porsche," he says. "One of my first customers is now my wife."

His Porsche involvement marches on toward infinity. He has every issue of *Christophorus*, the factory's owner magazine. 205 copies at last count. Yet he's not marching with blinders on. The Goleta shop is less than two years old. "Turning forty probably had something to do with moving to California," he allows. And all Porsches are not regarded equally. He figures the 911 is a logical extension of old Dr. Porsche's thinking, but he's cooler to the newer front-engine cars.

You might say Howe no longer delivers literal readings from the book of Porsche. Now he gives interpretations. One of his current projects is a 1965 356C coupe owned by Ralph Ammirati, a New York ad agency exec. The car was trucked out to Howe's shop, and it will be trucked back when it's finished.

"He's a detail person," Howe says of Ammirati. "He's had the car since new. Fifty thousand miles and he couldn't stand looking at it anymore. It had some stone chips, the paint had shrunk on the front bumper—little things. But it offended him."

"The car didn't really need work. When it arrived here, people thought it was just out of the body shop. But he wanted to do something." Howe prescribed cosmetic surgery.

"We're going through it, narrowing the door gaps, making them exactly equal all around. We'll smooth the body so there'll be no ripples in the reflections. Everywhere there's paint, even the door jambs, it'll be perfect. A show car he'll never show."

None of this makes economic sense. Howe estimates the car was worth about $18,000 when it arrived. Ammirati may spend as much as $15,000 when shipping is included. He'll get back a $20,000 Porsche.

"Some guys hang a million-dollar painting on the wall so they can admire it every time they walk past," Howe says. "Ralph is going to be admiring a very nice 356 every time he walks through his garage."

John Howe finds himself taking up where the factory left off more than twenty years ago. He's keeping old Porsches alive and occasionally making them better than new. It's a passion he's followed to the promised land.

"From 1948 to 1965, the years of the 356, the factory built seventy-seven thousand cars. About half came to the U.S., and about half of those came to California. There are probably ten thousand left in the state now," he says. "That's enough for as long as I can work on them."



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Heart Strings

In praise of the melancholy ballad

What is it about September and men? Along with "September Song" and "September of My Years," Sinatra also recorded "September in the Rain." "September Morn" was one of Neil Diamond's big hits, Charlie Mingus played "Septemberly." Paul Halley had his "September Nocturne" and Van Morrison his "September Night."

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Not only was Walter Huston—father of John, grandfather of Anjelica—the first man to record "September Song," he was its raison d'être. Huston had been offered the role of the peg legged Peter Stuyvesant in Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson's Knickerbocker Holiday. *Impressed with the script, he asked them to add another song for him: "a moment for the old son of a bitch to be charming."*

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It's the sort of song that makes all kinds of men get misty. Yossarian dances to it in Catch-22. *Woody Allen recollects to it in* Radio Days. *A few other songs do the trick, too. "As Time Goes By" certainly did it for Humphrey Bogart. So did "How Little We Know" when Lauren Bacall sang it in* To Have and Have Not*—and that was after she lit his cigarette and taught him how to whistle.*

≀

Lou Reed was the last person to record "September Song." Before him, and after Huston, came, among others, Willie Nelson, Roy Clark, Jimmy Durante, Artie Shaw, Dave Brubeck, Nat King Cole, Art Tatum, Erroll Garner, the Flamingos, the Platters, the Boston Pops, Mel Torme, Arnett Cobb, Sammy Davis Jr., Dizzy Gillespie, Liberace, Harry James, Bing Crosby, and, of course, Frank Sinatra.

≀

A California man whose wife was about to file for divorce sent her ten hours worth of taped songs, hoping to win her back by reminding her of old times. Linda Ronstadt's Lush Life *album took up one whole side, and there was Neil Diamond's "Solitary Man" and Bob Dylan's "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right." It didn't work, as you might expect.*

≀

There are times when a man needs a sentimental ballad to call his own. If circumstances haven't presented one, consider the following: Mel Torme's "Here's That Rainy Day," the Beatles' "Yesterday," Nat King Cole's "Unforgettable," Sinatra's "You and Me," Ray Charles's "Georgia on My Mind," LeeWiley's "Let's Fall in Love," Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald's "Autumn in New York," Fred Astaire's "The Way You Look Tonight," and Johnny Hartman's "Dedicated to You."

Photographed by Sarah Fellman at McSorley's Old Ale House

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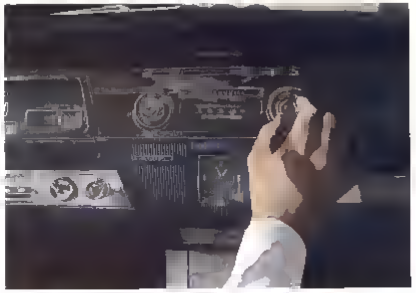
A man has to stay tuned



By John Updike

For many popular music is more pain than pleasure, and any of us, trapped on a subway car with a ghetto blaster or in an elevator leaking old Mantovani, might admit there is much too much of it. That hypothetical visitor from Mars we used to talk about before Mars was exposed as a spherical pink desert lightly frosted at the poles, would surely be struck by this incessant and apparently futile accompaniment to earthly lives, as they move from musical alarm clock to car radio to a workplace insidiously saturated with psychologically programmed Muzak through a lunchtime stroll amid mendicant buskers and breakdancers and, after work, to a tinkling drink in a bar with an old-fashioned jukebox and, if not home to a suburban house where teenage children have their tapes turned way up, then on to a romantic rendezvous orchestrated by a gypsy band at the restaurant, a cocktail pianist with the nightcap, and

The first song I remember distinctly getting to me, postgrad, was "Blueberry Hill," where Fats Domino claimed to have found his thrill. Was finding your thrill anything like



kiddley-diveying? No matter: I knew in my hormones what he meant, and just why Chubby Checker wanted to twist again like we did last summer.

sleepy old Sinatra records in the dimmed apartment. What do they mean, all these tunes as miraculously as snowdrops no two quite alike but again like snowdrops melting over the days into gray slush and then into air, thin air?

Hormones, the answer must be. Popular music, save for the small fraction designed to excite martial or religious ardor, has to do with mating and breakup, with love and its losses, with the anticipation of love reaching deep into childhood (Lollypop Pop) and its recollection extending far into senescence (Golden Oldies). We dance, we touch, we shut our eyes, we become the song. From the decades' massive flow of technologically broadcast songs we each extract an emotional autobiography. The first popular songs that memorably impinged upon my evolution were "Playmates," with its oddly thrilling invitation to "look down my rain barrel, slide down my cellar door," and, in 1939, "Oh, Johnny!" The little girls chanted "How you can love!" at me on the way to second grade and back; my ears and cheeks burning and all my conscious desires simply bent upon getting to my next balsa wood model airplane.

Then came the Great Patriotic War and "Sleepy Lagoon" and "Paper Doll" and "That Old Black Magic" (icy fingers up and down my spine!) along with the relatively asexual "Mairzy Doats" (but what did it mean, to "kiddley-divey, too"?) and "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition." Postwar, there was high school, and dances in the gym, and drooping crepe paper taped to the basketball backboard, and plump white strapless shoulders in the violet lights, and "Tenderly," and "They Say It's Wonderful," and six boys on the stage doing our local small band version of the big-band sound, saving (what else?) "Star Dust" for last. The hormones had the tune down pat, though the lyrics still wondered why they spent the lonely nights dreaming of a song. The big-band sound was an erotic engine, a soft machine of sax-throb and phallic clarinet moving down its tracks as irresistibly as the Chattanooga choo-choo. That certain party at the station, in old satin and lace, that we used to call Funny Face, turned into Doris Day announcing a sentimental journey ("I never knew my heart could be so yearny") whose final prolonged "ho o-oommmmme" opened a delicious abyss of sheer female power. On the jukebox at the Bluesmoke Luncheonette, the sly, laid-back melodiousness of Bing Crosby and the Ink Spots gave way to big, twanging voices. Frankie Laine and Patti Page. "That Lucky Old Sun" and "Tennessee Waltz." Laine was especially thrilling, hollering to his mules and his ghost riders in the sky and wanting to go where the wild goose went and mincing out the exact specifics of his "dee-zy yuh" ("We'll sip a little glass of wine, I'll gaze into your eyes divine, I'll feel the touch of your lips, press *sung* on mi-yun"). His voice was gutty, it rubbed the secret spots within.

The popular music of the late Forties and early Fifties, falling between the fading of the big bands and the beginning of rock, is generally forgotten, no jazzomaniacs or rock addicts or show-tune nuts visit its files, and Golden Oldie disc jockeys rarely touch it. But it has preempted millions of my neurons with half-remembered titles and lyrics. Girls' names. Peg o' My Heart and "Amy" and "Laura" and "Linda" ("When I go to sleep, I never count sheep, I count all the charms about Linda"). Strange little men. "The Old Lamplighter" and "Nature Boy," and that old master painter from the faraway hills whom we teenagers so inevitably recast as the old masturbator. Who could get moony over "Golden Earrings" or "Tree in the Meadow"? We could, that's who. In 1948, James C. Petrillo called every orthodox musician out on strike and left us to dream along with un unionized sweet potatoes, banjos, bones, whistling choruses ("Heartaches") and musical saws, and we dreamed on anyhow. "So Tired" made great in Russ Morgan's arrangement, was with "Star Dust," the epitome of high school violet-spotlight chic: the draggy end of the dance, the fag end of our sophisticated, smoky days—"so tired, so tired of living" and all of seventeen.

Then came college and, for me, a kind of pop silence. There was no music in the libraries then, and little in the dorms—it was believed to interfere with thought processes rather than (as now) to be essential to them. I do seem to recall, from those four lost years, incredulously auditing in a humble Cambridge eatery Johnnie Ray's "The Little White Cloud That Cried." I knew it was the end of something, but I didn't know of how very much. Rock 'n' roll began to shake the Eisenhower chapel, Elvis Presley suddenly achieved divinity—but all out of my earshot. The first song I remember distinctly getting to me, postgrad, was "Blueberry Hill," where Fats Domino claimed to have found his thrill. Was finding your thrill anything like kiddley-diveying? No matter: I knew in my hormones what he meant, and just why Chubby Checker wanted to twist again like we did last summer. We had become suburbanites and wage earners and parents, but our glands were less quiescent than they should have been; the sounds of revolution (Baez and Dylan, Peter, Paul and Mary, Sonny and Cher) trickled through the Manmekko curtains, and our children taught us to frug. Oh, those glorious piping sugar-harmonied Supremes records before Diana Ross became a law unto herself! And of course the Beatles, who were intellectually ambitious even and kept going deeper, just like Beethoven. I suppose my heartfelt farewell to popular music came in England, at the end of the Sixties, crooning and thumping and blinking back tears through the endless chorus of "Hey Jude," in which the Beatles could be heard dissolving. Sing a sad song to make it better.

But you never really say farewell. Popular music is always there, flavoring our American lives, keeping our mortal beat, a murmuring subconscious sneaking up out of the car radio with some abrupt sliding phrase that hooks us into jubilation, into aspiration. I like it when, say, Madonna's "True Blue" comes on, catchy. Long ago, driving to school with my father on cold winter mornings, I would lean into the feeble glow of the radio dial as if into warmth; this was me, this yearniness canned in New York and beamed from Philadelphia, beamed through the air to guide me...somehow, toward infinite possibilities. Popular music bathes us in echoes of emotion and beckons us toward a fullness of which our lives are shadows.

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Hallelujah!
All hail the hardware store!

By Guy Martin

Perhaps even in these overblown empire-fat fin-de-siècle days you've actually pulled off the freeway and walked through an American small town. You know, a place with real working people in it, working people on the land around it, a sheriff, a few crazy drunks, and some sleazy small-time politicians. Astonishing places, most of which I'm told are dead or are being choked to death by the information sickness we all now share, by migration of the young to the cities, and of course by the mondo carnivorous malls. But not dead yet. Real towns are especially apparent on spring or summer Saturday mornings, and I will tell you how you can know them.

They have a minimum of two barbershops, one with con-



Harrison Brothers hardware store, established in 1879, has been operating on these premises in Huntsville, Alabama, for ninety years

Photographs by Neil Slavin

siderable traffic and one that is essentially asleep. Nobody knows what the second barber did to offend everybody, because it's only possible to get one haircut—the very same one—at any of these places. He stays open to save face. The first sure sign of a small town: the recent customers of these emporia are walking around on the streets of the square with a white stripe of skin above the burned red skin on the backs of their necks. The second feature of a real town is that its banks are open on Saturday morning, because only the merchants really like to interrupt the workweek to go put something in. The third and most telling clue you will find will be the hardware store. And it will be hopping on a Saturday, mostly with the folks who have been wrestling with a hardware problem all week, say, since the plowpoint broke.



Have you ever seen a private, regular hardware store in a mall? The hardware store is the dread enemy of the mall, and vice versa. This alone is a good reason to go stand inside a hardware store and simply breathe for a while. The air is different there, rank with possibility in the odors of oil and wood and metal, the substances one needs to control the building of things. A hardware store gives us an unequivocal chance to do something well—and of course that is an expensive proposition. What the store forces us to do is seek knowledge, and the hitch is, we only really gain the knowledge by attempting to apply it. The hardware store is a realm of hard-past fault excellence—of the sort that we may earn with our hands.

When he was about ten years old, during the Thirties, my father started working for a dollar a day in the summers in the hardware store belonging to his grandfather. The store was in a big ground-floor loft just south of the square, with the merchandise in bins stacked up to the eighteen-foot pressed-tin ceilings. The stock clerks, a Mr. Moore and a Mr. Christopher, got the stuff down with huge rolling ladders set in tracks along the wall. One example of the contents of each bin was wired to its front, so that Mr. Moore and Mr. Christopher could see what they were after.

This store stocked everything necessary for life: chain, rope, chalk, paint, knives, guns, ammunition, harnesses, coal scuttles, buckets, washboards, rasps, planes, augers, twist drills, blacksmith supplies, nails, bolts, nuts, rules, levels, squares, saws, hammers, hoes, rakes, ax handles, wedges, sledges, and plowpoints, most of it wrapped in heavily oiled paper in the bins. My father says that everything in the store was oily and dirty, but within that somehow hard and new and ready for use. This is the delicious paper-wraps-rock texture of the hardware store: most of America was made of wood and plaster, and the tools to cut and manipulate those materials are naturally metal, which needs oil. To keep the dust down, the stock clerks even kept oil on the floor.

There were no display cases as such, and thus my father remarks in passing, no such thing as impulse buying. That meant everybody who came to buy something knew what they wanted and knew what to do with it once they got it. Imagine a town of people with knowledge in their hands! There were many other towns like it, in fact most of this country was made up of places like that, a sort of huge fraternity of people who knew how the world was made. It sounds very romantic, but it's really just simple and true: the people who settled here were required to make their lives from the ground up, and they passed that important knowledge down. In the right time and in the right place, you can pick up a whiff of that today, but it comes with the hindsight that that sort of craft once meant power in this world, and for a long time now that power has not been nearly enough.

There remains an old mahogany value to it, though, and we profit from bending the mind to the challenge of controlling a tool with the hands. Words are important here: the names of things. Real hardware stores are like old dictionaries for the names of things, and in the names there is often literature and occasionally even magic. A *spokeshave*. This is a very common type of draw plane that yet exists, although we no longer need to make so many wagon wheels with it. A *riffler*, the small feather-shaped file for the most delicate jobs. A *bastard cut*, meaning a medium-coarse set to the teeth on the surface of a file. A *rabbet plane*, for cutting an L-shaped tongue down one edge of a board. A *grinding jig*, which holds a plane's blade at the proper angle for sharpening. A *slick*, a broad-faced wood chisel for paring large areas, a *buck*, the tripodlike affair that holds a log steady for sawing, not to be confused with the *buck rake*, which is used for sweeping fresh-cut hay. This is wonderful, startling, and clear: work these tools helped us do, as in the work you'd find people doing in *Anna Karenin*. This is the final lesson of the hardware: that good work holds its meaning.



I was interested in the lives of those two clerks who worked in my great-grandfather's hardware store. My father said they worked six days a week and were paid their negligible wages on Saturday nights out of the cash register, after the big market day in town. I asked him how they lived.

"Very simply," he said with some force in his voice. "Very simply."

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Reggie at Sunset

For Mr. October, the days dwindle down to a precious few

By David Remnick

In the last weeks before spring training, Reggie Jackson drove down the freeway from his home in the Oakland hills to the ball park where he began his career in 1968. He ran sprints across the outfield, fielded fungoes, and took batting practice with players half his age, boys who looked at him with the same slack-jawed regard he once had for Mantle, Mays, and Aaron. They studied his easy, looping, warm-up swings, his murderous slashes at the ball, even the vicious way he spit through his teeth after every pitch, and as they watched him, they may have remembered seeing the same motions a decade ago on television or, if they were lucky, from a seat in the upper deck. Jackson was a part of their boyhood. Now they were professional ballplayers and an audience for the September song of Mr. October.

The youngest of them could hardly imagine Reggie Jackson in gold, green, and white; for them, he was born in pinstripes. But all knew him as a man of swaggering qualities, a name as resonant in their imagination as Ali, Elvis, or even the Babe. At least a dozen players in Reggie's era, from Clemente to Schmidt to Mattingly, were better players, more complete and consistent, but he was the Prometheus among them. He defined an Age of Jackson.

Statistically, he is king only of strikeouts, the all-time leader in that category, but his legacy is the big stroke, the electric moment. He won three championships with the Athletics, two with the Yankees. He played in the postseason in eleven of his nineteen years. No player ever had a single day greater than his October 18, 1977. On the cool night when the Yankees won their first World Series in fifteen years, Jackson hit three home runs on three swings. No one had ever done that. Likely, no one would again. "I have been to the mountaintop, and I have seen the promised land," he said. "I've seen it more than any man alive."

The brilliant light was out. It was like watching the movements of a shadow on the grass. His swing—which often left him screwed into the clay, his helmet falling over his eyes, his number, 44, stretched grotesquely across his back—his swing still had the old ferocious look. But something was wrong. The eyes, the concentration, the reflexes, something. Jackson was not past heroics—he could still send the ball screaming into the outer dark—but he was past the *expectation* of heroics. His home runs now had the quality only of nostalgia and accident. He was forty years old.

In the fall of 1986, he seemed sure to play in another World Series. "I might have gone out on that," he said. His California Angels were one strike away from beating the Boston Red Sox. Horribly, the Angels let go their grip, and the Red Sox advanced instead. It mattered little to Jackson that in the Series against the Mets, Boston would imitate California's collapse, and, somehow, surpass it. Only one thing resonated in his mind. His last at-bat had been a strikeout, and his team had lost. "Of course, you can't blame the Angels," he said. "They'd never won anything. They didn't know how. I was a different story. I'd been there." When it was over, California no longer wanted him. They had already forced one of the game's most superb batsmen, Rod Carew, into a ragged, undignified end. Now to the sixth-leading home-run hitter of all time, the Angels said, in no uncertain terms, find another team, quit. Suddenly, Reggie Jackson was just an overpaid .240 hitter without a glove. Jackson waited for offers. Thirty-six hours after the owners of the A's called him, he signed a one-year contract with them for $525,000, little more than half his old salary. He was already worth millions in stocks, real estate, and other investments. He had homes in Carmel, Oakland, and Los Angeles, his own Cessna jet, and a car collection worth $2.5 million. He had a china collection featuring a $600 teacup. The money was meaningless. He would not go out on strike three. "It wouldn't be right," he said. "Someone like me is supposed to leave the game in a different way. That's not how it ends for Reggie Jackson."



Photograph by Arnold Newman

"Everybody has asked me, 'What'd you do the day of game six?' The truth is I spent the afternoon relaxing with a lady. Relaxing baby, I was relaxed."

A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE HIS NEXT WORKOUT AT the Coliseum, Jackson flew in his private plane to Las Vegas. A Canadian auto-painting supply company called Spraybake had invited him to the auto show there, where they were displaying Jackson's favorite, a '55 Chevy Bel Air. The license plate read R JAX 55. I RUN LIKE I LOOK. Normally Jackson gets $10–$15,000 to lend what he himself calls the Reggie aura, but Spraybake was one of his best relationships. "I like 'em," he said, and he would do it for expenses. "They like me. They're Reggie guys."

Jackson walked in a half hour late, wearing a blue sweat shirt and faded, pressed jeans. His hair, which he used to wear in a woolly Afro style, now had the patchy look of a putting green on an abandoned course. There were flecks of gray in his beard. More than one visitor noted that he seemed shorter than his "official height" of six feet. "I thought he'd be a giant," said one young girl. "He's just plain."

Jackson found a central spot on the carpet, spread his legs, folded his arms over his chest, and waited. Warily, all the Spraybake men formed a circle around the star. They made small talk about Jackson's hundred or so cars, about his feelings on having just joined the Oakland A's. And as their nerve increased and their imagined sense of fraternity took hold, they asked his opinion of a passing girl in silver tights. They had seen the photographs through the years of Reggie with dozens of beautiful women, mostly blondes. "Not bad," Jackson allowed. "Not bad."

Clubhouse talk with Reggie, even $15,000 would have been a small price to pay. Still, the men were uncomfortable. They appeared to concentrate very hard on what they said before they said it. If Jackson does not care for a question, he will often ignore it. If he thinks a query too obvious, he will say, "You mean you don't know?" Disgust is one of his moods. They shift easily, inexplicably. But he was in a good mood now, and he received even banalities with cheer.

After a while, the crowd thinned out and Reggie was almost alone. There were no balls to sign, no absurdities to answer. And so he picked up a soft towel and began polishing the fingerprints off his Chevy. "I hate fingerprints," he said. "Why do people put their fingers all over something like this?" As he buffed the chrome, he said, "It's like I've lived a dream. If you're talking about a standard for success, there's Steve Jobs in computers, Lee Iacocca in cars, and Reggie Jackson in baseball. I was the standard in clutch situations for ten years. I wasn't the best hitter, but I was the most feared. I was the baddest motherfucker on the block. I was Jesse James, Wyatt Earp. But even they slow down. Even they deteriorate.

"From '72 to '79, when you needed a home run in the ninth, and the pennant was riding on it, I was going to the plate to hit that cocksucker over the fence. And not just hit it over. I mean, like forty rows deep. You know what I'm saying? But it didn't last forever. It wasn't just last year or the year before that. It goes as far back as the '81 Series against the Dodgers. I was out hurt at the beginning. I got back in it, but I couldn't turn it around. I couldn't do it anymore."

Jackson sat down on a couch and drank a cup of orange juice. The crowds returned as quickly as they had gone.

"Hi! I'm a Ziebart girl!" said an almost



The perfect night: three pitches, three homers

blonde in a pair of white hot pants. "I thought you were giving balls out."

Reggie. Hey, Reggie! I just want to shake your hand. No questions asked. Is that okay?"

"Hey, Reggie Jackson. You're always selling something, aren't you?"

One after another. The strangeness of being Reggie. In public, he is like a ferocious animal in a zoo cage: people admire him, poke him, measure themselves against him. Then they go away, perhaps frightened, disappointed, or thrilled. Usually Jackson endures it. Sometimes he snaps back. It depends on his mood.

Once, when all of New York wanted to know when Reggie would recover from an injury and return to right field, a young boy said to him in an elevator. "Hey, when are you gonna play, Reg?"

Jackson grabbed himself by the crotch and said, "Play with this."

Sometimes it is not his fault. In bars, people try to pick a fight. In New York, someone took a shot at him with a pistol. It is part of the idiocy of being that famous.

Finally, Jackson rose from the sofa and told the Spraybake men, "The crowds are a little thick. I'll be back in fifteen minutes." He said he'd take a walk and let them thin out. He was gone for hours. When he finally returned, it was time to go.

JACKSON LEFT THE CONVENTION CENTER THAT evening with Everett Moss and Ted Kay, two of his buddies from California. Moss is Jackson's closest friend and one of six people on the Reggie payroll. Ted Kay is a scarred ex-football player from Kent State who met Jackson in a pickup basketball game. Ted told Reggie he was out of work, and the next day he had a job caring for the "L.A. division" of Reggie's car collection. "Reggie saved me," Ted said. "Now I live over the garage."

As they left the hall, 1984 Playmate of the Year Barbara Edwards, who was at the convention selling Snap-on tools, caught up to Jackson. A calendar photo of Edwards wearing a farmer's daughter outfit and clutching a Snap-on tool hangs near the desk in his L.A. garage. In Las Vegas she wore fur.

"You ever see anything that gorgeous?" Ted said to Everett as they kept a respectable distance behind their man.

"Yes, I have," Everett said. He has been with Jackson for twenty years. "Sometimes even a bit better," Everett added.

The streets were clogged with conventioneers, and Jackson and Barbara Edwards could not get a cab. One cabdriver slowed, as if in response to Jackson's signal, but then he drove away. All he wanted was a closer look.

"My Gawd," said Barbara Edwards. "What kinda town is this?" Jackson ran across the street in an attempt to flag a cab, but it was filled, and defiantly sped away. Finally, he gave up and took a place on line at a nearby hotel. He was reduced to the sort of patience required of hunters and long relievers. It hurt. When Barbara Edwards climbed into her cab, Reggie leaned into the back seat and kept his face very close to hers for almost a minute. Then he said goodbye.

Someone mentioned that perhaps her beauty exceeded her intellectual strengths. "It's true. She doesn't seem too sharp," Reggie said, "but it's probably the whole thing of meeting Reggie Jackson for the first time. If I spent time with her, she'd get over it."

The next cab was supposed to be Jackson's, but a woman on line insisted otherwise. Exasperated, he offered to split the ride with the woman,

PHOTOGRAPH: FOCUS ON SPORTS

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WORLD RALLY CHAMPION

"You don't retire at your convenience. You don't die when you're ready. There are no announcements. No invitations. You're just gone."

who called herself Roxanne. In the front seat, Roxanne turned to Jackson and said, "I drive eighteen-wheelers. Whadda you do?"

Ted and Everett laughed nervously. Then Reggie laughed, too. He knew it was just a joke, but when he dropped her off he made no motion to let her skip the fare. As the cab rode toward the airport he said, "Fuck her. She wasn't too impressed with me."

Then, to the driver, he said, "You like this job? It's not bad, is it? Six months from now I'll be out here in Vegas with a checker cab, cigarette breath, and a T shirt. I'll be great. Won't I?"

As the car pulled up to the airport gate, Reggie had one more question for the driver. "Hey, you ever get a blowjob in the cab?"

THE WALLS OF REGGIE'S PLANE ARE COVERED WITH Ultrasuede. The seats are deep and embracing. Before he fell asleep, Reggie put his feet up on a seat and said, "This plane doesn't make economic sense. It's $7,800 an hour. But I'm buying time. I'm buying solitude."

That winter he needed quiet more than ever. His father was very sick. Several times in the weeks before spring training, Reggie flew to Philadelphia to visit him in the hospital. "For a while we weren't sure if he was gonna make it," Reggie said.

Martinez Jackson ran a cleaning store when Reggie was growing up, and brewed corn liquor in the basement to make a little extra money. To keep the cold out of the house, they draped blankets across the doors.

One day when Reggie was around six, he was riding with his father in the delivery truck when he noticed his father was crying.

"What's wrong?" Reggie asked.

"Your mom and I are splitting up," he said. "She's leaving today." In his autobiography written with Mike Lupica, Jackson put it this way: "The next thing I knew, my mother was just kind of gone. Her other three natural children went with her. I stayed with my dad. There are things that happen to you in your life that you don't question, maybe because you're afraid of what the answer will be. My mom leaving me behind is one of those things. I never asked her why."

Martinez and Reggie grew closer. Then, when he was a senior at Cheltenham High School and the best athlete in the Philadelphia area, Reggie saw police cars parked in front of his house. A court sentenced Martinez Jackson to six months in jail for making liquor illegally. For a while, Reggie was as alone as a boy can be. With his father gone, Reggie helped run the business, finished school, handled the recruiters, and finally, left for Arizona State. He visited his father only once in prison. He could not stand the sight of the old man in prison grays.

And now Martinez Jackson was worn out. Reggie did not know what more he could do for his father. He had been a good and grateful son. Long ago, when times were tough, his father dreamed of owning a red Cadillac. Reggie was able to buy him one. He helped him build his cleaning business. So his Dad could make some extra money, Reggie even got him a "job" as a scout for the Angels. ("The only scouting he's got to do is scout the mailbox for his check every month.") He had always done for his father what every son hopes he will be in the position to do. But he could not make it all right, not with fame or money or words.



Time out, reminding the fans who's number one

In feeling his own decline, Jackson was himself learning a little of what it is to grow old. "You don't retire at your convenience. You don't die when you're ready," he said. Below the lights of Los Angeles blurred through the fog. "It's an inconvenience to die. You don't retire at the top. There are no announcements. There are no invitations. You're just gone."

HE HAD A DATE IN TOWN THAT NIGHT, BUT BY MORNing he was alone. He woke at 6:00, made a few business calls, and rode a stationary bike for twenty minutes. At 7:30 he drove his garnet Porsche to Super Bodies, a storefront gym near Newport Beach. Another "Reggie guy," a hulking blond named Walt Harris, met Jackson on the sidewalk, and the two men went inside to stretch. "I used to tear my muscles up all the time," Reggie said. "Now I don't run fast enough to tear nothing."

Jackson worked harder than anyone in the gym. "When I quit, I'll become a body builder," he said with a load of weights on his back. "Just for the hell of it. For vanity." He worked his quadriceps, his calves, his triceps and biceps. Between sets, he ran in place with the quick, short steps of a shadowboxer. He wore a baseball cap, sweat pants, and a blue rubber shirt. Sweat washed over his face and dripped off the point of his chin. He had always looked more like a heavyweight fighter than a ballplayer.

To strengthen the muscles that power his baseball swing, Jackson took a twenty-five pound barbell and mimicked the motions of batting. Many players disdain heavy weight training, saying it makes them bulky, but Reggie was not lifting for singles or doubles to the opposite field. He was training his muscles for a last season of all-or-nothing.

Jackson climbed on a computerized exercise bike to get his heart beating faster. "When I was twenty-eight years old I didn't have to do any of this," he said over the whir. "I did nothing. I did, like, $1.5 million in the off-season just hustling business."

He finished his workout with a series of abdominal exercises. Some days he did 1,300 sit-ups.

At last he rested and drank a glass of blended fruits. A few friends dropped by the gym to say hello, including a young woman named Anne Appleby, who brought her one-month-old daughter, Kimberley Nicole. Reggie cradled the baby in his arms and stood in front of a mirror. "How do I look?" he said. "Like a daddy?" The mother laughed. Kimberley cried. Reggie gave the baby back to Anne. "Hey, so it's only Reggie Jackson," he said. "Who cares, right?"

BEFORE EVERY GAME AT YANKEE STADIUM, OLD clips of Ruth and Gehrig, DiMaggio and Mantle flicker on the big screen above the bleachers.

When he visits the stadium, Jackson sometimes tries to take his batting practice while his own image—younger, faster, reliably heroic—is on the screen. Once, while warming up on an August afternoon with the Angels, he belted one ball straight at his own looming icon. Afterward he told *The Washington Post*, "I'm still Reggie, but not as often."

Inevitably, the stadium's film shows Jackson's performance against the Dodgers in the sixth and final game of the 1977 World Series. As he hits his three home runs, the PA system plays the old rock standard "Lightnin' Strikes (again and again and again)."

"It was the worst year of my life," Jackson said behind the wheel of a van. "I was a walking-around mental case." It began with a disastrous

PHOTOGRAPH HAROLD NEWMAN

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Now Reggie was trying to end a little better than the Babe. He would change if he had to. But he could not humiliate himself. He would not go out on .181.

interview in which he said that he, and not the team's gritty catcher, Thurman Munson, was the "straw that stirs the drink." Every morning in the *Times*, the *Post*, and the *News*, the protagonists continued their opéra bouffe. Billy and George and Reggie. Thurman and Graig and Sparky. That one season generated more books than the Korean War. Though he never avoided the clubhouse and dugout madness, Jackson would spend hour after hour that year sitting on the terrace of his Fifth Avenue apartment, depressed and weary. "I used to read the Bible and take little sayings out of it because I needed support, I needed help," he said. "Sounds like I was nuts, huh?"

Then the autumn came. In the postseason most hitters do not perform nearly as well as they do in the spring or summer. It is not only the pressure that oppresses them. It is the cold air, the truncated and superior pitching staffs, the constant night games.

Reggie Jackson lived for October. That he could focus so clearly on a speeding ball amid all the turbulence—that was always his gift. After five games, the Yankees had a 3–2 lead over the Dodgers. Reggie left L.A. on his second homer of the Series, a long shot off Don Sutton. He wanted the season to end, and, somehow, he had an idea of just how it would.

Driving toward a body shop where he often hangs out, Jackson turned down the oldies station he listens to and let it all roll back over him like a wave.

"The day of game six, well, everybody has asked me, what did you do? And I just kinda said I relaxed and listened to the radio. The truth is I spent the afternoon relaxing with a lady. Relaxing, baby. I was relaxed.

"I knew I was swinging the bat good in batting practice. I probably hit two dozen balls out. The crowd in right field was going crazy.

"I was on the money. I was like a guy rolling a 300 game. I was like a basketball shooter, and when he lets go you know it's gonna be all net. So I was ready. Sometimes you just know.

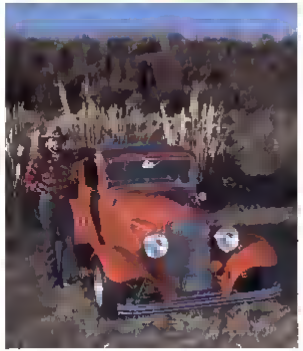
"The first time up against Burt Hooton, I didn't get to swing. Got walked on four pitches. The next time up, Thurman was on base and they had to give me a ball to hit. It was the first pitch he threw. It felt like I'd hit it hard enough to go five hundred feet, but I hit over the ball because I thought it was going to sink. But Yankee Stadium has a short right field, and the ball stayed up just long enough.

"The next time up, in the fifth, Hooton was out of the game and Elias Sosa was in. Sosa was a hard thrower, and I knew he was going to try to bust me with a pitch inside. That's always been the thing to do. Even when I was on deck I was saying to myself, *Please, dear God, let him hurry up and get ready so I can get it.*

"I knew as soon as Sosa let go of the ball I was going to hit it out of the ball park. It was the best ball I hit all night, like a Baron shot. Now I could hear the crowd starting to chant my name. '*Reg*-gie *Reg* gie. Jesus.

"I knew I was going to get up again, and I figured I might as well go for another one. It wouldn't matter even if I struck out. No matter what I did I'd still get another ovation.

"And so they brought in Charlie Hough. We were up 7–3 in the bottom of the eighth. A knuckler? I probably have more career home runs off knucklers than any pitchers I'd ever faced. I couldn't lose. All I wanted him to do was throw a strike. And, man, he threw a cookie."



What 550 homers buy: a 1932 Ford, for starters

The second-base umpire, Ed Sudol, could not believe it. "Hough threw him a tremendous knuckleball," he said. "I don't know how Reggie even got his bat on it, let alone hit it about 420 feet." The Dodger first baseman, Steve Garvey, began to applaud in his glove. In the dugout, all the year's tensions melted. Munson hugged Reggie, and so did Martin. Graig Nettles, who would later get in a fistfight with Jackson at a party, said, "It was magic. And it didn't matter in the slightest whether you liked him or detested him. After the third home run, I walked out to the on-deck circle as the crowd was cheering and cheering, and I took my helmet off and waved at everybody as though they were cheering me, and I enjoyed my little fantasy as the noise swirled over the whole stadium."

When Jackson trotted out to right field, they chanted his name, louder and louder. *Reggie. Reggie. Reggie.* Confetti, most of it torn flecks of programs, napkins, and toilet paper, showered over him. For once, the sound was clear and unanimous. No one who appreciated the difficulty of what he had done could withhold their admiration or their affection.

He never grew bored remembering his perfect night. He pulled the van off the highway, turned off the engine, and gripped the wheel with both hands. A hard sun shone through the window, and Reggie put his face in the light. He was quiet awhile. Then he said, "When all is said and done, people like me. They like me. That's something."

REGGIE DROVE BACK HOME. HIS CONDOMINIUM WAS packed with Reggie memorabilia: a wood clock with Reggie's image carved into the face; a gilt baseball, a tribute to the home run that propelled Reggie past Mickey Mantle; two copies of his autobiography, *Reggie*; a videotape labeled REGGIE JACKSON POSITIVE AT BATS 1985; a batch of Reggie clips stacked on a director's chair emblazoned with its owner's name.

Earlier he had read with evident sadness a story about George Foster, a once-extraordinary hitter for the Reds and Mets who had squandered his fortune. "You see it all the time," Reggie said. "Sometimes it's the player, sometimes it's these agents who are telling them what to do. They're just a bunch of white guys with Samsonite briefcases and bad suits." He was in his bedroom, dressing while he watched the Financial News Network on cable. His eyes fixed on the stock ticker that ran across the bottom of the screen. Every few minutes or so he stopped to place a call to his lawyer in Oakland, his agent in New York, his real estate partner in Phoenix, a car dealer in L.A. He seemed to love this part of being him.

"Are you in?" he asked his broker. They were talking about a "very hot" jeans company. "It was up to three and heading toward four. You in? Hang in there, at least today. If it gets hairy, I'll call you."

He got up from the bed and began to sway to the electronic bounce of FNN's theme songs. "I'm a capitalist," he said. "And I'm a Reagan supporter. But mostly in politics I'm a fence-sitter. I don't want to put myself in a position to say too many controversial things, because a lot of the people I'm in contact with are CEOs. They can affect my future." He shimmied during the bond report, hopped during the NASDAQ index. When the report on the top-ten stocks of the day came on, Reggie sat perched on the edge of his bed and watched every second.

"I think you're getting to see that there are all

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Jackson looked around at all the kids. Who had worked as hard as he had? Who among them understood the importance of the game, and the short time they had to play it?

sides to Reggie," he said after it was over. "I may not necessarily be better than anyone but I'm unique. There's Reggie the ballplayer and Reggie the media guy and Reggie who's into cars. But Reggie's also meeting with the main players of the Eighties. I call Boone Pickens for advice on high-end economics. I look hard at what Steve Jobs is doing. Tonight I'm supposed to have dinner with John Sculley, the head of Apple. You think I won't come away with any wisdom?"

A report came on the television about the scandals on Wall Street. "Boesky just got caught," Reggie said. "I'm not condoning what he did. It's just not wrong. They say that pigs get fat, hogs go to market."

Jackson made a few more calls. Then he pulled out his suitcases. The next morning he had practice at the Coliseum in Oakland. He stepped into a walk-in closet filled with dozens of shirts and fingered sleeve after sleeve. When he emerged with the chosen shirts draped across his arm, Jackson's whole expression had changed. "Let me ask you something," he said. "What kind of story are you doing?" There was a painful, nervous pause. "Is it a Reggie profile? A Reggie retires' kind of thing? See, I think the media get some kind of weird enjoyment out of asking, 'What are you going to do when you're not the center of attention anymore? What are you going to do when all the adulation is dried up and all the cheers die down? Huh? It's like they want you to say, 'I'll collapse. I won't be able to make it in society. I'll end up in a halfway house.' Well, you can see that baseball is just a part of me. Reggie Jackson is not your average baseball player."

Reggie cannot get over the completeness of himself, his multifaceted self. "I guess I underestimated the magnitude of me," he has said. No one, he is convinced, has told his story adequately. He has already written two autobiographies and is considering a third. When he contracted Lupica to write *Reggie* with him, there were hermeneutic debates of every sort. *Reggie*, Jackson believed, did not contain all that is Reggie. "It was on the best-seller list, but it could have been a huge book, you know what I'm saying? It could have been something. It could have been another fucking Hemingway, but for that I would've needed a [illegible] James Michener."

He checked his watch, a chunky gold Rolex. "It's getting late," he said. "We've got a couple of things to do before we fly to Oakland. And I've got that dinner with John Sculley tonight. Did I mention that? He's the head of Apple."

AT LUNCH, REGGIE, TED, AND WALT STOOD IN FRONT of a big-screen TV that was playing old baseball highlights. As the tape rolled they quizzed each other on averages, plays, nicknames—all the ephemera of the game. Jackson never missed a question.

"You're the king," Walt said.

"Yes," Reggie said.

They drove back to the garage—Ted and Walt on motorcycles, Jackson in one of his vintage "muscle" cars. There to greet them was one of Reggie's girlfriends—a young, blond student from Golden West College. ("About the ladies. Keep the names out of it," Reggie said. "I don't want one of them getting mad about another. I mean, they know, but, well, you understand.")

"I thought we were going to lunch," she complained. "I've been here for like an hour."

"I said 1:00, didn't I?" Reggie said.

"I was here early," she said. "You guys were gone."

"*Ahh*, well," Reggie said, and he enveloped her in his arms.

For the next hour or so Reggie watched Ted hose down a buddy's Olds. They talked carburetors and camshafts. Jackson walked from one car to the next, admiring the Corniche, perusing the 'Vette, checking out the 'fat fender' on the custom Benz. The blonde looked for something to do. She helped Ted polish the hood of the Olds. Reggie watched her while he spoke once more on the phone to his broker.

"Honey," he said when he had hung up. "It's long strokes. Not across. Not short. *Looong* strokes."

"I didn't—"

"I know, honey, you're learning."

Reggie and the blonde drove back to his condo, leaving Walt and Ted to work in the garage. "I've got the plane set to go in a couple of hours," he told them. "I've got some packing to do."

Jackson was once married to a woman named Jennie Campos. They were divorced, after four years, in 1972. Since then he has come close to marrying once, lived with at least one other woman, and has dated "a lot." "Reggie's girls all look pretty much the same," Walt said. "Blond, pretty, twenty-one or twenty-two, perfect bods, kind of beachy." He said he wants a family "after baseball sometime," but for the moment one of the biggest portraits in his house is of Reggie and his Chevy. "So I'm not married," he said. "Whoopee shit. The only thing about not being married is I don't have children, or I don't have someone to share my life with all the time. So I'm missing a couple of things, but I'm not exactly [illegible] I don't need a goddamn psychoanalyst."

Walt checked his watch, smiled, and said, "That should be enough time." He drove Jackson's van to the condo. When Walt arrived, Reggie was standing outside his condo surrounded by his bags. He was in a panic. Once more the mood had shifted.

"You see a little white sack?" he asked Walt.

"No, what's in it? What are you talking about?"

"I can't find the thing," Reggie said, louder now. "I had it and now I don't know where I put it."

"What's in it? How big is it?"

"It's a little bank sack with $10,000 in it, that's what it is, and now I can't find it. Jesus."

"Maybe you had it in the garage."

For the next couple of hours, Reggie, Ted, and Walt looked everywhere in the garage, in the condo. They shuttled back and forth following one false lead after another. Finally Jackson went back home and emptied his bags all over his driveway. A neighbor named Heather walked over from the condo next door.

"Hi! What's goin' on?" she chirped through her gum.

"Oh, I just misplaced something," he said. The sun was getting dim, and the appointment four hundred miles away with John Sculley, one of the main players of the Eighties, was drawing close. "It's driving me crazy," he said.

Then Heather began laughing. "Hah, hah, hah." It was inexplicable.

"Yeah, well [illegible]," Reggie said, containing himself.

"How's that ball team up in California?"

Reggie blinked. Wasn't he in California?

"Oh, they're all right," he said.

Heather just stood there.

"Well [illegible]," Reggie said hopefully.

"Well," Heather replied. Then, after a cruel silence, she added, "[illegible] see ya 'round."

"See ya 'round, Heather."

Reggie drove once more to the garage, where he leaned on his Chevy. "Ten thousand bucks," he said. "Ten thousand bucks." He called San Francisco and canceled his dinner with John Sculley.

"All right, now, we're not going home until we find it," he announced. Ted and Walt never stopped looking, no doubt out of good fellowship, but also, one could not help thinking, in an effort to obliterate suspicion. They were Reggie guys.

"Wait," Jackson said. "I think I know where it is." Jackson's relief was considerable, though nothing compared with Ted's and Walt's. Walt drove Jackson back to the condo. Reggie opened the trunk of his garnet Porsche and found a black box used for holding compact discs. Inside was the sack, and inside that was $10,000.

Dress easy, get away from it all and let Tom Sawyer paint the fence.

—Alexander Julian



Cotton sweater, knit shirt, seersucker pants and boat moccasins from Colours by Alexander Julian.

ON FEBRUARY 26, 1935 THE YANKEES RELEASED Babe Ruth. He played two months for the Boston Braves, hitting just .181. Fat, tired, and looking for an exit line, he hit three home runs one afternoon at Forbes Field. But those home runs had the quality of nostalgia and accident. Ruth retired that June at the age of forty. For the rest of his life he tried to win a job as a manager. No one would hire him.

Twelve years later, Ruth was dying of throat cancer. Commissioner Happy Chandler declared a "Babe Ruth Day" at Yankee Stadium. Wearing a camel's-hair coat, Ruth stepped slowly up to the microphone and spoke in a rasp.

"You know, this baseball game of ours comes up from the youth," he said to the crowd. "That means the boys. The only real game in the world, I think, is baseball."

Yogi Berra was there, and he later said, "When he finished talking, the Babe waved a salute and turned around and walked back to the dugout. Nobody made a move to help him. I remember one of the ballplayers saying, 'Do you think we ought to go out and give him a hand?' And somebody said, 'Leave him alone. He knows where the dugout is.'"

In his last days, Ruth still had a strong appetite, but he could no longer chew. Some days Babe would eat a mound of chopped meat. As he grew worse he ate soft-boiled eggs. At least the cancer had not robbed him of his memory. He could summon pleasure in an instant. One day shortly before he died Ruth looked down at his egg and said, "To think of the steaks..."

"YOU COMPARE ME TO BABE RUTH AND I'LL LOOK SILly," Reggie said, driving the Oakland freeway in athletic terms, he is right. It is as a folk hero, not as a player, that Reggie reaches across time to Babe.

Now Reggie was trying to end a little better than the Babe. He would DH; he would play first base. He would change if he had to. But he could not humiliate himself. He would not go out on 181. That would be torture to him. "I'm not going to embarrass myself," he said. "You talk about the way Ted Williams went out on a home run. Who wouldn't want that?"

As he sat now in the Coliseum's dim and tiny clubhouse, Jackson looked around at all the kids. Who had worked as hard as he had? Who among them understood the importance of the game and the short time they had to play it? Jackson saw players with better reflexes but with rolls of fat around their middle; he saw young men charged by the pleasures of their game but ignorant of its subtleties. Even their lack of financial savvy annoyed him. He saw young Tony Phillips dressing and joking about the "great salary deal" he was going to make. That did it.

"Great? How great?" Reggie said. "What did you make last year?"

"Three-fifty, four hundred thou with incentives," Phillips said.

"And now you're in arbitration?"

"Yeah."

"What are your numbers? How many hits did you have last year?"

"I don't know exactly."

"How many runs?"

"I'm not sure."

"You don't know?"

"Not sure."

"You've *gotta* know," Reggie said. "If you're in arbitration how can you *not* know? You have an agent?"

"Yeah, sure I do." Phillips was getting more and more defensive. He wanted out, he wanted to hit and run and get out of the jaws of Reggie Jackson.

"Who is he? Your brother? Your best friend? Why don't you do your own deal?"

To Phillips's astonishment, Reggie began to explain the way "agents can cut you," the sort of studying he'd better do, the interest-free loans he could ask for. "You have to make the deal that's good for you," Jackson said. "Are you gonna have any left when you're done? Can you buy your own home? Can you structure a bank loan? I'm giving you the third degree, man, because you gotta know what you're doing."

Phillips was silent. Vaguely, he understood that Jackson, of all people, knew what he was talking about. Still, he wanted out.

Reggie smiled. "Hey, man, don't listen to me. I'm just an old shit. I don't know nothing."

"No, brother, what have you been around? Twenty years?"

"Don't mean nothing. I'm just an old man."

The other players left for the field; Phillips included. Reggie waited until the others were gone before he put on his jade-colored Athletics jacket, his shades, and his shoes.

"You think Phillips will listen?" someone asked him.

Jackson spit through his teeth as he walked through the shadowy hall toward the field. His spikes clicked on the concrete. "I don't give a shit if he listens or not, to be honest," he said. "I just don't care."

THE MORNING WAS CLEAR AND COOL, AND THE grass brilliant in the hard winter light. So direct was the sun that it burned off the previous day's rain in a couple of hours. Only twenty players came to the optional workout. The manager, Tony La Russa, was out of town, and most of the veterans had better things to do. Spring training was still weeks away. The emptiness of the seats made an echo chamber of the Coliseum, so that a sharp line drive sounded like the report from a .22.

In the dugout, a young outfielder named Michael Wilbams slammed a ball into his glove. He played a while for the Cleveland Indians in 1986, but they released him. Now he was hoping to land a job in the A's system. "Class A would be fine with me," he said. "I've gotta start somewhere." Williams grew up in Hayward, California, just a short drive from the Coliseum, and when he was six or seven years old he and a friend came to the ball park to see their first game.

"Just about the second I walked into the park, Reggie put one over the fence. Right over there," Wilbams said, pointing to left-center field. "It was incredible, the way he hit it, and he'd just drop his bat at home plate and watch the ball and admire it going over the wall. Man! I followed every move he made. I didn't watch anyone else."

After the players did a few stretching exercises and ran laps around the grass, Jackson seized the privilege of seniority and took the first turn at bat. His own bats had not yet arrived in Oakland, so he selected a thirty-four-ounce Adirondack of white ash from a heap on the grass. "I used to use a thirty-six or a thirty-seven. Biggest bat in the league for five years," he said, taking a few warm-up swings. "Now I use a thirty-three or a thirty-four."

With his old Yankee teammate Bob Watson watching him, with nearly everyone in the park watching him, Jackson stepped into the cage. He tapped his bat on home plate, then bunted three pitches to the left, three more to the right.

"Okay now, Reg, let it rip," Watson said. It was unlikely that the A's would ask him to do any bunting.

Jackson took the first pitch, then hit three pop flies to short right field. They were too shallow for the outfielders to bother with them.

Jackson tapped once more on the plate, then cracked a line drive to center field.

"Better," Watson said. "But you're lifting that back foot."

"It's February," Jackson said, and he stepped in once more. He hit another drive, which echoed throughout the empty park, then a half dozen pops to center and right. He smacked a foul back into the cage. At the finish of his swing his body had dropped close to the dirt and his arms and bat described a pretzel. "Damn," he said.

Jackson unwound himself and took on a more determined air. Sweating freely now, he kicked the dirt and nodded to the pitcher. He hit a couple of drives that would have been singles; then another series of shallow fly balls that were sure outs. "That's slow hands right there," he grumbled. The big hits were just not coming: foul, foul, fly, single, fly, single, single. No numbers on the board. "It takes a while for my hands to get ready," he said.

"Keep that back foot down," Watson said.

Then the pitcher grooved one in, chest-high, medium-fast. Reggie cocked his elbows and lunged at the pitch. The ball exploded off the bat, arcing into the cloudless sky and sailing over a group of fielders who were chatting in center field. Reggie dropped his bat and, along with everyone else, followed the flight of the ball. It was beautiful: what the man could do. Finally, the ball cleared the fence and smacked sharply off the empty seats. A lovely, lonely sound. A home run in wintertime. ●



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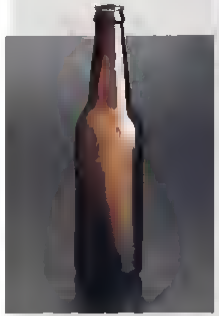
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Trout and Salmon Flies
(*clockwise from top left*: the Adams, the Rusty Rat, the Yellow Marabou Muddler, the Royal Coachman), twentieth century

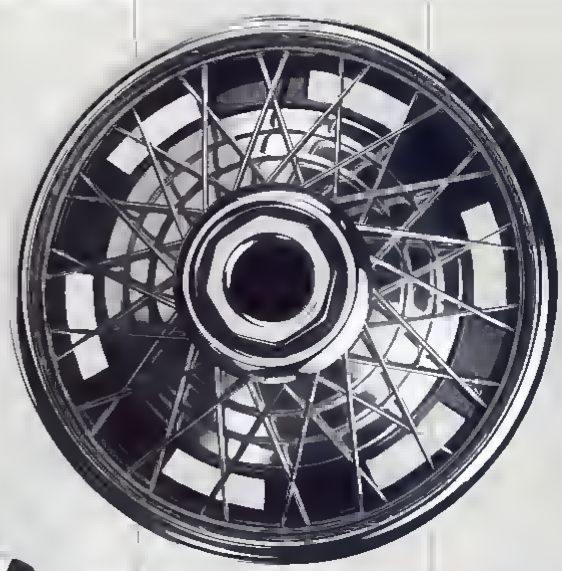


The Long-Necked Beer Bottle, c. 1870



The Champion Spark Plug, 1966

PHOTOGRAPHS PETER JOHANSKY STYLIST DAVID MARTIN



The Spoked Wheel Cover, c. 1965



The Martini Glass, c. 1910

The Zippo Lighter, 1932

Resin Billiard Balls, c. 1920



Playing Cards
by Tally-Ho, 1895

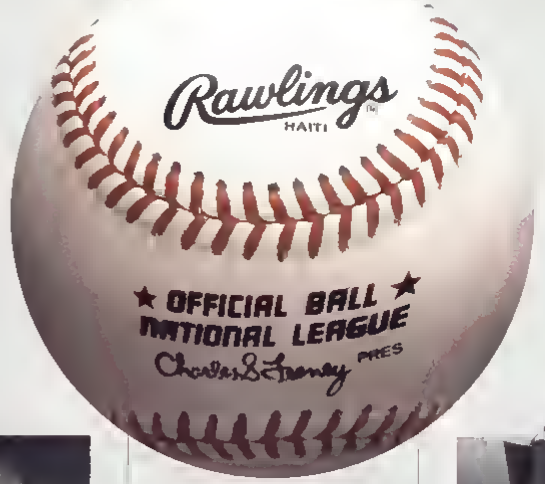


The "Crescent" Wrench by Craftsman, c 1928



The Black & Decker Pistol-Grip Drill,
design introduced in 1946

Diner China by Buffalo China, c 1915



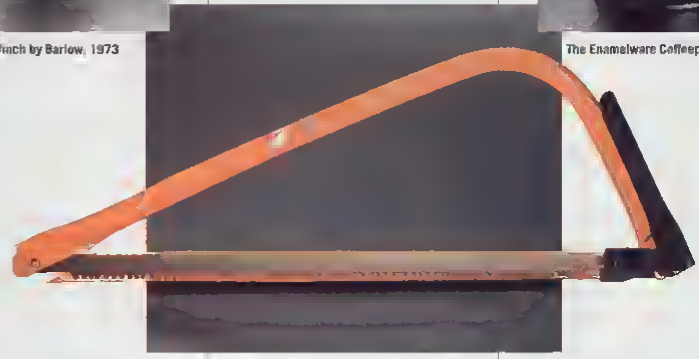
The Official National League Baseball
by Rawlings, 1977



The Winch by Barlow, 1973



The Enamelware Coffeepot, c 1920



The Disston Bow Saw, c 1900

INTRODUCING
BACARDI PREMIUM BLACK



So rich and smooth, it could only be Bacardi rum.

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The Joy of Dirt

Stay, stay damned spot!



PHOTOGRAPH OF JAMES LEAN BY [illegible]

By Tony Kornheiser

I am dirty hear me shout
These stains are too deep to get out
There's no Fab or Tide or All that gets me clean
Oh yes...I'm a mess
I'm a filthy mass of dirt
What the heck I'm a wreck
I've got mustard on my shirt
I look rough I smell preposterous I am dirrrrrrrrrty

I don't get dirty as often as I used to. You pass thirty-five, there's not much new ground to break. But when I do, it still



feels as good as ever, still pacifies that old fear (remember playing sandlot football and it was important to get your uniform dirty so the older kids wouldn't think you were a pussy?). So if it's late in the softball season and I haven't gotten a really rude grass stain yet, I'll dive for a ball even if I don't have to, and maybe I'll get lucky and skin my knee or elbow and bleed through my clothes. Bloodstains are the best. They never come out. You can wear that shirt for years.

I'll dig a garden just to get dirty. Or stack wood, or get up on the roof and clean the gutters. (I draw the line however at anything having to do with plumbing. No one earning more than $35,000 a year need stick his head inside a toilet bowl, unless he's so drunk he thinks he's boarding the *Love Boat*.) What matters is the dirt, not how you get it: hunt moose, change oil, punch sides of beef. We're all adults here. Whatever turns you on: motocross (it's like being a jockey on a stretch runner during a Philippine monsoon), go see *Platoon* (see it, don't live it: dirt's nice, but you wouldn't want to go to war to get some, especially considering you can't get frequent-flier miles on a C-130 transport). Lean against a statue, run lampblack under your eyes and pretend you're either Don Mattingly or Rocky Raccoon, spill the contents of the Dustbuster on your Ballys, walk across Staten Island, shear a sheep, crawl into the wheel well of your Volvo station wagon where your kids have hidden three year's worth of gum and Whopper Juniors.

Dirt is the Continental Divide in the Battle of the Sexes. My second cousin Monica, for example, wears a Teflon shield over her apron. Women are like that. They'll borrow your razor, your jeep, and your chain saw ("Ballet's all right, but I'd rather be a welder"). They'll sweat like mules if you let them. But they won't get dirty. Men need to get dirty. Women need to stay clean. (Don't tell me about mud wrestling, because that's pornography.) Rubber gloves were invented for women. Obviously. If they were meant for men, we'd be overrun by proctologists. Plastic slipcovers are a woman's province, too. Women don't buy living room furniture to sit on, they buy it to exhibit.



What matters is the dirt, not how you get it: hunt moose, change oil, go see *Platoon*, walk across Staten Island.

Watch Chris Evert during a changeover: she's shvitzing like a faucet, and she sits there demure as a debutante patting dry. Patting! Show me a man who pats. I'll show you someone who clears out a locker room like a bomb scare. Real men don't pat dry. (Real men do, however, take showers. Don't let anyone try to tell you that smelling like the inside of a Sandinista combat boot is something to aspire to.) But forget about bathing as a fashion statement for the moment; the inescapable truth is that most men look good dirty. And some men look great dirty. Harrison Ford—now there's a guy who looks fabulous dirty. (Women don't look good dirty. Pouty, yes, not dirty. Well maybe Kim Basinger, but the exception proves the rule. Women know that, too. That's why you never see Cagney and Lacey coming into the precinct looking like they're just back from amateur night on a chain gang.) It's an old saying, but it's still true. Any woman can eat beef jerky, but it takes a real man to rub it all over his chest.

Mickey Rourke. Nick Nolte. Don Johnson—they're all at home rolling around in the mud and the blood and the beer. They've got it down pat, they manage to look dirty when they're swimming. You want to talk real dirt? Pete Rose, a caveman.

Why do men need to get dirty? I can't speak for all men. Some trendoids, usually joggers and cyclists, are show-offs about sweating but terrified of true dirt, as it might dull the sheen of their spandex racing shorts. They're the ones who buy pre-dirtied shirts to look fashionable, then blame the stain on the maid. Most men need to get dirty because they're discomfited at growing soft in the middle, and because getting dirty, however infrequently, helps reconcile the anxiety of aging and lawn care. Young men get dirty out of impetuosity, without premeditation. (Watching my eleven-month old son, I've become convinced that the need to get dirty is gender passed. Michael loves to pull the houseplants down off the table and roll around in the spilled dirt. Elizabeth, my four-year old, won't let you hug her unless you take a shower first.) But every so often the rest of us need to feel unfettered and alive, vital, romantic—like we've got nothing to protect and we're out in the streets again, capable of doing something. I don't know what, but surely something more physical than checking to see that all the doors in the Audi are child-proofed.

Men, I'm talking to you directly. And I'm talking about responsibility (so sit up straight!). There are battle lines being formed. On one side, covered in plastic wrap, carrying their Q-tips in Ziploc bags—not to mention their own linen if they have to stay overnight—and backed up by their manicurists, are the weak, the neurotic, and the fastidious. On the other, caked in mud, scabby knees showing through the holes in their jeans, not a cellular phone in sight, are the strong, the confident—granted the landing party from the round-the-world cruise with the Visigoths.

Which side are you on?

I know where I stand. Thank God for dirt. Yeah, dirt. Get a shovelful and cover me.



GT UP AND GO.

You can sit back and read about the new Volkswagen Golf GT. Or go strap yourself into one and read the speedometer. Zero to 50 in 6.4 seconds, thanks to the German-engineered Golf GT's high-performance 1.8-liter fuel-injected engine and 5-speed close-ratio transmission. You can sit comfortably in your easy chair. Or experience the feel of 4-wheel independent sports suspension, front and rear stabilizers, rack-and-pinion steering and 60-series low-profile tires on 14-inch alloy wheels.
The new Volkswagen Golf GT. In two and four-door models. Why sit here reading about it? Get up and go test drive one.

The new Golf GT

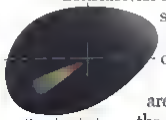
©1986 Volkswagen | Seatbelts save lives

PHOTOGRAPH OF STEVE MCQUEEN IN *THE REIVERS* | WISH PHOTO © LUE

How to tell a pair of quality sunglasses from high-priced junk.

When you pay a premium price for an automobile, you quite rightly expect superior workmanship. We regret to inform you that this logic does not hold with sunglasses.

Consider, for example, what some flimflam artists are calling "lenses." Often, they are no more than the cheapest available plastic or glass, lightly-tinted in the latest designer color.



Optical-quality lenses

You won't find any such glasses with our name on them.

We are not in business to make fashion sunglasses to wear in restaurants.

Our glasses are designed to provide eye protection from the sun.

All our lenses are Polarized CR-39 or Polycarbonate, the same lens materials opticians specify. They are optically perfect, hard-coated to resist scratches, and provide 100% ultraviolet protection.



5-barrel I mages with "pinated" screen

Consider also our frames.

Cheap sunglasses -- and an appalling number of expensive ones - are made with nylon frames. The nature of this material is that it has a "memory," making adjustment impossible.

Costa Del Mar frames are hand-cut from top quality *Zyl* (cellulose acetate). It is both durable *and* thoroughly adjustable.



Frames are tumbled in exotic teakwood chips for 6 days.

And where our competitors' frames may be painted, ours are *polished* to a natural sheen by tumbling them in *teakwood chips* for six full days.

The quality is uniquely American-made, and each pair is backed by a full *lifetime warranty.*

Costa Del Mar sunglasses range from $40 to $100 in price.

Not enough money to gratify every purchaser's ego, perhaps, but enough to ensure that these are very simply the best sunglasses made.

Costa Del Mar





Available at Sun Glass Huts, The Sun Glass Company, Bloomingdale's, Neiman Marcus, Sun Vision, Macy's, I. Magnin, Nordstrom, Liberty House Hawaii, Emporium Capwell, The Sun Glass Place. Or call 800-221-0484, in Florida, 800-447-3700.

See Reader Service Card after page 206

THE PASSIONS OF MEN, 1987

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

**You can't live with 'em. You can't live without 'em.
Maybe it's that thing they do with their hair.**



PHOTOGRAPH: MICHAEL THOMAS

HENRY CISNEROS
Mayor, San Antonio, Texas

"My wife and I grew up together, and she's always, frankly, gotten to me in a way that I really can't quite explain. There are other women who are more statuesque and have other qualities, but I've always been particularly susceptible to that kind of excitement she generates."



A Fan's Further Notes

After a lifetime of longing, the author and his team are finally united in victory

By Frederick Exley

AT THE VERY TOP OF THE '50s the oppressive decade that has lent itself to so much uninspired nostalgia, I saw the Rose Bowl for the first time. I was an English major at USC and one day my friend Mitchum asked me to drive out to Pasadena while he dunned his mother for an advance on his allowance. Until then I had no idea that Pasadena was old California money. Much to my surprise, Mitchum, a zany if I ever knew one, drove us up to an impressive Spanish-style mansion. After getting the money from his mother, Mitchum had no choice but to stay for lunch.

We were served in the dining room by Mitchum's sister and her fiancé (Harvard Law students back from Boston for Easter), the dowager mother, Mitchum and me. Because I hung around with Mitchum, the sister assumed I was old New York money and began barraging me with impertinent questions. When she asked me what my father did, and I truthfully answered that though he was dead he had been a lineman for a power company, there was a charged and lengthy silence, as if the sister, her fiancé, and the mother were having as grave a difficulty visualizing a lineman as they would a little chartreuse man from another galaxy. Mitchum smiled at my discomfort, but as the questions continued, his smile grew increasingly rigid.

At one point I returned a ladle, convex-side down, into a gooey dish proffered over my left shoulder, whereupon the maid bent over and discreetly whispered that I should return the ladle convex side up, so the ladle wouldn't slide into the dish and muck up the handle for the next guy. Mitchum, bolting straight up and furiously throwing his rumpled linen napkin onto the table, cried, "Fuck the ladle! And why can't we just put food on the table like everyone else in America? C'mon, Ex, let's get the hell out of here!" Minutes later, we were riding away under heady azure California skies.

Mitchum asked if I'd ever seen the Rose Bowl, and when I said no, he volunteered to show it to me. Mitchum found the appropriate key (he, I should append, even had a key to the front door of the Tri Delta sorority house) and opened a padlock fastened to a chain holding together the gates of a heavy metal fence. Then we were through a tunnel and into the middle of the bowl, where I stood staring in awe at the bone white, empty stands and wondering what it would be like to play a game before a full house.

As though we were ten again, Mitchum then challenged me to race from one end of the field to the other, saying he'd be Frank Gifford, our famous classmate, and leaving me no choice but to be Al Carmichael, Gifford's substitute tailback. Although I ran flat-out, ran with the fury of my recent humiliation, ran at a clip that had my chest barely on the nice side of exploding, Mitchum beat me by a half step, after which we collapsed, sweating and laughing, onto the grass of the end zone. We laughed because Gifford—and in his modesty Frank'd be the first to admit it—couldn't have beaten Carmichael in a footrace the best day he ever lived. Yes, we laughed and laughed and laughed, rolling around in the soft, pungent grass, laughed because we were twenty-one and had high hopes, believed in happy endings, and knew that everything came true.

PHOTOGRAPH: JIM SOW

IT IS JANUARY 25, 1987, AND I AM MAKING MY SECOND appearance at the Rose Bowl, having come to see my team, the New York Giants, put some awesome hurt on the Denver Broncos in Super Bowl XXI. If I feel a strange reserve, a withered abstraction, it is not that I am Giants tight end Mark Bavaro, the silent one, getting up for the game. It's that the Mitchum scene I had so successfully repressed for three decades has come rushing back to me, a memory so unnerving that whenever back east I had been asked over the years what the Rose Bowl was like, I'd said, quite sincerely, that I'd never been in the place.

Part of me had been a lifelong Giants fan. I'd even written a book in which Frank Gifford had been my narrator's alter ego, the narrator and Gifford being, as it were, the light and dark sides of the American psyche. In the twenty years after writing *A Fan's Notes* because people made the facile mistake of equating my narrator with me and I therefore believed it expected of me, I'd followed the Giants' fortunes closely. These twenty years had been grim ones indeed. This year, however, every fan in America knew that the Giants were unbeatable, but in the interests of hype, wishful thinking, and downright perverseness, reporters suggested all kinds of ways not that Denver and quarterback John Elway could win but that the Giants could beat themselves.

Writing in *Newsweek*, Pete Axthelm picked the Broncos not only against the ten-point spread but said they'd win without the points. What it amounted to was that from his lofty eminence as a Yale man, Axthelm found Giants fans insufferable. He deplored our remembering the Giants playing in the Polo Grounds and wearing red jerseys, he hated us recalling Pat Summerall's forty-nine-yard field goal in a blizzard, he despised our calling back Chuck Bednarik's famous blind-side tackle of Gifford. Axthelm wanted nothing less than to deprive us of our mythology—a very dangerous anthropological gesture with any tribe. I had decided on the plane going out to L.A., three days before the Super Bowl, while reading Axthelm's piece, not to look at any more articles about the game and its probable outcome.

EVERYTHING I NEEDED FOR A SPLENDID SUPER BOWL was at hand for me in California—sumptuous quarters in Hacienda Heights provided by old friends from my high school in Watertown, New York, ample supplies of vodka and cigarettes, and a fifty-yard line seat at Pasadena, a gift from Gifford, who should have been the happiest man in Los Angeles. He had a poolside suite at the Beverly Wilshire hotel, one that didn't necessitate stepping either up or down, all you had to do was open a sliding glass door, fumble through some white gossamerlike drapes, walk a few steps, and dive into the pool. Accompanied by his young, new wife, the former Kathie Lee Johnson, a regular on ABC-TV's *The Morning Show*, Frank was still—if the rumpled bedding was any indication—on his honeymoon. And at kickoff he'd be up in the broadcasting booth, where since his playing days he'd held forth for two decades.

My guess is that more than anyone, Frank had wanted for the Giants to get into a championship game. When, for example, I asked him if he wouldn't on this one occasion enjoy just sitting with Kathie Lee, relaxing and simply watching the action, he jumped all over me, as though to

suggest that he thought I, above all, should understand his need to be a participant, if not on the field, in whatever capacity he could. He recalled once having played the Chicago Cardinals before nine thousand people in the Polo Grounds and it was absolutely essential that he represent that genesis generation who had played before such crowds for $6,000 a year, if they were lucky. They would be sitting in front of their TVs, genuinely and awesomely marveling at what had happened to pro football in three short decades and telling themselves (if no one else would listen), quite accurately, that they were the ones who had made all this possible.

Gifford is of course one hard dude, and I am not talking about the kind of toughness that made him one of the two or three guys in the history of two-platoon football to have been a Pro Bowl selection as both an offensive and a defensive player. Unless one is Rhodes scholar material, as quarterback Pat Haden was, football at USC is a full-time job and its record for graduating players seems a cruel joke even by the NCAA's paltry standards. Although Frank did not graduate with our class (52), he did something that would be unheard of today. For the next four years he returned to USC for the off-season spring semester, sold manure fertilizer part-time to support his family, and took his degree in the same year 1956 that his peers awarded him the Jim Thorpe Trophy as the best player in the NFL.

If then, I'd thought of Gifford as being somehow beyond vulnerability, on this particular morning, seated poolside at the Beverly Wilshire, dressed in a terry-cloth robe and drinking coffee, he is to fool me. He is holding a copy of *Sports Illustrated*, which as part of the Super Bowl hype featured an excellent short history of the Giants. But the writer had made the mistake of saying that Bednarik's hit on Gifford in 1960, which resulted in an acute concussion, had forced Gifford into retirement. In fact, though Gifford would sit out the entire 1961 season, he'd come back for three more years, in two of which he'd play in championship games—his last was the Giants' last for twenty-three years. Gifford was hurt and angered by the error. He shook the magazine as distastefully as he might a handful of that manure he sold as a young man. "Look at this, Ex," he said. "Just look at this, will you!"

I know the perverse and terrifying ache that drives Gifford. Like me, Frank had been born to the Depression. Frank's father had been an oil rigger to my father's lineman. If not from impoverished, we had certainly both come from poor homes, so that I expect Frank would have felt as awkward as I at that long-ago luncheon at Mitchum's Pasadena mansion.

In our time, USC had been known as the place where rich kids from Beverly Hills came if they were too dumb to get into Stanford, which had in that campus milieu made both Frank and me fish out of water. In my senior year, for example, I dated a beautiful girl whose mother, when I finally came to meet her, actually said to me, "We're Standard Oil of California," to which, had not the girl smiled and winked at me, I almost responded, "I'm Niagara Mohawk of upstate New York." And finally, Frank and I had both come to New York City determined to make a place in the world, at which Frank had enjoyed considerably more success than I.

This Super Bowl morning in the Beverly Wilshire's Bordeaux Room, we were to have our photo taken together. Frank in a blue blazer and me in my khaki golf parka and Anchor Motor Freight baseball cap. After we'd seated ourselves backward on chairs so we could rest our folded forearms on the chair backs, Gifford



Ex and his legendary metaphor, Frank Gifford

whispered, "These guys aren't going to make assholes out of us, are they, Ex?"

Ours had been a very odd friendship. Because the world Frank moved in was such a demanding one, I'd only seen him perhaps eight times since we left USC—over a glass of iced tea in a New York City deli, once over a few beers at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel on Waikiki. On that occasion he called from London to Lanai to tell me he was coming over to emcee a luncheon for the NFL owners, and he asked me to fly over from Lanai to Honolulu.

Outside the Mai Tai Bar, while we sipped beer and talked Dallas coach Tom Landry, Gifford's former teammate and defensive secondary coach, stood on the beach behind a seawall, taking candid shots of Frank. The scene was not without an all-pervasive sadness that made me realize that if I had wanted fame, I never would have been prepared to accept, as Gifford had the public assaults that go with it. Now we were sitting under a professional photographer's glaring lights, and Frank was struggling sotto voce to tell me—because our time together was always so fleeting—where his life had gone wrong and the measures, including his marriage to Kathie Lee, he was taking to set it right. Soon the photographer finished, and Gifford was leaving to broadcast the game to three million limeys on Britain's Channel 4. He said to me, as he has so often in the past, "If you ever need anything, Ex, don't hesitate to give a holler."

HAVING ARRIVED AT MY FIFTY-YARD-LINE SEAT TWO minutes before the starting lineups were introduced, I spent those hushed seconds trying to imagine what the players were thinking. If, as Fitzgerald has said, life is most successfully looked at "through a single window," then I'd never seen a team with such tunnel vision as the Giants had this year. I had for years known, in the way these things can be known, that if all any intelligent, passably good-looking man wanted from his life was to be with Elizabeth Taylor, it would almost certainly happen. Afterward, however, one can't envision the guy asking anything but the most useful question of all: Is that all I wanted?—a question that will in the coming years be asked over and over again by the more thoughtful members of the Giants.

Today, however, they have no need for such self-examination. In whatever language, whether eloquent or subliterate, their interior monologues would find expression, I was sure that in substance the players would be reminding themselves that from the time they were seven and had taken their first hit on a rock-strewn sandlot, their lives had been about nothing other than the arrival at this moment. And though it is a locker-room taboo to direct one's supplications to victory (one prays instead for lack of injury), you can be sure that to a man the Giants were wishing *Oh let me be good, let me please be good, let me this one time be better than I ever thought I could be, let me somehow rise above myself and achieve those heady altitudes where the angels flit and dart about.*

Phil McConkey, the Annapolis graduate and officer the helicopter pilot who flew off a carrier, the Buffalo Irishman who gave five years of his life to the U.S. Navy and did not begin his NFL career until he was twenty-seven, led the Giants into the Rose Bowl. Over his head he furiously twirled a white towel round and round, as though he had become his own chopper, and from my left to my right he ran full-out the entire length of the field. Then suddenly those thirty-five years since my first exposure to the Rose Bowl vanished and I was twenty-one again and also running full-out, locked in a fierce hundred-yard dash with my buddy Mitchum that I was destined to lose.

The Giants kicked off, and never in my life had I seen teams as mismatched as the Giants and Broncos were on this day. During the second quarter, the Broncos had a first and goal on the Giants one. Three plays later, they had a fourth and goal from the Giants six, then the Broncos field-goal kicker, sadly and laughably, missed a twenty three-yard chip shot. With 2:38 remaining in the third quarter, the Giants went out to a 26–10 lead, and knowing that no offense, not even one that Pete Axthelm raved about, could recover against this Giants defense, I got up, the only fan to leave, and caught a cab back to Hacienda Heights, where I poured a fresh vodka and with my old Watertown High classmates watched the rest of the slaughter on TV.

PHOTOGRAPH: EUGENE P. NAKOWSKI/ONYX



"I'M AN EASY GUY TO SATISFY. I ONLY WANT THE BEST."

INTRODUCING SIERRA: THE ULTIMATE PICKUP FROM GMC TRUCK.

You demand a lot of your possessions.

To fit your life, a vehicle must do more than simply fit in your driveway. Now there's a new truck to meet your highest expectations — and exceed them. Sierra, the all new full-size pickup from GMC Truck.

Full-size outside.

Sierra is clearly a new concept in pickup design. But it's still a full-size pickup designed to do a full-size job. There's a choice of 6½' short-bed or 8' long-bed models. And the long-bed can still accommodate a 4' x 8' sheet of plywood between the wheelhousings. Complementing the room is a big choice of powerplants. The amazing 4.3-liter Vortec V-6 engine is standard (except on 3500 models which feature a standard 5.7-liter V-8), or you can select from a wide choice of available V-8s, including a diesel. Thanks to electronic fuel injection, standard on every gasoline engine, Sierra offers instant starting response and outstanding over-the-road performance — all the power you need for full-size jobs, like towing. When properly equipped, Sierra can move up to 19,000 lbs, including itself, passengers, trailer, equipment and cargo.

Yet, with the available five-speed manual overdrive transmission and Vortec engine, a two-wheel-drive Sierra is rated at a thrifty EPA estimated MPG city 17 and highway 23.

Full-size inside.

There's room for three adults inside Sierra's handsomely appointed interior, and even more shoulder and leg room than previous full-size pickups from GMC Truck. And Sierra's advanced aerodynamics help enhance its quiet, comfortable ride.

Built to be driven.

Sierra features a new independent torsion bar front suspension on 4 x 4 models, and a newly improved two-wheel-drive front suspension. And there's a new standard rear-wheel anti-lock brake system (operable only in the two-wheel-drive mode on four-wheel-drive models). The Insta-Trac system on four-wheel-drive models allows convenient shifting from two-wheel to four-wheel drive without stopping. When you take the wheel of the new Sierra, you'll be driving a full-size pickup with handling as advanced as its looks.

And Sierra has a warranty to match. Every new Sierra has a 6-year/60,000-mile warranty on the powertrain and a 6-year/100,000-mile warranty on outer body rust-through. See your GMC Truck dealer for the terms and conditions of this limited warranty.

GM 6/60 QUALITY COMMITMENT PLAN

Built to pass your toughest test.

If you're satisfied with only the best in life, buckle up and visit your GMC Truck dealer. (You'll find a listing in the Yellow Pages, under "Truck" or "Automobile".)

See the new Sierra for yourself. It's everything you expect from a GMC truck. And like nothing you've ever expected in a full-size pickup.

Unless, of course, you expect only the best.

GMC TRUCK

IT'S NOT JUST A TRUCK ANYMORE.

THE WOMEN WE LOVE

A definitive selection



DIANE SAWYER

My friend McGarr says Diane Sawyer is the most beautiful woman in the world. McGarr is rarely wrong on these issues. I would say she is, without doubt, the most beautiful blond woman of my era. This remark is retroactive and considers the temporary supremacies of Grace Kelly, who was exquisite, and Catherine Deneuve, who remains so today. Diane matches them but generates more heat, more light, ancillaries to empyrean beauty.

Being beautiful is useful, but by itself it will not make you the queen of all journalism and other psychic realms. Tick off all the beautiful women in your life who settled for being ornamental. Think of those burdened with stupidity. I knew a beautiful child who evolved into a gorgeous adolescent and at thirty was a hag.

We are all responsible for our faces, which makes Diane an exceedingly responsible citizen. At forty-one she embodies the truth that beauty of the first order is not only that it arrives with the embryo, but also that it must be nurtured or else it decomposes. We must not overvalue beauty. We know that. However, we usually do. Great beauties are so rare that we make goddesses of them and then behave like foolish mortals.

Beauty of Diane's kind creates the illusion of perfection. Even in interviews with her she emerges as flawless. She argues charmingly against this, citing her contact lenses, denigrating her hair as thin and mousy. But the contacts are neutral objects, and she is wrong about her hair, which is also perfect.

I have yet to find any women who fault her or begrudge her anything. They like her style and intelligence, and they say she is what a woman should be. Men also say this. I am one of those fond of saying this.

Naturally she cannot be perfect. Let's face it, there are many things we do not yet know about her. How is her pool game? Her soufflé? Can she carry a tune? Our knowledge of these things will come in time. Meanwhile, we accept her perfection and admit our love.

By WILLIAM KENNEDY



PHOTOGRAPH: FRANCESCO SCAVULLO; STYLIST: BRIAN W. BYRNES; HAIR & MAKEUP: KOJI GUETTE AT BMA; BYRNE/MA & ASSOC., INC.

NORA EPHRON

What I love in Nora is her strength, the hardness of mind that makes her such a good and such an uncomfortable friend. Nora does not shrink from making judgment. She stands in the face of received wisdom, the accepted theology about people and their actions, and quietly offers a contrary view. Her voice is soft, her manner equable, and the effect of this reasonableness is to make what she has to say even more devastating. Her wit can draw blood. Nora does not compel agreement. What she does at make you shed the extraneous, the pleasant, and the comforting. She makes you align the facts, marshal an argument. I feel smarter when I am with Nora, and never more so than when I disagree with her.

There are friends, and there are friends to whom one can turn in times of trouble. Nora is in the latter category. "I would trust her with my children," her friend (and mine) Calvin Trillin once said about her. No more need be said.

By JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

DIANE KEATON

A few years ago a circus clown was appearing at a shopping mall, recently when a small child suddenly crawled out of his stroller and gazed at the clown's face with rapturous recognition. The child's mother began to weep. "My little boy is autistic," she explained. "This is the first time he has ever let another human touch him."

That incident reminded me of Diane Keaton, and not because she sometimes looks as if P. T. Barnum dressed her. In her state of goofy grunge, you see, Keaton possesses a kind of reality denied to ordinary beings. A kachina, a wonder nik, a jill-o'-lantern, she is such an incandescent link to otherness that we introverts desert our private affairs and long to have those strange hands touch us.

O flake of fire! Empress of left field! I'd lick hot fudge from your fingers, spank you with a ballet slipper, read aloud to you the moon poems of Kalahari bushmen. What's more, I *like* the way you dress.

Fantasies of mutual eccentricities aside, however, the fact is, if sex appeal were gyromintic, Diane Keaton would be an hour. That's partly because of the manner in which she combines a saucy bohemian brilliance with an almost disabling vulnerability, partly because of the hormonal aura of *baby fat* (tender and juicy) that surrounds her even when she is svelte. Mainly, it's because of *her smile*—a smile that could paint Liberace's ceiling, butter a blind man's waffles, and slush the accumulated frosts of Finland Station.

The bonus of this bounteous and beatific bozo is that the older she gets, the sexier she gets. By the time she's fifty, she may have to wear a badger mask for self-protection.

By TOM ROBBINS

PHOTOGRAPH: JOE KELLY

Chrissie Hynde



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERTS

When it's past last call and the lights go up and the bartender says go home and home is an empty bed, or one in which somebody is waiting up for you with homicide or divorce on her mind, and you are a guy still looking for fun and trouble, which somehow seem to be the same thing—this is the moment in which you invent the dark chick in a red leather jacket with fishnet gloves who knows how to play pool and isn't going to take any shit from you, Jack, although she may let you light her cigarette and she knows an after hours place if you can handle it. You'd better not be too squeamish to admit that she looks a little masculine. She might be the image of your very own id, or of your best drinking buddy suspiciously transformed into a woman. Not superbutch, but let's face it—not Daisy Miller either. She makes you feel like a tattooed love boy. She makes you want to do it all night. A face with a few lines on it, showing the miles; someone who has seen her friends shoot up and die...a girl who plays guitar in a real rock 'n' roll band. You know there's something sweetly accessible beneath the leather and studs. But why talk about it. Let's just slide into the hot sticky night and get real dirty till the sun comes up.

Maybe in reality she grows up and gets married to a nice guy and has a kid or two. Maybe you marry a nice girl. You're still going to wake up some three A.M., crazed and driven out into the night with longing for something that may not be good for you. She knows this. She's out there waiting.

By JAY McINERNEY

Guess? Jeans Girls

Fine! Laugh it up. I suppose you'd have chosen Mother Teresa or Elizabeth Dole, U.S. Secretary of Transportation, or someone. I'm sure.

Half-naked young women in nubile poses are people, too. And the discerning male need no longer "read" *Hustler* or *Consenting Adults* to find them. The most sensual women are now showing up in the advertisements of even the most asexual magazines.

I first glimpsed Suzanne Lanza and Frederique, my two favorite Guess? jeans girls, frolicking in *The New York Times* Sunday magazine of all places: my eyes lingering as I pretended, for the benefit of others at the breakfast table, to be absorbed in a piece about Botswana labor unions. I wasn't sure if I should run up and put the *Times* magazine between my mattress and box spring, or what.

I keep running into these Guess? girls: innocent and wild, in pickups and cattle pens, in dozens of different publications. By the time I finish one of their eight-page spreads, from the tousled blonde tugging up her skirt for the benefit of a truck driver right through to the sultry one at the diner, with a cup of coffee in her bodice, cutoff jeans, and high-heels, I find myself swooning over high-fiber cereal again.

You put cowgirls like these in the same magazine with those scent-strip perfume ads, and a fella hardly needs a date.

By WILLIAM E. GEIST





PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID TURNLEY/BLACK STAR

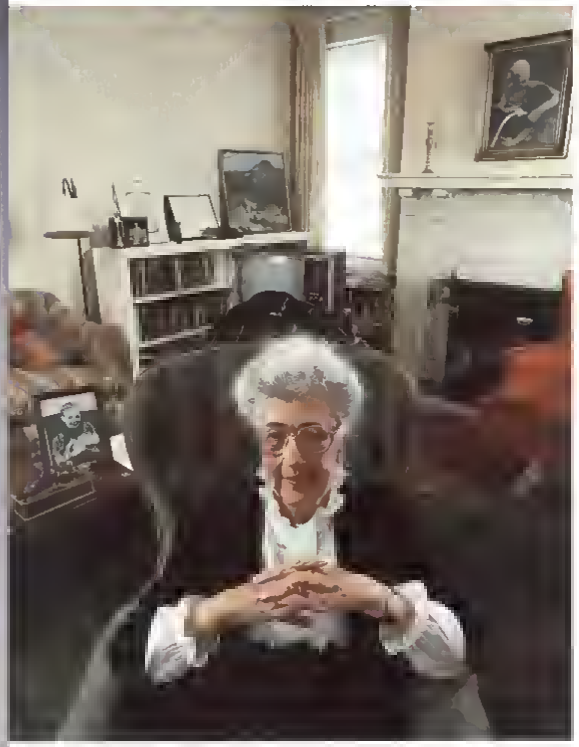
WINNIE MANDELA

The more that I learn about the dignity with which Winnie Mandela confronts the South African government's cruel attempts to crush her spirit, the more I become convinced that she is among the most remarkable women of the century. She is a woman of great honesty, eloquence, and warmth. From my earliest conversations with her, through the letters she clandestinely sent us from South Africa, she gave me her sacred trust, she made me understand that her ability to endure is inextricably bound to her love for her husband, Nelson, a man who has been sentenced to life in jail and has been unavailable to her for twenty-five years. This love has transformed itself into the courage to confront an injustice [illegible] only be compared to the [illegible] inflicted by Nazi Germany.

Of all the women who have struggled against the brutal and oppressive system that is apartheid, none has touched the hearts and minds of so many as Winnie Mandela. There's no question that the woman possesses great physical beauty [illegible] is her spiritual presence that commands our attention. I know that I speak for the thousands of men who are in love with that spirit.

By HARRY BELAFONTE

VIRGINIA FOSTER DURR



In her remarkable autobiography *Outside the Magic Circle* there is a photograph of Virginia Durr as a girl of fifteen so meltingly tender and lovely as to stir in me all my cradle robbing concupiscence. It is a face that glows with provocative innocence—innocence however of stupefying opacity best described by Virginia herself as she reminisces about her youth in the Deep South immediately after World War I. Sex was something that black people did in the basement.

It would have been so easy for Virginia to have become one of those carbon copy Southern belles who have reigned supreme by crafty exploitation of this innocence—converting it into a blend of conformity country-club snobbery prejudice and lathomless fatuity. These ladies still abound from the Potomac to the Pecos.

But when she was only a young woman Virginia burst out of the mold. In the South between the two great wars—a time beset by spiritual and political doldrums—it was rare and not without considerable risk for anyone to enlist in the fight for racial and economic equality—especially if one was a woman—but with pluck and fury Virginia did just that.

Her metamorphosis was all the more admirable because it took place not at a self-righteous distance but in her own heartland, among her own kind of people. this required great courage. She was a leader in the movement against the poll tax and battled for equality years before the term "civil rights" was branded on the public consciousness.

At a high historical moment in the struggle—when Rosa Parks was arrested in 1955, thus beginning the Montgomery Bus Boycott—Virginia was on the scene with her husband Clifford, an attorney whose defense of Mrs. Parks helped define strategic guidelines in the revolution.

Such activities gained her wicked notoriety for many years when a Tennessee senator called her, on the floor of the U.S. Senate, a "nigger loving [illegible] she took it in stride. She was the bane and terror of all Paleozoic southern politicians from James Eastland to George Wallace, and I think she enjoyed her role as spoiler, having become in relation to racism what Carry Nation was to booze. The marvelous thing is, she prevailed.

Now in her early eighties Virginia sits with me in the summer garden on Martha's Vineyard, and she speaks in her murmurous soft voice of bygone times, of political friends and enemies, of old defeats and triumphs. She sits erect and commandingly, welcoming talk as others welcome dinner. Sometimes she has a standoffish, even imperious, quality—her ego is in good health—but the hauteur switches off easily so that the feminine vulnerability emerges, along with a sly drollery. A disarming attribute: she can be howlingly funny.

For a moment the warrior vanishes and in her place sits the nice southern lady conversing as nice southern ladies do, chatting of kinfolk—both the quick and the departed—of home and land, of people's amorous entanglements, lesser and greater scandals, dogs, mortal ailments, the weather. As Virginia talks—and God, how she can talk!—I feel that she may be the only truly loquacious person I know who is incapable of boring me. Can this be the secret of my passion for her? Maybe, but there is something else.

For now she returns to matters that most seriously inflame her heart—the misconduct of human beings, their propensity for wreaking cruel havoc on each other, the mean handiwork of scoundrels in high places. Her eyes glint with a new brightness, her voice swells with indignation, and I realize that for most of a lifetime her being has been wholly animated by the need to make sense of an only partly understandable dream.

The dream is justice. How curious, yet how fitting, that this grand ardor should dwell in the breast of a slave owner's granddaughter born in Birmingham, Alabama.

By WILLIAM STYRON

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD NEWMAN

LORI SINGER



Maybe they'll never hold any telethons for Lori Singer, but I love her for her courage, the bravery with which she battles her unique handicap, the affliction of being too beautiful for her own good.

To appreciate the kind of odds she's up against, I have to tell you about a conversation I was party to in the parking lot of Paramount Pictures.

Two famous actors—we'll call them Sean and Dennis—had just stumbled out of a darkened screening room after seeing a rough cut of *Made in U.S.A.*, a new picture in which Lori plays a stewardess off on a wild, rebellious fling because she knows her future is doomed by genetic damage from toxic-waste poisoning. (Hey, it's not my screenplay.)

Sean and Dennis looked stunned.

"Who *was* that woman?" Dennis asks Sean.

"She's—she's—"

"Amazing legs, huh?" says Sean.

"Amazing everything," says Dennis. "But the problem is—what's she supposed to have?"

"Genetic damage," I supply.

"Jeez, if *that's* genetic damage—"

Lori's problem is that she's so astonishingly lovely her looks can subvert the verisimilitude of her roles. For example, in *The Falcon and the Snowman* she plays the girlfriend of Tim Hutton, a California kid so troubled that he starts selling top-secret info to the Russians. What spoiled this premise for me was a thought that kept going through my mind. "You *idiot*, Tim Hutton. How could you possibly be unhappy enough to sell out to the Soviets? *Lori Singer is your girlfriend!*"

This is terribly unfair to Lori. She's a fine actress and a prize-winning cellist, yet every day she has to go out and face a world that will be blind to her intelligence and talent and see only her defiant beauty.

It was Yeats who most perfectly summed up the tragedy of this affliction in a poem he wrote to a woman of the Global persuasion:

only God, my dear, could love you for yourself alone
And not your yellow hair.

Gazing upon Lori Singer, even the Big Guy Himself might have trouble with that.

By RON ROSENBAUM

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE HURRELL. HAIR BY ANGELO ON KASS/NINA BLANCHARD'S AGENCY. MAKEUP BY MAX LUPO-MAX AT PETER PAUL & PAUL. STYLING BY CAROLYN

POINTER SISTERS

I didn't grow up with the Pointer Sisters. But I wish to God I had. What I hear when I listen to the Sisters is a voice, a single entity full of warmth and fun and personality. The voice can do anything. Warble far enough off-key to conjure visions of hound dogs and hollow-eyed girls outside mountain shacks. Scat and chatter like castanets. Croon the blues. Do a dervish dance of darktown Dixieland. Growl like big-busted women in late-night bars. Yammer like dark-skinned girls with pressed hair and pink prom gowns.

I should have met the Sisters—Anita, Ruth, and June—in the Sixties, in a choir loft. They'd be blending blocky hymns into holy harmony, me in the back putting on the bottom with bass, my mind half on the music, half on the curves beneath those dresses. Of course, it never happened. The Sisters did their numbers in their father's church in Oakland. My father preached in Pennsylvania, but we would have been hot together. Afterward, we would have gone riding in my car. There would have been nothing sacrilegious in the segue from hymns to hormones, because it's all love to the Sisters, all sounds from the soul.

By DAVID BRADLEY



PHOTOGRAPHS: FRANCESCO SCAVULLO; STYLISTS: JEAN WOMEN'S CLOTHES, HAIR: PENNY HILL; STYLISTS: ARTART INC. MAKEUP: NINA PARENTEAU INC.

LOU ANN BARTON

Perhaps in the haze of infancy... voices are our first passion. It is love all the more sublime for being blind, and now, as I listen to Lou Ann Barton, I am reminded that all we need to animate the gods of affection, imagination, and desire is but one of our senses—sight, smell, touch, *hearing*.

The ear is a sensual organ, and the sound of Lou Ann Barton covering Irma Thomas's "It's Raining" has all the complexity and yearning anyone would need to light a bright hot torch and keep holding it no matter what. You know as well as I do: you can begin loving someone by the way they pronounce certain words. You could love Billie Holiday for the way she sang *why*. You could love Elvis for the way he sang *I'll*. Likewise with Lou Ann. Listen to how she voices the word *cure* on "Brand New Lover." Pronunciation is the perfume of language, and its spell is mysterious, subtle, and fierce.

Now she is singing. Maybe and her voice comes out of the speakers, whooshing toward me through the timeless passage that connects the moment she made her sound to the moment I am hearing it. Along that passage is where we find the best of our desire, the best of ourselves.

By SCOTT SPENCER



BARBARA BUSH

What you see is what she is: New England stock, descended from President Franklin Pierce—whose portrait adorned her husband's White House office at one time. A handsome woman. Strong hands, crinkled cheeks from smile lines, total absence of vanity, home-permed hair. But genuine pleasure in being told that she looks good in the black-lace Bill Blass dress.

Oh so rare in a political wife: when she's talking to you, she's talking to *you*, not periscoping over your shoulder to see if Senator Blobblegorp has just walked into the room.

An Ur Mom. Lost her first child, a little girl, to leukemia. Basks in her twenty children and grandchildren. The family Christmas card photograph getting wider-lensed every year.

As a wife, incomparable. Having, there, paddling up and down the aisle of Air Force Two in WASP-psychedelic pants (Lilly Pulitzer?), carrying her needlepoint, boosting morale with 100-watt smiles, or kicking fanny with a punctuating frown, as the situation requires.

In Sydney once, she heard an unkempt bunch on the sidewalk screaming "U.S. out of El Salvador!" She threw open the window and started shouting back. "*What about human rights in Vietnam now?*" Secret Service: "Please Mrs. Bush, come back in."

As the Spanish has it, *una mujer*

By CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

PHOTOGRAPH: MARK SELIGER; MAKEUP: JUDY BROWN; HAIR: ANTHONY



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO STYLED BY SUSAN BARNES HAIR BY KENNETH, ARTISTS UNLIMITED, INC. MAKEUP BY CAMERA MAKEUP, INC. JEWELRY COURTESY OF HELEN BRANSFORD

HELEN BRANSFORD

You probably won't find Helen among the pink plaid pants wearers of Palm Beach or Newport, though it's a world she has moved in easily. more likely, you're apt to catch her in some offbeat café so chic nobody even knows about it yet. She's on all the right guest lists in town, but if she goes out at all, she wisps in fashionably late, says goodnight properly early, and leaves a wake of devastated men asking, "Who *was* that beautiful girl?"

The first time I met her, a pair of welding goggles were pushed back on her head, and a smudge of soot was on her nose. She'd been casting silver ingots into little dolphin and animal baubles that she gave away to her friends. That was ten years ago; today Helen's jewelry line is the rage of the soigné set.

If Helen's often seen on the arms of chairmen of the board and famous artists and writers it's not because she's infatuated with money or status—she was born into both—it's their minds she's after, and possibly their *souls* as well. All I know is this: when she leans toward you with that impish smile and those green eyes looking into yours, you'll tell her anything. She would have made a damn good spy.

By WINSTON GROOM



EJ CAMPOKYX

JOAN COLLINS

I have a sick thing for Joan Collins. I know, but there it is. How sick is my sick thing for Joan Collins? Pretty sick, I suppose. There are worthier—and younger—objects of fantasy: Rosanna Arquette, Cher, Fergie, Vanessa Del Rio. But Joan's advanced years are the essence of her appeal, and of her unreality. She looks as though she has packed half a century of ball-breaking bankrupting sack-artistry into a mere couple of decades.

Recently I bought a very high-powered television that almost cast a shadow over my sick thing for Joan. In fact, I thought of offering Sony a new sales slogan, *This is a TV so good that it makes Joan Collins look her age*. But it doesn't—not quite. Nothing ever could. And if Joan should ever find herself short of dates, I shyly offer myself as an eager (though slightly aging) toyboy. But we'd better hurry it up, while time is still on our side.

By MARTIN AMIS

Isabella Rossellini

In me Isabella Rossellini creates a riot of recognition. She is a near-mad creature of darkness. She is "foreign." She is the animated mannequin of an old forest a perfect reverie. And I hold that there is nothing stranger than a teenager's sex dream.

No woman in modern cinema has so touched me as Isabella in *Blue Velvet*. She is as strange to Lumberton, USA, as my own dreams were to Clinton, Mississippi, where I grew up. I needed to save a suffering foreign woman from bondage. I needed to be initiated into sex by a woman with halting English. I needed first to view her from her own closet. Then I would witness her oppression by some monster like Frank Booth (played by Dennis Hopper). I would save her from that. Then our love would be as secret and delicious and naughty as if were in some pod on

Isabella answers all is curiously robotic, possesses such sweetness. Poor even thinks she used to hit me! lover from all

By BARRY HANNAH

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Father of the Bride

It's only a few steps down the aisle to the altar, but for a man like David Fox, it's a hell of a long march

By Jerry Adler

IT IS EVIDENT, FROM OUR SEAT IN THE choir, which gives far and away the best vantage on a wedding, that the dramatic tension here depends entirely on a woman arriving with one man and leaving with another. It is the one transaction in the course of the ceremony that is truly irreversible: the mightiest passion may run dry, the most forthright commitment may crumble, but in no case does the father get his daughter back. Moreover, it is unlikely, at this late date in the history of romantic love, that there is anything interesting to be learned from observing the groom kiss the bride. The last word on that relationship was written in the Song of Solomon. But as the nuclear family continues to evolve and new variations proliferate, we may hope to discover something timely from the subtler exchange between the woman and her father. We will watch them carefully.

It is the day after Christmas 1986, and the obscurity of an early winter evening has settled around the Roman Catholic Church of Saint John the Evangelist and its parking lot in downtown Concord, New Hampshire. You have seen this church: six hundred people filled it for the memorial service for Christa McAuliffe. It is a somber, red-brick, God-of-the-mill-town church, but the interior is as startlingly whitewashed as the walls of a crossroads Mexican *parroquia*. Two hundred people have distributed themselves in ragged bell curves on either side of the aisle. This is a wedding between two families of, if not exactly prominence, certainly a substantial local presence. Andy Arseneault is the groom. Judy Fox is the bride. This has been her church since she was born. Her father, David, is an air-conditioning and heating contractor of some consequence.

He is an admirable guy in many ways, an example of the kind of men who, if they didn't ex-



PHOTOGRAPHS CED PULVER





He must be careful not to show too much. He cries too easily. But this is his daughter.

actly build America, at least helped put in the duct work. He started his business in the early 1970s after working for another contractor, as an accountant, for fifteen years. He claims still not to know which end of a screwdriver you hold, but, as he says, if you know how to run a business well, it doesn't much matter what the business actually does. All the same, he has a real commitment to central heating, as his colleagues recognized in electing him vice-president of the National Association of Plumbing-Heating-Cooling Contractors (NAPHCC). He lives in what he modestly points out is one of the very few private homes in Concord with central air conditioning. A visitor to his church is directed to an inconspicuous grate in the riser below the pulpit. "My company put that in," he whispers reverently.

In order to arrive at the church with her father, Judy Fox has spent the night at home. She is twenty-four, a third-year student at Boston University School of Law. Andy is three years older. They met during Easter weekend 1985, when he was looking for distractions from his master's thesis on "Mathematical Modeling of a Direct-Current Motor." Andy is compactly built, dark-haired, crisply handsome, Judy is pretty in a deceptively soft-edged way—all her steel is in her voice. She was attracted to Andy's personality: exacting, strong-willed, sardonic, self-possessed. One day that first spring they got into her father's Lincoln, opened the sunroof, got a six-pack of beer, and went off to play miniature golf. "And that," she says, "is when I fell in love with Andy."

They announced their engagement the following Christmas. Judy had put off telling her parents until she was pretty sure they were in a receptive mood. "I was afraid," she says, "to announce I was marrying someone less than perfect." She was referring to the fact that Andy didn't have a job and was in the fifth year of what was supposed to be a two-year master's program at the University of New Hampshire. After brooding about it for a few months, David offered Andy a job in his business. The job had the incidental effect of giving Andy enough money to live on. From David's point of view this turned out to be a mistake. Not long afterward, in July 1986, halfway through their engagement, Andy and Judy moved in together.

And on the day before the next Christmas, she was back in the house where she was born, the cozy center-hall colonial on the corner of Pillsbury and Kimball streets. David and Jean Fox have raised three children here: Judy, Nancy, thirty-four, single, the carefree child every eastern family must bequeath to California, Alan, thirty-seven, a successful New York real estate lawyer with a beautiful wife and two young daughters. For the first time in years, they are all back home for Christmas, but David, who is trying to close an important deal before the end of the year, worked a half day at his office on Christmas Eve. History does not record his emotions upon returning home and finding his youngest child, soon to be lost beyond any hope of recapture, back under his roof. But knowing David as we do, we can speculate that his first words were "Go clean up your room."

He must be careful not to show too much emotion. He cries too easily for his self-image as a hard-boiled air-conditioning and heating man. This is his daughter. It was raining the night she chose to be born, and he drove Jean to the hospital, kissed her, and then headed home to make dinner for Nancy and Alan. Husbands didn't stand at the bedside in 1962, chanting and huffing beside their wives, but they still took on other responsibilities, such as worrying. David paced the hallway and the living room and watched the trees bend in the autumn storm until the phone call came from the hospital. Then he sloshed out to his car and drove through the night to see his newborn daughter.

If David, like most men, kept business records the way he holds on to his most precious memories, he would have gone broke a long time ago. They come tumbling out of him in no particular order, crucial parts missing, the banal jumbled up with the sublime. They are organized if at all around specific settings: the house, the car, vacations, the neighborhood. A trip to the World's Fair, 1964. Judy then two, she sat in David's lap, transfixed by the hundreds of nattering dolls in the Disney "It's a Small World" exhibit, mouthing their anthem in silent wonder. Winter, three years later, when David and Jean bought Judy a velvet skating outfit. David standing by the edge of the frozen pond, watching Judy trace her wavering circles in the ice, wondering if any man has ever had a daughter as beautiful as this.

Summer, and Judy must be around two here as well because it is set in Maine, and that was the year they took the house at Wells Beach. Judy has been playing happily in the sand when suddenly she drops her toy and runs into David's arms, sobbing, her little chest heaving in fear. She does this twice more before David realizes, with relief tinged with a kind of awe, that she needed him to protect her from the terrifying sight of her own shadow on the sand.

And one more memory, undated, or perhaps it is a composite of a hundred shady afternoons when David might be sitting by a window, look



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He will walk his daughter down the aisle, but he will not give her away.

ing out into the yard, and there inevitably is Judy, beautiful Judy, playing gravely unapproachably on the grass.

These recollections, these moments, are central to him. Apart from his business, David's life has been built around his family and his church. "I was never what you might call a man's man who would go off hunting for a weekend with the guys," he says. He has been married to Jean for thirty-nine years. She is warm, deferential, charitable, a good cook who has kept her figure. In search of a simile to convey the impossibility of something or other, he says it is as inconceivable as his cheating on his wife.

And yet we should not be surprised to find that this man of essentially mundane if substantial achievements and ambitions inspires as much admiration in his daughter as if he had single-handedly air-conditioned the Sistine Chapel. In Judy's earliest memories of David, he is bursting into the house at the end of the day, flinging open the door and calling out in his trademark parody of an unctuous television emcee, "*Hellllooooo, everybody!*" Who could measure up to a Daddy like that?

She has half-convinced herself that her life has been dominated by her father as thoroughly as if she had been the offspring of an Albanian mountain chieftain—dominated not by discipline, of which there wasn't much in her childhood, chiefly because it would have been as superfluous as reminding Marie Osmond to brush her teeth, but dominated by force of personality, by strength of intellect, and example.

"I sometimes wonder," she says now, "is he a superpower, or am I a wimp? And then I think of the way he relates to other people, and I come to the conclusion that he really must be a superpower."

Also, Judy thinks she was dominated by her father's money. This is ironic because David is still miles away from having the kind of wealth that could really ruin his children's lives. All he has ever done is pay Judy's college and law school bills, so that last year, when she had a notion to see if she could handle paying her own tuition, she didn't even know how much it cost. "I owe him everything, and all he wants is gratitude," Judy says passionately. "Quite often, when we have problems, I really wish he hadn't given me so much." She is smart enough, however, to recognize this emotion as utterly irrational. "He's a great provider, a loving parent, intelligent and fun to be with," she says. "He has faults, but when they're so overshadowed by his virtues, it's hard to dwell on them. But I do."

David, for his part, has never understood how he has oppressed his daughter by sending her to an expensive private college and law school.

She would expect me to be there, and give her all the answers, but if I volunteered something she would fly off the handle," he says, in mild bafflement. But logic, of course, is not the standard one ought to apply to relationships between fathers and daughters.

"If I wanted a car, I couldn't just say my old car was dying and I need a new one," Judy says. "I would have to try to get him to make the move, because only he could make it. It was kind of a game we'd play. Even if I wanted to do something that he approved of, he'd say, 'well, yeah, that's fine, but how are you gonna pay for it?' But I always knew that he would, and he knew that I knew."

The conflicts, obviously, were sharper when Judy wanted to do something David didn't approve of. One summer during college Judy thought it might be fun to live at the family's summer place in Plymouth, Massachusetts. This would entail getting a job as a waitress rather than living at home and working in David's office. "He felt it would be more useful to me to work at his company, so I didn't pursue the other very aggressively, and I didn't get to do it. I guess I had it in my head that if I didn't make enough money waitressing, how would I support myself? But if I did what he wanted, it would be much easier to call on Daddy." A slight, rueful pause. "He was right, of course," she adds. "My experience at the company has been very helpful to me. As a law student."

And yet Judy will sometimes describe herself, and behave, very much like her father: headstrong, willful, commanding. Asked to characterize his youngest daughter, David gets himself caught in the same contradiction. "In one way I see her as being strong and assertive, but strangely enough a very dependent person. She worked for me during the summers, and I found her to be very capable, competent, and smart. But there's a little girl quality about her, a sense of looking for approval. Any parent might have the same reaction, having watched his child grow in a bare quarter century from helpless, shitting infant into adulthood, a progress that seems as if it ought to take as long as the Renaissance. Perhaps older parents experience these contradictions more keenly, because the years themselves seem to go by more quickly. David had his first two children in his mid-twenties, but he was thirty-six when Judy was born.

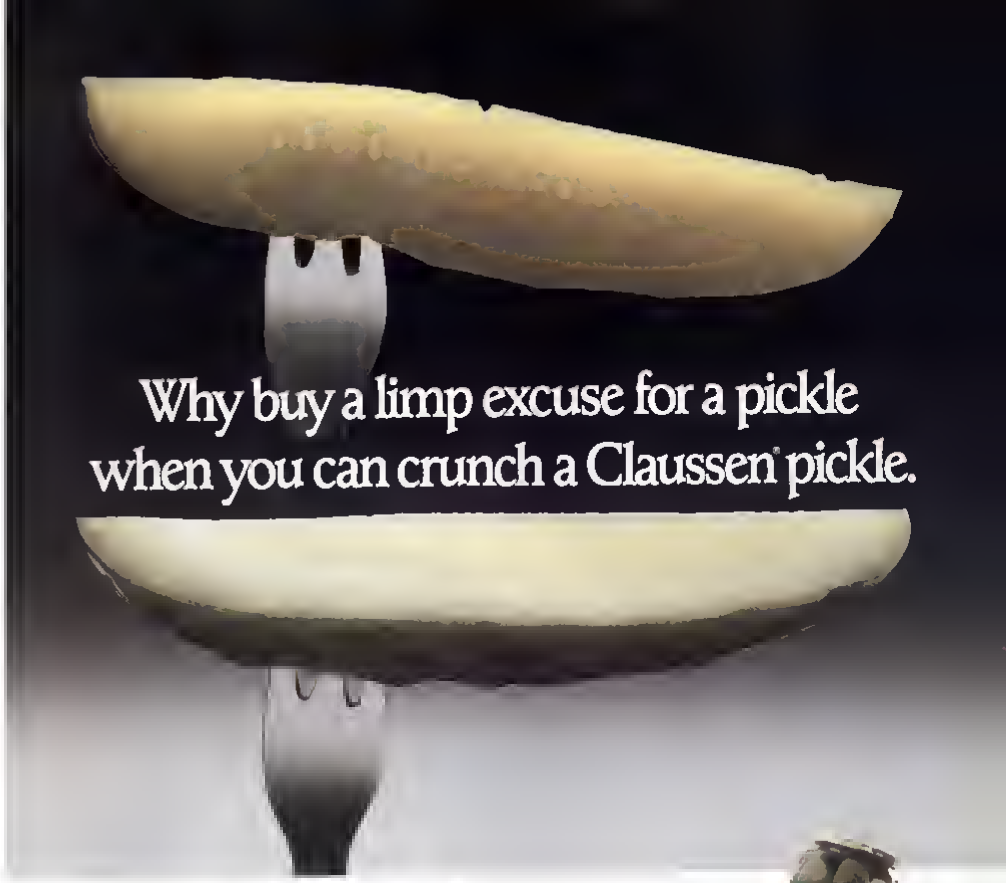
For David, having a child in his mid-thirties helped keep him young. It did that for Jean, too, but it also prolonged her career as a housewife. At the time, of course, this was not a choice that bore discussion.

Only now does Jean remark mildly that, if she had it to do over, "I would have liked to have a career, as people call it now." David suspects, however, that Judy resents him on her mother's behalf. "I think," he says, with a half-measure of his characteristic irony, "that Judy felt I was making Jean into a servile, second-class person." In an admiring profile of David in the November 1985 issue of his trade journal, *Plumbing & Mechanical*, Jean is described as "an activist in her own right, currently a National Director of the Women's Auxiliary of the NAPHCC," a post about which she is becomingly modest. As her children have grown, she has devoted herself increasingly to volunteer work. She has taken on as a personal reclamation project a down-on-its-luck family she met through the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. David confides that Jean is distressed that Judy has chosen to be married at this time of year, because it is keeping her from helping this family with its Christmas.

"Are they coming to the wedding?" a visitor asks genially.

"Oh, no, no, no," David says hastily. A look of pretend horror crosses his face. "For heaven's sake, don't suggest that to Jean!"

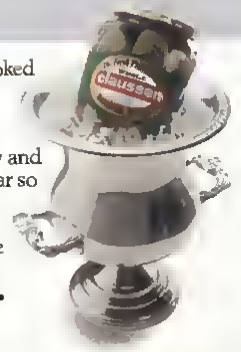
Part of Jean's role in the family has been to



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Father and daughter after the ceremony: the kiss, the embrace, and the future.

supply the warmth that David has never been able to project. "David's way of showing his love for his children is to take care of them, because he can't put his arms around them and hug them," she says. "I remember when Alan graduated from law school. David shook his hand and looked away. I just wanted to die for him."

David has been paternal, though, toward Judy's boyfriends. Of these there were really only two that mattered. Andy and his predecessor, a local boy Judy went out with through most of high school and college. He had a few problems at home, and David and Jean, in sympathy, let him stay in their house for days at a stretch. "He was nice to have around," Jean says charitably, to which David retorts, "He wasn't nice to have around. He was a klutz." But not long before they broke up for good, the boyfriend told David that he needed a new car, and David let him borrow $1,000. That was the last anyone ever saw of him.

Andy was a different matter. It was David's idea to give him a job in his business. The job was to hold one end of a piece of sheet metal while someone else shaped it into a duct, and it paid just over five dollars an hour. David was surprised when Andy took it, rather than go off to design floppy-disk drives as a $35,000 engineer in Boston, California or Denver. David seems pleased with the young man, and he is bringing Andy along, enjoying the chance to shape his future son-in-law's education in the world of ventilation. "I think I looked at it coldly," says David. "Here's an opportunity for me and at the same time I gave him an opportunity." And of course, giving Andy a job meant that Judy didn't move out of town. All in all, says David, "I think hiring him was more a stroke of luck for me than it was for Andy."

"I probably have never told him this, however," he adds.

This is easy to believe. It is fascinating to watch the change that comes over David when Andy walks into his house. One moment David is amiably discussing plans for the wedding with Jean and a visitor; then, suddenly, his tone changes into the kind of wary banter that goes on between men who are at the first stage of working out a complicated relationship for which neither has a precedent in his life.

"Running up our phone bill again?" David calls into the kitchen, where he has heard Andy's voice.

"I was talking to a friend," Andy replies, it is unclear whether David's needling is a welcome change from the greater formality that presumably exists between them at the office, or whether it goes on there, too, and is correspondingly familiar.

"So," the visitor asks, "are there any details of the wedding you're still straightening out?"

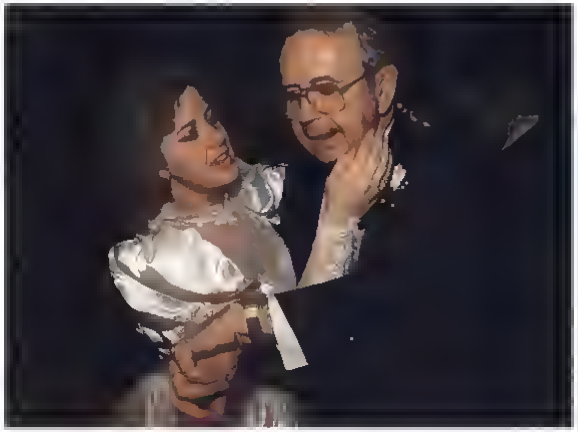
"The groom," says David.

"The cake," says Jean. "Judy thinks she wants one like a friend of hers had with live roses on it."

"They're having a hard time figuring out how to get the fertilizer in the cake," says David.

The conversation comes around to Andy's job with David, and Jean offers the opinion that she thinks it will be nice that Judy will be staying in the same town.

"But," interrupts Judy, "you two are going



"David's way of showing his love for his children is to take care of them," Jean says.

to retire and move to Florida

That isn't settled yet," Jean says

"Oh, yeah, you'll be in the same town here with us," David says glumly. "Remember to honk when you drive by."

One must remember that Andy is not just David's promising young associate and Judy's handsome fiance. He is also the barbarian who ripped David's youngest daughter from the family bosom. That Judy was a willing captive only adds to David's uneasiness. "My decision to live with Andy was the first time I said I don't care what they think," Judy recalls. Perhaps disingenuously, she maintains that she didn't expect it to be a problem, so she chose a hurried breakfast with her mother to drop it into the conversation, where it landed like a live catfish in a bowl of Cream of Wheat. One of Jean's first reactions was to raise the question of how this might affect plans for the wedding itself. "Without exactly saying they wouldn't throw me a wedding, they said, well, it wouldn't be right," Judy remembers. Jean cried a little, and then Judy cried, and Jean pulled herself together and said, "Well, I'll talk to your father and we'll give you an answer."

And Judy replied, "I'm not looking for an answer. I'm just telling you I'm moving out."

But before taking the step, Judy sought the advice of an old confidant and family friend, Sister Pat Long. Pat told Judy that if she was mature enough to make the decision, she was mature enough not to care what her parents thought. However, it was around this time that Pat left her religious order and married David's old friend and pastor, George Murray. So David can be forgiven for sensing that his world was changing quite a bit faster than he felt comfortable with.

"I have a difficult time accepting it," he says of Judy's decision, choosing his words carefully. He avoids the word "morality" or any of its synonyms and emphatically denies that his beliefs have anything to do with a religious notion of sin. "It's just a private feeling I have," David says.

Sitting in his living room here in 1986, he attempts to re-create the environment he grew up in. He reminds himself of the days when he was dating Jean, who lived an inconvenient distance away, and the only way they could see each other was for her to visit him on weekends and stay in his parents' house. A crisis ensued when his father, a railroad man, was summoned to a convention in San Francisco and made a six-week trip out of it, leaving David alone in the house for most of the summer. If he wanted to continue seeing Jean, there was only one thing to do, and he did it. He married the girl. He thinks that is the least he can ask for his own daughter.

Well, better late than never.

Moving in together neither preempted nor hastened Andy and Judy's plans to marry. Now that the second and final act in his daughter's decampment is about to take place, what is David thinking?

"I'm thinking," he says, "I'd better not break down and blubber when the priest says, 'Who gives this woman...?'"

Actually, the priest will not say that. In another departure that would have been regarded with

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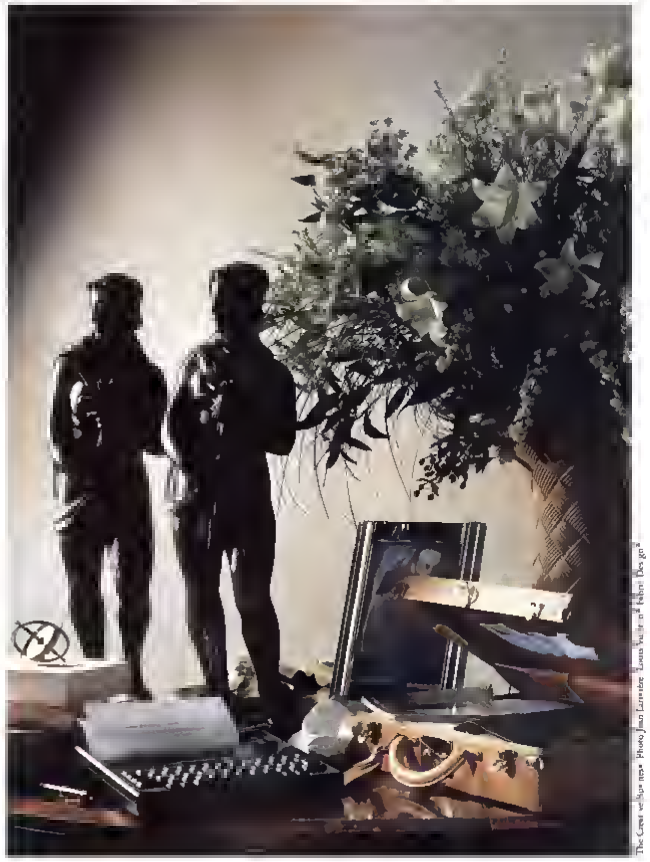
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suspicion forty years ago, Andy and Judy have substituted for that part of the ceremony a blessing chosen from the works of Khalil Gibran.

Of the traditional handing over of the bride, Judy says it would make her feel as if she were being traded for cattle. "My father won't be disappointed," Judy says confidently. "He would have been if I hadn't wanted him to walk down the aisle with me. I thought about doing it alone, which seemed more ceremonial, but not worth hurting his feelings over. I could have had both my parents walk with me, but I want to show that I've broken with them, that I'm not just going straight from them to Andy. If there's something to be said for walking down with my father, it's that it is the traditional thing to do. You make less of a statement when you follow tradition."

David discovers Judy's plans at the rehearsal, noon on the day of the wedding. Asked how he feels about not giving her away, he shrugs and mumbles that he was a little surprised, but it's okay with him if that's how Judy wants it. It may be that Judy was wrong in assuming he wouldn't be disappointed. But it is hard to tell, because when David's feelings are close to the surface he takes refuge in irony.

"And the organ starts at 6:00," the priest, Frederick Pennett, says in his final instructions, "so the bride will be here at 5:55."

"Six-ten," David mutters.

"I'm thinking of the finality of the thing," David says in a quiet moment stolen from the chaos of the afternoon. "That it marks the end of a phase of our lives, the last passage we will all experience as a family." The only one of its kind, really. Alan's wife, Cynthia, had been married before, and the wedding was held in her apartment. David and Jean drove to the reception with Cynthia's ex-husband's parents. Nancy is single and seems content to remain that way. "It should be something memorable," he says, "if you're the kind of person who likes traditional things, and dreams about walking down the aisle. When Jean and I got married, it was before she became a Catholic. Mixed marriages weren't welcome in the Church, and we got married in the rectory."

Judy bursts into the house, her hair perfected, waiting to be dressed in the gown that trails its train across half her bedroom floor. "Where is Andy?" "Out buying his ushers' gifts," Judy says, in a voice that could put an elbow bend in a ten-inch duct. "I got mine *weeks* ago." Members of the wedding party drift in and are grabbed by the photographer and inserted into the composition he is arranging at one end of the living room.

"Not much time left," David mutters to an usher, one of Andy's brothers.

"Yes, time is running out for Andy."

"I mean me. I'm the loser here." A tiny pause. "Who is going to wash my car from now on?"

David is in his somber, black, rented tuxedo. He bustles around the house, putting out lights and turning them back on, wondering when he can get to the bathroom to touch up his shaving.

The best man stops him to ask what would be an appropriate gratuity for the priest.

"Gee, I don't know," he says. "I gave Father Burke five dollars."

Alan's younger daughter, Regan, who is two, arrives with her baby-sitter.

"Hi, sweetheart!" David calls happily, and delighted to have something useful to do, busies himself getting out a box of Cheerios for her. At five minutes to six, he has dashed out to the driveway and is removing a roll of paper towels, an ice scraper, and a few other items from the back seat of his car. To make room for the bride.

The organist starts playing at 6:00, and David and Judy are standing in their proper places, side by side in the back of the church. Before them, banks of poinsettias surrounding the pulpit swelter in the desert brightness. Their color is reflected in the red of the bridesmaids' dresses. Judy has chosen. Judy straightens the bow tie on David's tuxedo, David helps arrange her elaborate gauzy train. Together they step down the aisle. Judy is beaming. David looks solemn, not to say stricken, but he is merely fixing his gaze straight ahead. He appears to be staring at—can it be?—yes, a heating vent. He is worried that if he meets anyone's eyes, he will start to weep. He takes his place beside Jean, and they look up at the priest.

"Jean and Dave," intones Father Pennett in his rich and churchly baritone, "Judy stands before God and chooses Andy as her husband. Will you grant them your blessing and pledge them your love and acceptance?"

David's voice is tremulous. "We will," they say softly.

The ceremony proceeds to its many readings, songs, presentations, and exchanges. There are numerous Foxes, Arsenaults, and friends to be involved, an eight-voice choir as well as an organ. The reading is I John 4:7-12. "... he who does not love does not know God, for God is love." David looks thoughtful.

The fathers of the bride and groom take Communion and pass it to the wedding party.

In due course, Judy turns to where her parents sit in the front pew with a great aunt. She kisses her mother warmly, then her great aunt, and she turns to David. She gives him a light, almost playful, peck on the cheek. There is the briefest of pauses, during which father and daughter look into each other's eyes. Judy sees the face she would pick out among the multitudes in the auditorium of her high school, when she took the stage in her widely acclaimed performance in *South Pacific*. David sees the face he would lull to sleep each night with his made-up stories (a boy who wanted a dog, a family that went horseback riding together), murmuring the familiar sentences until her eyes closed and her head sank back on its glory of blond locks.

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Portman's Complaint

He's built one major city, changed the face of four others, and influenced a generation of architects. So why isn't John Portman taken seriously?

By Steve Oney

For as far as John Portman can see in every direction, he is surrounded by his own buildings. Before him towers the seventy-three-story mirrored silo of the Westin Peachtree Plaza, the world's second tallest hotel. Behind him stands the smaller—but infinitely more influential—Hyatt Regency Atlanta, a structure whose dramatic enclosed atrium was the prototype for what is now one of architecture's most prevalent clichés. On all sides of Portman loom the skyscrapers of Peachtree Center, a honeycomblike complex that houses the headquarters of Dixie's business elite. To the architect's west are his gigantic furniture and apparel marts. To the east is his monolithic new Marriott. And arching overhead at various dizzying heights are twelve pedestrian skybridges. The passageways form a network linking all sixteen of Peachtree Center's Portman-designed buildings, making it possible for businessmen, shoppers, and conventioneers to walk from their cars to their rooms to their meals without ever leaving the environment John Portman created for them.

Yet as John Portman strolls through his kingdom what one notices first are not his buildings—the largest collection of major works ever erected in the same city by an American architect—but his hair. The man has a sculpture on his head made out of his own hair, an outrageously conceived, meticulously arranged wave that takes off from one fringe of his balding pate like a tsunami and surfs across his skull, breaking and rising in salty brown swells until it crashes over his opposite ear. Everything else about the sixty-two-year-old architect—his wardrobe, his voice, his mannerisms—is understated. But Portman's do, which dominates a face made up of close-set walnut eyes, a pug nose, and just the faintest trace of jowls, is absolutely wild. It simultaneously manages to hide what otherwise would be a shiny dome while calling attention to itself like some kinetic piece by Alexander Calder. In short, Portman wears his design philosophy right atop his noggin.

Security and frivolity, the fortress and the carnival, a siege mentality married to an irresistible urge to shout "Step right up"—these are the yin and yang of John Portman's approach to architecture, visible to greater and lesser degrees, in his numerous projects around the country. Embarcadero Center in San Francisco, Renaissance Center in Detroit, Los Angeles's Westin Bonaventure, Chicago's Hyatt Regency O'Hare, and New York's controversial new Marriott Marquis at Times Square. But it is in Atlanta, Portman's hometown, that he has accomplished what other architects only dream of—to build the heart of a city in one's own image.

On a crisp October afternoon, Portman is

Bombast for the masses: the big thinker shows off a model of his overscaled beach house.



Photograph by Arnold Newman

wandering across one of his skybridges, this one leading from the shopping level of Peachtree Center to the lobby of the recently completed Marriott. The sun bathed sidewalks far below are deserted, but in this Plexiglas tube pedestrians pass by in a steady flow. Surveying the scene, Portman pronounces, "I'm building a city that will become the modern Venice. The streets down there are canals for cars, while these bridges are clean, safe, climate controlled. People can walk here at any hour."

With that, the architect exits the concourse, strides through a claustrophobic, low foyer—he calls these trademark portals to his buildings "people scoops"—and emerges into an immense chamber whose vaulting walls rise toward a skylight forty-six floors above. "Now, I've been accused of turning my back on the city streets," Portman confesses in his soft, southern drawl. "But what I say is that I'm giving the city new spaces away from the turmoil of urban life. I like to think of this lobby as a new town square. Here's a sidewalk café. And look over there," he enthuses, pointing to a man curled up in a chair reading a book. "Name me a public place in a city today where you can sit outdoors without anyone bothering you."

Portman delivers this last observation as a challenge, but his tone wavers between impertinousness and vulnerability. The architect's vanity is especially apparent when he's showing off any of the more debatable features of his work, and this lobby illustrates one of his most frequently debunked notions—the idea that downtowns are dangerous, that what they lack are "oases," demilitarized zones created by a circling of the architectural wagons and connected with one another by enclosed walkways. Portman has fashioned similarly cloistered spaces all over Atlanta. Inside the castle gates, however, his buildings are anything but paranoid. In fact, they are just the opposite: riotously freewheeling.

On high in the Marriott lobby, exposed crystal elevators adorned with dozens of little light bulbs rapidly rise and fall, fluttering red streamers dangle like Japanese kites, and volume after multileveled volume of crowded pavilion spaces seem on the verge of exploding from the larger cavity that contains them. Approaching the far edge of the room, Portman stops at a small bandstand surmounted by a grand piano. Adorning each corner of the platform are candelabra festooned with gaudy clusters of lights. "This is my homage to Liberace," he declares without a trace of irony. The bandstand is just the kind of decorative touch that has led Portman's detractors to accuse him of building Disneylands for adults, a charge to which he pleads guilty. "You know, inside all of us is that kid we've repressed," he says. "I like to go down and release that innocence, that enthusiasm."

But Portman relies on more than razzle-dazzle. Oddly enough, his designs are also informed by a reverence for nature. Staring down into a pool of water at the core of the Marriott lobby, he says meditatively, "You're never far from the sound of running water in my buildings. And in the lobby of my Hyatt at Embarcadero Center, I installed a sound sculpture featuring tape-recorded birds singing to one another. What I'm doing is exactly what Frank Lloyd Wright did when, say, in his prairie houses, he used stylized wheat shafts in the stained glass windows. Only I'm doing it with modern technology."



In Atlanta*, top to bottom, *The monolithic Marriott and the vaulted courtyard it encases. Peachtree Center, from the street and from a skybridge.

And with modern financing techniques Portman is the nation's premier builder of mixed-use developments, of self-sustaining villages plopped down in the middle of teeming cities. He designs buildings and he puts together real estate deals. He chooses materials and hustles bankers. It's as if Donald Trump and Michael Graves were rolled into one. Or as Portman once somewhat more heroically put it, "I'm the Medici to my own Leonardo."

The offices of the family-owned Portman Companies, a group composed of ten subsidiaries, are only a skybridge away from the Marriott. In 1986 these enterprises pulled in a combined $400 million. At the heart of the business is John Portman and Associates, the design arm of the empire, where sixty architects labor in a vast open space reminiscent of a newspaper city room. With more than $1 billion worth of projects currently under construction around the world, it is one of the busiest studios anywhere in the United States. In a brightly lit chamber a few flights below the studio stands a scale model of the downtown Atlanta that Portman envisions for the not-too-distant future.

"We control property on fifteen contiguous blocks," the architect says as he hovers over his mock-up metropolis. "We're building a city here. Look there on those blocks to the northwest: we're going to put real urban housing there. And over there, I'm proposing a shopping center. That's a hard one, because I don't own the adjacent lots. I have to woo many competing interests."

As Portman rattles off his plans, he seems like a latter-day Robert Moses, a man for whom influence—not design—is the currency of the realm. And no wonder. In Atlanta, Portman has played the role of urban power broker ever since the early Seventies, when he served as chairman of one of the most important city planning groups: Central Atlanta Progress.

This is not to say that Portman hasn't been challenged. In a boomtown like Atlanta, fights over turf and policy are inevitable. But Portman has almost always quashed any uprisings. When a group of developers wanted to move the Atlanta airport from its current location in a blue-collar neighborhood south of the city to an affluent northern suburb, Portman led the battle against the plan. The move, he argued, would undermine the economy of a struggling section of town. When MARTA (Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority) executives wanted to lay a subway line through the heart of the city by the traditional cut-and-cover method of construction—a disruptive technique that can close streets for years—Portman again marshaled the loyal opposition. His reasoning this time was more self-serving: business at his own Peachtree Center would have been damaged by the upheaval. Hence the subway tunnel was blasted hundreds of feet below the sidewalks.

To those who disagree with him, Portman's style can be exceedingly abrasive. "John is a screamer," says one Atlanta businessman who's worked intimately with him over the years. "He rants. He turns the ceiling blue. His approach is, 'This is how it's gonna be done because I say so.' Period."

Portman agrees that he can be a tough customer, but claims there's generally a good reason for his tantrums, averring that unlike other developers, he usually takes the long view. Leaning against a wall of his model room, he confides, "Everything I do is designed to make the city a better place. What I care about most is seeing people smile."

Tape-recorded birds, master plans, contented urbanites at work and play—these are the obsessions of a utopian. And as John Portman walks through his city, expounding on this and that, he sounds not so much like an architect but a peripatetic Sixties savant. In fact, he is positively McLuhanesque: aphoristic, abstruse, all knowing.

What chutzpah! At a time when the primary debate in architecture is between the stalwarts of modernism, who continue to pay homage to the austere forms dictated by the Bauhaus, and the cheerleaders of postmodernism, who mix and match decorative references from bygone eras, Portman is clearly a prophet in the wilderness. And in the eyes of the architectural clergy, a pretty cockamamy one. Far from winning him respect, his iconoclastic ideas have brought him a reputation as a glitzy philistine.

Oh, a few critics, like Tom Wolfe, have praised Portman. In his 1981 book *From Bauhaus to Our House*, he stood up for the architect, and he still does. Observes Wolfe: "More than any other architect, he's created what we regard today as downtown glamour. His work is great theater."

Yet on the Richter scale of the architectural establishment, Portman barely registers. Wolfe fears he will be thrown down the "memory hole." He'll be forgotten because the people who write the history are in the intellectual compound, and Portman doesn't know how to play their game." Indeed, in the architecture department of Harvard's Graduate School of Design, Portman's name is only mentioned in passing in the basic survey course.

Portman's friends believe that the architect's failure to garner the approval of his peers grieves him deeply. Irv Weiner, formerly one of Portman's top associates, says: "Architecture is everything to John. The development business is nothing but a vehicle he uses to implement his ideas."

But if Portman is wounded by his dubious status, he certainly doesn't admit it. In fact, he vigorously defends his isolation from the establishment. As far as he's concerned, the modernist movement was bankrupted long ago by its failure to respond to human needs and scale. As for the postmodernists, he regards them as nihilists whose inability to add new ideas to the design vocabulary is reflected by their need to vandalize the styles of other periods. Prideful to the point of disdain, Portman asserts: "I didn't just come up with my ideas overnight. My philosophy protects me from hip shots." What also helps are jobs, which Portman attracts like a magnet. This spring, the first in a chain of Portman Hotels will open near San Francisco's Nob Hill. Meanwhile, a host of enormous Portman projects in the Far East are in various phases of planning or construction. Several developments on mainland China make Portman one of the largest American investors in that country. If this weren't enough, there are his continually unfolding plans for Atlanta—a city that for both better and worse is his abiding work in progress.

TWO EXTRAORDINARY THINGS HAPPENED TO JOHN Portman on his way to becoming America's most prolific architectural apostate, and both of them involved acts of heresy against the craft he loves.

Portman's first sin was to buck the American Institute of Architects sanction forbidding members from developing their own projects, and he didn't waste much time in committing it. Not long after graduating from Georgia Tech in 1950, Portman informally apprenticed himself to Atlanta's two most powerful real estate developers. "I didn't want to do schoolroom additions," Portman recalls. "I wanted to leave footprints in the sand." Portman's initial foray into developing was modest—a mart for regional furniture wholesalers in what had once been a parking garage. Almost overnight his mart became hugely popular. Portman had anticipated such success and soon made the decision to undertake his first large-scale development project—the one million square-foot Atlanta Merchandise Mart. When the new structure was finished in 1960, it was the largest building between New York and Miami, and Portman was on his way.

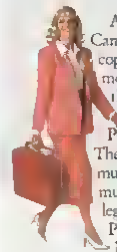
"Because of my work in real estate," the architect says, "I was able to see how fast the South was going to grow. In short, Portman foresaw the advent of the Sun Belt and positioned himself as the man who would give shelter to latter-day carpetbaggers when they set up shop below the Mason-Dixon Line.

Around this same time, Portman committed an equally unspeakable transgression by rejecting what was then architecture's holy writ—modernism. Listening to Portman talk about the decision is akin to hearing a defrocked priest discussing his renunciation of the teachings of Rome.

In 1960, I flew down to Brazil to attend the

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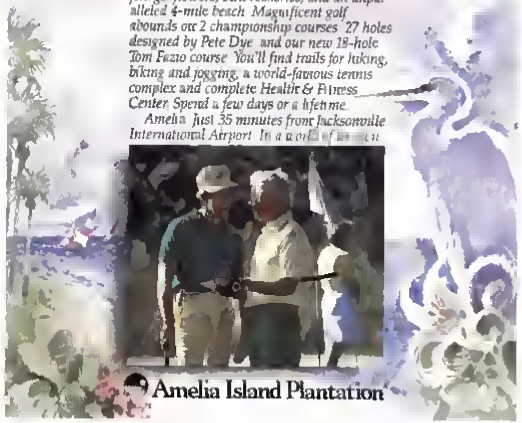
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inaugural ceremonies for the city of Brasília, the planned city created by the best minds of modernism." Rubbing his eyes as if reliving a painful memory, he recalls, "At that time in my life, I'd never anticipated anything with the kind of excitement I had for this trip. Well, when I got to Brasília, I was devastated. It was heartless, lifeless, cold."

Portman left Brasília with his belief system shaken. Everything my teachers had told me was crumbling," he says. "Over and over, I thought, 'We don't need new cities, we need old cities restructured in such a way that they respond to human needs.' So I started thinking about how different parcels of land up and down Peachtree Street might work when developed on a master plan. I also started thinking about new forms for buildings. The Merchandise Mart was just a simple cube. There had to be something different."

For Portman, the breakthrough was the Hyatt Regency, his 1967 Atlanta hotel built around an expansive, covered courtyard and punctuated by scores of his patented "Look ma, no hands" details. Before the Hyatt opened, all the experts predicted failure. But once guests began registering, the occupancy rate never fell below 70 percent. Not only that, Atlantans lined up around the block just to take a peek.

It didn't take long for political and business leaders in other cities to notice what Portman was doing down south. His projects had brought to Atlanta what Mayor Andrew Young calls a "vital core." In fact, the mayor now credits Portman's designs, as much as anything else, with Atlanta's "peaceful passage" through the violent era of the Sixties. No wonder, then, that shortly after his initial success in Atlanta, the architect was in partnership with David Rockefeller in San Francisco and with Henry Ford II in Detroit. And soon John Lindsay was courting him to revitalize Manhattan's Times Square. For a brief moment, Portman was a sensation. But this was before anyone actually realized just how fully committed he was to his singular vision.

ON A RAINY FALL AFTERNOON, PORTMAN IS SITTING on a white sofa in the corner of his Peachtree Center office. "I'm an addict when it comes to collecting art," he says, motioning at the numerous pieces around the room. At the door are two five-foot-tall Jean Cocteau glass sculptures. On the shelves encircling the space are, among others, a Picasso and an Arp. But the featured artist here is John Portman. His unsigned canvases, executed in vivid reds, blues and yellows, portray amoebalike swirls dissolving into one another. It doesn't take a genius to see that their intricately connected shapes are abstractions of the 3-D forms Portman erects out in the real world.

While there's a desk and a conference table in the suite, there's no drawing table—Portman does most of his designing out in the studio. In the office, he likes to let his mind wander. He speaks in whirling circumlocutions, each idea leading to half a dozen more. But eventually, he always comes back to the notions that have obsessed him since his trip to Brasília, the fundamental themes of his architecture.

Leaning back on the sofa, Portman begins to lecture. "At the heart of my approach is an unflagging optimism. Because we're moving from an industrial society to a technological one, most people feel a tremendous pessimism. There's confusion, a nostalgia for the past.

"Since World War II," he adds, "we've been living in what I call a period of fragmentation-separation. You know, Einstein said that the world would never be the same after the bomb. How this affected cities was that it caused the inner core to explode. This happens in lots of ways. With freeways, the telephone, TV, man just doesn't need the city. He drives his car out to the suburbs, kicks off his shoes and shuts himself in."

In Portman's view, more than just the distraction of watching the grass grow keeps suburbanites out of town. The most potent force is fear—fear of the arsenal of random assaults that jolt the sensibilities on most city streets. The middle class is running scared.

"My idea was that I just couldn't see abandoning the cities to the poor," Portman says. "I want to bring the middle class back."

In Portman's mind, one of the keys to an urban renaissance involves getting Americans out of their cars. So he structures his projects in accordance with something he refers to as a "coordinate unit"—the distance he believes a person will walk before climbing into "the four-wheeled monster." Hence the skybridges, the clustering of white-collar labor and fun zones in his developments.

Portman also has some almost Jungian ideas about certain shapes that he feels people gravitate toward. "Some people claim that I built the Atlanta Marriott as the womb into which I could insert the erection of the Peachtree Plaza," he confesses mischievously. "Now it's not quite like that, but I do play constantly with the rectilinear and the curvilinear."

But Portman feels that his greatest gift to cities—the subject to which he generally returns in most conversations—is that he's reinjected nature into the urban formula. "I'm preoccupied with nature," he says. "I grew up in an agrarian society. My grandfather had a farm south of Atlanta, and there I fell in love with the stillness of a lake, with flowers. Those are the things I try to put in my buildings."

Where do all these twists and turns lead? To Portman World, a place whose far-flung outposts are in a real sense terrariums for humanity segregated from America's mean streets. For a man who professes to love cities, Portman paradoxically hates urban chaos.

AS LONG AS JOHN PORTMAN ERECTED HIS FANTASY lands in regional cities such as Atlanta and Detroit, his position as a minor bedazzler of the hinterlands was assured. But in 1985, when Portman finally brought his show to New York City in the form of the Marriott Marquis, the high church of design could no longer afford to write him off as a nuisance building amusement parks for parvenus beyond the Hudson. In the course of a single day, he went from being a nonentity to a public enemy.

On August 31, 1985—the eve of the Marriott's grand opening—Paul Goldberger, architecture critic of *The New York Times*, published a devastating critique of Portman's first contribution to the Manhattan skyline:

"The Marriott Marquis cost upward of $400 million and it is chock-full of the latest technology. But it is to architecture as the Edsel was to automobiles—awkward, gangling and out of touch. In the years between the announcement of this project and its completion, almost everything in the world of architecture has changed except Mr. Portman. . . . At a time when architects are coming more and more to understand the importance of modest scale and . . . even historical elements, the Marriott moves four-square in the opposite direction."

If the Marriott Marquis had been a Broadway production, it would have shut down the next night. Instead, it stood there like a scorned misfit. Yet, while the architectural nabobs were snickering, the hotel's 1,877 guest rooms were filling up and have remained booked ever since. Meanwhile, the first play to open in the hotel's theater—the Bruish production of *Me and My Girl*—became the hit of the season. Of course, such successes should have surprised no one. Portman's taste has always appealed to that vast majority of expense-account wielding Americans who wouldn't know a Philip Johnson from a Howard Johnson's.

More was behind Goldberger's dismissal of the Marriott than just a dispute over architectural style. From the start, the project was troubled. Shortly after John Lindsay recruited Portman back in the early Seventies, the hotel's finances fell through, suspending construction. Then a convention center that was to be built adjacent to the structure was moved downtown. Worst of all, Portman's hotel called for the demolition of two beloved historic buildings—the Helen Hayes and Morosco theaters. Neither structure went gently into the night, as preservationists mounted fierce campaigns to save them.

"You know, fifteen years ago Lindsay brought me to New York to combat the sleaze factor on Broadway," Portman recalls. "To do something positive, we decided we had to build a large structure that could single-handedly be a catalytic element. But that was so long ago, and in those years so many things changed. I ended up feeling like Don Quixote."

Portman sighs, then, his voice bristling, adds: "To tell you the truth, if I'd designed the building yesterday, I would have done it the same way. As far as I'm concerned, the Marriott is just what Times Square needed. I've done something



no one else has ever done in Manhattan—I've given the city space. So what if I've been criticized because the building doesn't feature a collage of postmodern clichés. I firmly believe that once you stop being controversial, you're dead."

The pasting received by Portman's New York Marriott can be attributed in part to the building's controversy-plagued gestation period and in part to the architect's unwillingness to bend to what he regards as the wrongheaded styles of the times. But criticisms pointing up other flaws in the structure—its inaccessibility, its undeniable girth—can't be so easily dismissed. Such charges have trailed Portman around the country—in Detroit, where the shopping sections of the Renaissance Center, which is separated from the heart of the city by a nine-lane highway, have never worked; in Los Angeles, where the stingy entryways to the Westin Bonaventure isolate the building like a space-age medieval keep. But it is in Atlanta, where Portman has controlled the look of the city for a quarter of a century, that his efforts are most vulnerable to the more substantive attacks leveled at him elsewhere.

As much as Portman would like to believe that he is an architect for the masses, many of his Atlanta buildings are forbidding and cold. In fact, his largest structures, such as the Marriott, weren't built for Everyman at all but for those hordes of corporate nomads who migrate in vast tribes to the trade shows that are an integral part of the city's economy. While the architect's work is user-friendly to members of these large groups, it has little to say either to individual travelers hoping to appreciate the South's charms or to natives who labor downtown, day in, day out.

"The mentality of Portman's projects," says Richard Rothman, an Atlanta architect who specializes in small-scale buildings and rehabilitating old structures, "is based on providing space for a homogeneous society that is apathetic toward those who don't share the wealth. What's worse is that every one of his Atlanta buildings is visually offensive to the street. The entrances are low and shadowy. And the most terrible thing is all those bridges. Walk around Atlanta, and the town is dead. Everyone is up above it in all these glass tubes."

Rothman believes that Portman has been able to get away with building what amount to urban redoubts because he's a victim of the very innovation he pioneered. "Because Portman is his own developer," Rothman contends, "he's not blessed with what I think is a very healthy check-and-balance system. For most architects, part of the job is to review the developer's program. Portman never has the advantage of independent analysis."

Portman has heard such criticisms before, and in recent years he's attempted to modify his work to answer some of the complaints. In his older Atlanta buildings, he's knocked down a few walls to install street-front entrances and shops. In the Peachtree Plaza, he's just completed an in-



The Westin Bonaventure in L.A., and its space-age lobby, top. In New York, the Marriott Marquis; its towering lobby seals out all traces of urban life, bottom.

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP TWO/MICHAEL PORTMAN; BOTTOM TWO/BO PARKER

spired redesign of the lobby, transforming it from a dank grotto to a bright space decorated by mauve-and-pink dormers and pediments. In his newer structures, he's designed numerous street-level spaces where he'll one day open boutiques.

But such alterations amount to little more than pushing around the deck chairs. Portman is never going to make major changes because he truly believes that he is right. Time and again, he'll say, "I don't look back. I don't question myself. I'm a producer, and what I do is produce." Portman is to be lauded for having the courage of his convictions, but his assertions, so full of strut and swagger, are also defensive, camouflaging his fear of opening up buildings to America's streets and everything they represent: danger, yes, but also the vivifying hustle and bustle that makes cities great.

JOHN PORTMAN LIVES IN A LARGE, TRANQUIL HOUSE about fifteen miles outside of Atlanta. From this remove, the sturm und drang of building a city seems unimaginable. The dwelling, which he designed in 1964, sits on a wooded slope and, in a placidly abstract way, it resembles a Greek temple. Supported by twenty-four columns—many of them hollow and containing everything from baths to spiral staircases connecting the two main floors—it radiates order and peace. As in almost all of Portman's work, water runs through the house, which on the ground level is really an archipelago of living areas separated from one another by the fingers of a man-made pond.

So much of what I'm all about is evident here," Portman says, sitting in a butterfly chair in his backyard one warm autumn morning. "This is where I really first brought nature indoors." He smiles and for a second seems content with the world.

The architect spends a great deal of time at this house, which he named Entelechy (Greek for "potential realized"). He and his wife, Jan, have six children. When Portman is not busy being a father, his favorite thing is to hole up in an atelier beside his swimming pool and paint. "One of the things I'm bad at is chitchat," he says.

Not surprisingly, Portman is intensely private, guarding just about every aspect of his personal life. His fortune is considerable, but he refuses to talk about it. (Three years ago, an Atlanta business paper estimated his wealth at $200 million.) His free time is his own, and he's not apt to share it. ("John hates cocktail parties," says Irv Weiner, "and I think that's made it rough for him in New York.") Again and again, he parries even innocent inquiries by saying, "Architecture is what I'm about. Let's talk about that."

The architecture that Portman is asked about most often these days is a vacation house he has just completed on Georgia's Sea Island, a secluded haven of old money WASPs who disdain ostentation and refer to their multimillion-dollar homes as cottages. After Portman purchased three lots and began work on the building, he said would contain "everything I've learned as an architect" (he's christened it Entelechy II), it didn't take long for the community's tony denizens to mount a hue and cry. A front-page headline topping a piece about Portman's beach place in *The Los Angeles Times* said it all: HIS DREAM A NIGHTMARE TO NEIGHBORS.

To say the least, Portman's 12,586 square-foot bungalow flies in the face of the ersatz colonial style found on Sea Island. There are numerous sculpture gardens, a waterfall flowing alongside the front stairs of the entryway, and a mammoth, white concrete latticework roof topped by gazebos and brightly colored abstract pieces. Portman admits that the house is not like the ones next door—"The rooftop is my homage to Dali," he says—but he can't understand the fuss. "I'm an open, straightforward person," he finally says. "I just hate being a phony, which is what I'd be if I went around explaining it all. See, I'm on down the road, thinking about the next thing."

Recently Portman has turned over some of the day-to-day responsibilities of his operations to his oldest sons: Jack, a Harvard-educated architect, laid the groundwork for the Portman Companies' expansion into China, and Michael has taken over many of the public relations duties that come when working in such distant lands. Meanwhile, Portman has been concentrating on a few projects smaller than those he's normally undertaken in the past. At Atlanta's Emory University, he's just finished a superb new student center and a no-nonsense athletic facility that suggest a new direction. Last year he and his associates completed the delicate task of redesigning the skating rink and lobbies of New York's Rockefeller Center. But in spite of the fact that he's now into his seventh decade, Portman shows no signs of abandoning downtown Atlanta, which he calls "my ongoing saga."

Wandering the grounds of his estate, he points through some second-growth forest. "See there, you can just make out the skyline," he says with pride. True enough, the needle of the Peachtree Plaza is shimmering there in the morning light.

What Portman has wrought in the sky above Georgia is one thing, but not long ago he put his imprint in the red clay itself. After much debate, Ivy Street—a thoroughfare named for Atlanta's first resident that runs by many of Portman's edifices—was renamed Peachtree Center Avenue. By displacing the town's founding father, Portman has certainly left his footprint in the sand. Now even the maps say John Portman was here. But why he was here and what he was all about—to understand those things, people will have to look beyond the surfaces, away from the streets. For in the end, John Portman is not an architect who faces the world but one who turns from it. ●

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DES MCANUFF
Artistic Director, La Jolla Playhouse

"I love the sound of a really violent storm. I'm not talking about some wimpy little pitter-patter of raindrops. I mean a really *crashing* thunderstorm, the kind we have on the West Coast. That makes me passionate. That definitely turns me on."

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A gnash note



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Some Men Collect...

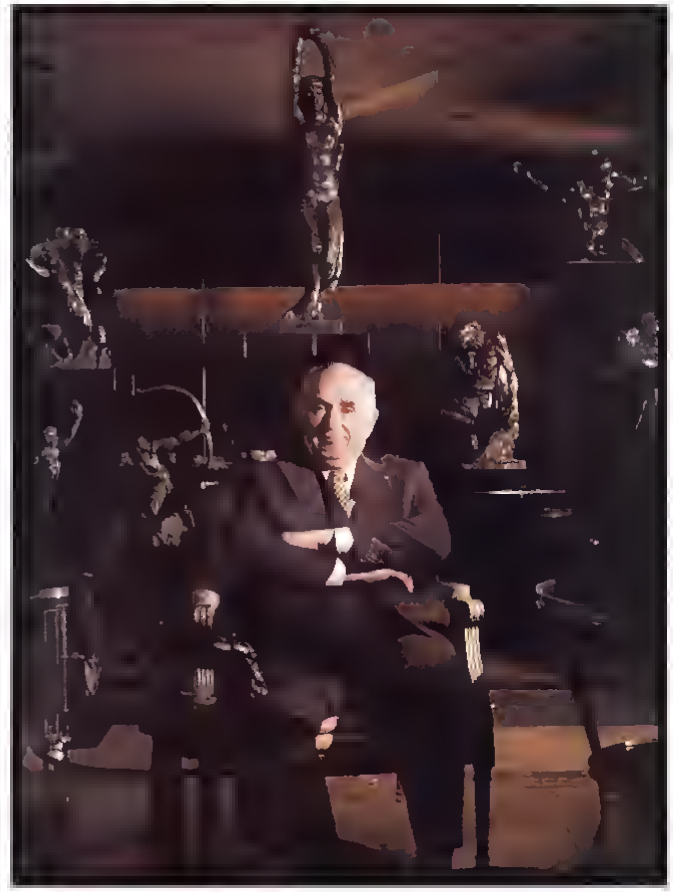
It starts with stamps or coins or baseball cards. Little boys do it. Little girls, generally, do not. The distinction carries on into later life. It doesn't matter whether it's a $3 million Picasso or a $30 putter. Here are three men who go out of their way to collect treasures and three whose everyday treasures are priceless.



Since he began collecting at age sixteen George Way a butcher by trade, has amassed one of the largest private collections of Elizabethan furniture this side of the Atlantic. So impressed was Christie's East that the gallery enlisted his services as a consultant, a job he would consider taking full time if it paid him as much as slicing meat. Because so few people share his taste in furniture, Way was able to find treasures for a trifle of their actual value. In his Staten Island apartment, he takes the adage "A man's home is his castle" literally surrounded by sixty-odd pieces of the heavy oaken furniture Way says he feels "like royalty . . . in a way . . .

PHOTOGRAPH BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD LESLIE SCHULMAN



In 1945, B. Gerald Cantor, president of the international securities firm Cantor Fitzgerald, took a minute out of his day to stop into the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where he was struck by Rodin's *The Hand of God* as if by the hand of God. Eighteen months later, he bought his first piece, a small bronze of the same sculpture. Over the next forty years, Cantor was to collect with a fury worthy of the sculptor himself, accumulating nearly seven hundred sculptures in the process. At home, Cantor surrounds himself with the more prized pieces of his collection, but as to his favorite, he is torn. "Can you name your favorite child?" he asks.



Jim Lehrer associate editor and coanchor of *The MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour* has been an avid collector of bus memorabilia for twelve years, during which time he s accumulated among other things, the best collection of antique depot signs in the known world—although he s quick to rem nd you it may be the only such collection in the world Lehrer worked himself through college as a ticket agent for Trailways but it was not until his father a Greyhound lifer died in the early Seventies that he took up collecting. At home in the Bus Room, he houses the bulk of his two hundred signs as well as a large assortment of drivers pins and cast iron toys

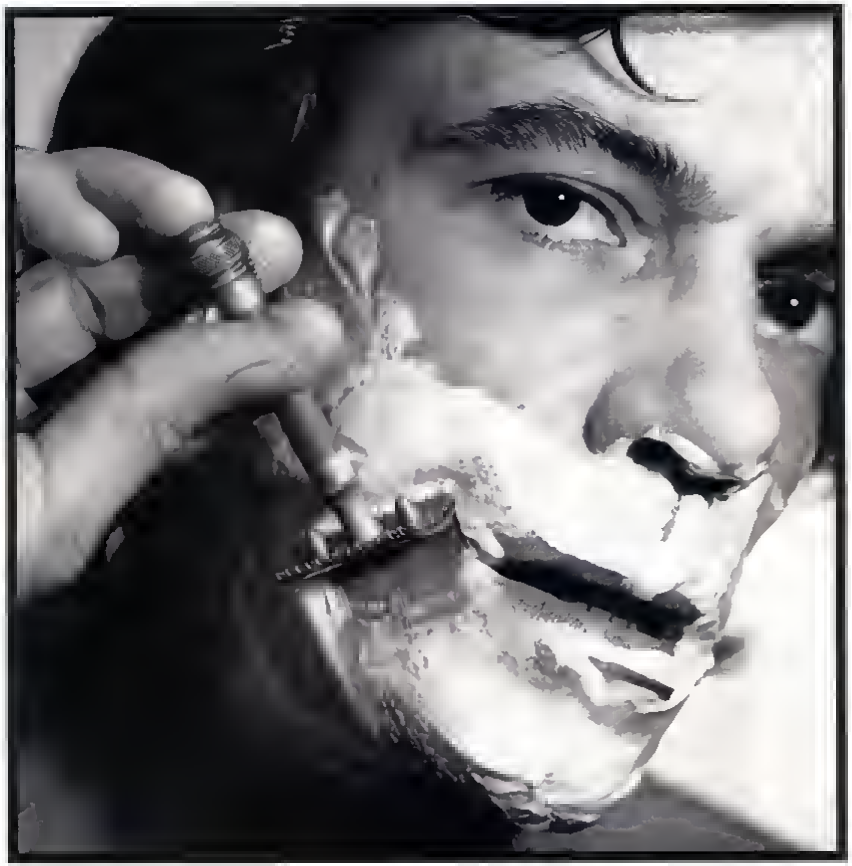
Others Just Won't Let Go

To the untrained eye Don Cherry's pocket trumpet looks more like a toy than the horn of a professional jazz musician At least that s what it looked like to the Belgian thieves who pilfered it from his hotel only to abandon it in a nearby trash can It's actually a rare, French made *trumpanet*, once used in the revues of the late 1920s, the gift of a Parisian trumpet player Having played it almost exclusively for the past eighteen years Cherry feels the instrument has become an extension of his body It's like I m playing my tonsils " he says



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER

Photographs by Michael O'Neill



Even through the seven years he sported a beard, photographer Michael O'Neill managed to hold onto his razor an old Gillette that had once been his grandfather's. O Neill reads that what endears the object to him is its utter utility, that he can find no implement in the world to give him a better shave. But he admits that having such a close, working relationship with one razor for twenty three years makes it hard to get excited about any other. So along with his cameras, O'Neill carries this one with him around the globe and as long as they make the blades he'll continue to do so.

It's the only college letter I was good enough to win says Malcolm Forbes of the varsity letter he received in gymnastics in 1940 his junior year at Princeton. Forbes's specialty was the rope climb, a skill that served him well in the Army: his performance in the obstacle course abetted his "meteoric rise" in the infantry, helping him to attain the position of acting corporal and, more important, exempting him from KP. So proud was he of the letter that he had it mounted as soon as he could afford the frame, which, we take it, was more than a few years ago.



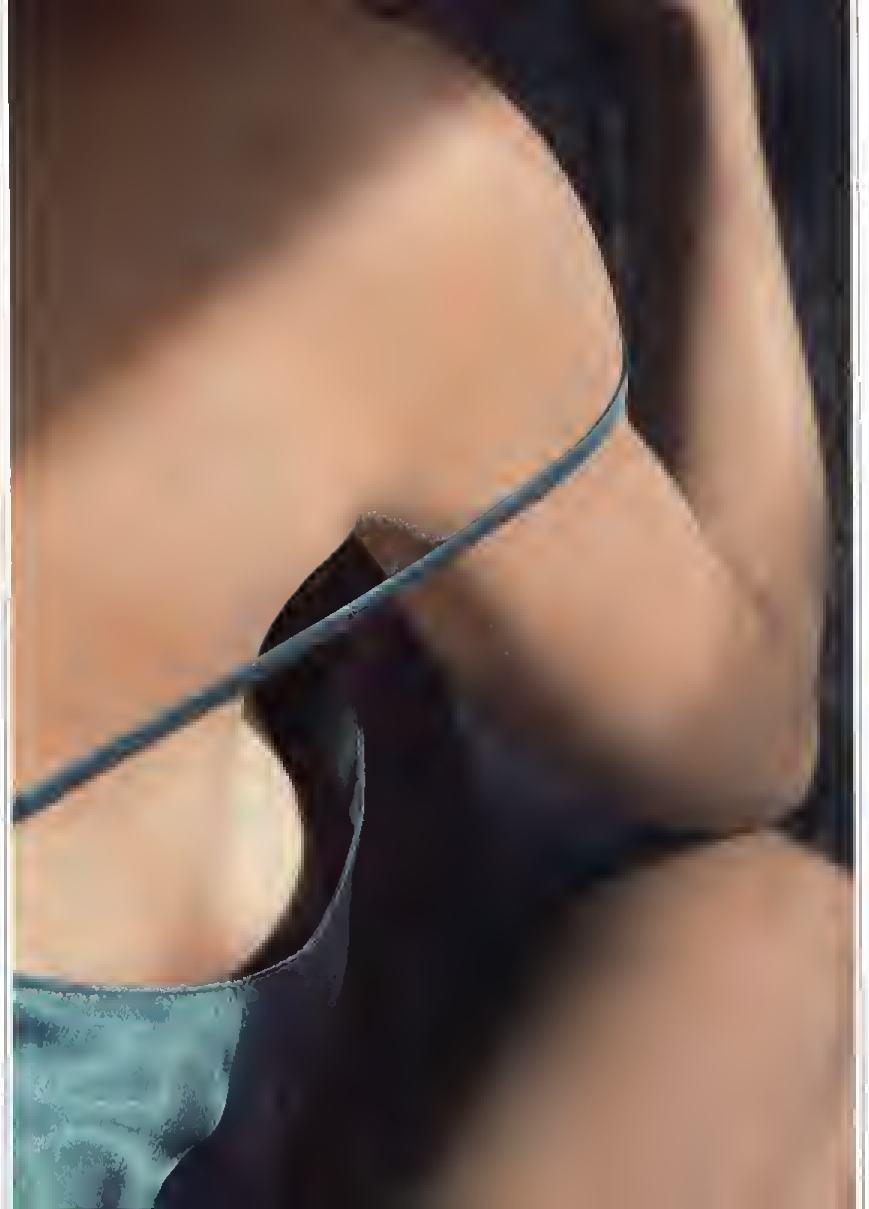
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Beginning with the National Geographic,
we found her: lush, unadorned.
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How little we knew.

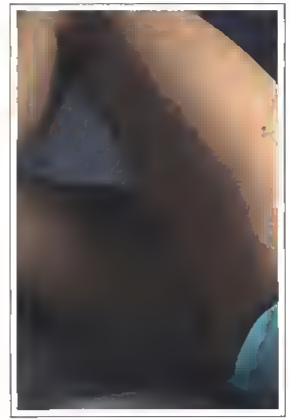
Photographs by Alen MacWeeney







A lifetime of magazine pages later—the eye feasting, the imagination soaring—we see contour and texture, subtlety and nuance, and expect sophistication where simplicity once sufficed. How little we have changed.







VUARNET FRANCE

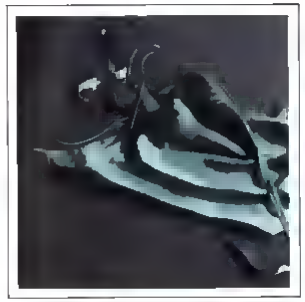
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PHOTOGRAPH ALEN MACWEENEY

How Sex Feels

A reverie



By Frank Conroy

Consider the boy. Any boy—the kid who packs bags at the supermarket after school, for instance. He has long been aware of the mysterious otherness of girls. But now he is drawn to a particular girl, the one with the brown hair who buys shampoo all the time. The boy is shy and risks considerable mortification in approaching her. He is astonished to find himself doing it. Surely she will ignore him, or worse yet, sense the fiend in him and turn away in disgust. It seems miraculous when she smiles.

So he is launched. Up to now it has been "girls," not a girl. To be sure, he has been in love many times—with movie stars, teachers, somebody's older sister—but always at a considerable distance. Buffeted between frank carnal hunger and the most rarefied romantic moonstruck agonies imaginable, he has till now really only loved an idea—the idea of the femmme, the other. Faced with a specific, individual girl, he must adjust.

The mating dance progresses. They meet, they hang out, go places together, laugh together, talk, explain themselves. Although his attention is total, more focused perhaps than ever before in his life, although he hangs on every word and can't take his eyes off her, his actual perception of her is dim. That is because he is looking at two things—the specific girl he has in front of him, whom he may or may not come to love, and the girlness embodied in her, which he has loved, and will love, all along.

And then one night, parked in some out of the way place, in the darkness, loopy and trembling from hours of kissing, his hands warm from her flesh, his head filled with the delirious scent of her, he begins to realize that the impossible event may well be about to occur. She has agreed to move to the back seat. Once there, things move along rapidly. Ever since he turned off the ignition the boy has been swept along by forces he

can barely keep in check, the full power of which he has also sensed he must conceal from the girl, lest she be frightened away. He has pressed forward, but carefully, so as not to overwhelm her tacit right to control the tempo of events. Rather a gentle escalation, instinctively done, without guile, all the more remarkable considering that he is literally drunk with sensation and would have to think hard to remember whether it was Monday or Tuesday. He is in the midst of a storm...a great storm, and some kind of automatic pilot is guiding him. In the dark, chasing the girliness, he has almost forgotten the girl. He has been obsessed with getting her in the back seat, but by the time it happens his perception of her has narrowed to the point where he misses the fact that she actually wants to get in the back seat. He thinks it has all been the storm. His storm. His blindness is almost complete.

When he enters her it is a revelation. Nothing has ever felt so right, so profoundly self-evidently right. He is in alignment with powerful forces, and in some curious way his own reality seems reconfirmed, as if a fraction of the power had stayed with him, become part of him.

Afterward, he is almost entirely absorbed by his own emotions. It seems a brand new world, after all. But stirring now, faintly, as he watches the girl straighten her clothes, comb her hair, is the truly exotic idea that he might have something in common with her.

CONSIDER THE YOUNG MAN. BY HIS MID-TWENTIES, the dance has gotten more complicated. His male friends have gone off in a hundred different directions, there seem to be almost as many styles and attitudes toward women as there are individuals, and to make it more confusing, practically nobody talks about it. There are men who idealize women, men who fear them, men who use woman...men who are used by them, men who pick women to impress their friends, men who pick their friends to impress their women, men who love them but don't like them, and on and on. The young man, as he watches all these guys he's known since high school, will notice an intensification of whatever character flaws were there to begin with, particularly in the presence of women. Even the most balanced individuals are taken over by various kinds of folly and self-delusion.

By now the young man realizes that women are different from one another. He no longer thinks that all you have to do is catch one to know everything. He has met women who don't seem to know any more about what it means to be a woman than he does. The matter is complex, to say the least. Each lover represents a facet of the greater feminine reality as he struggles to get some idea of the dimensions of that reality. By now he also knows there is no turning back. Alone, he is incomplete.

HE TAKES THE STAIRS THREE AT A TIME, effortlessly, flying up to her apartment without a thought in his head. He feels light and alive. If he felt any more alive he would lose contact with the earth altogether. The door opens and she is there, vividly there, more real than real.

He sits on the couch. She disappears into the kitchen while telling him a story about her cat. She keeps on talking while opening cupboards and delving into the refrigerator. Returning with drinks, she looks at him and her voice trails away. He hasn't moved, his eyes having held on the kitchen door until her reappearance. They simply look at each other, and in the silence there is an acknowledgment of what is going to happen.

He may feel a touch of that peculiar mixture of self-consciousness and expectation one feels in a concert hall moments before the music is to begin—a delicious, tense alertness, a sense of sliding inexorably through time toward that moment

> They press, they press. They are angered by the stubbornness of their flesh, the lazy obduracy of their bodies. They bite, they pull, they strain.

when the first chord will explode in the air. He says something inane, which breaks the spell, and she settles down beside him.

Their talk rambles...almost as if they were noting things to talk about at some indeterminate time in the future. He is animated by curiosity—how does this fantastically complicated creature see the world? She likes Talking Heads? How wonderful and mysterious that she should like Talking Heads! Of course, a lot of people like them, but that doesn't matter somehow. He imagines he can perceive her intent, her pure intent behind the words, as if the synapses of her brain were firing directly into his own.

As they touch each other, in any case, they gradually stop talking. Gestures that began as simple reflex become more complicated. Each moves toward a kind of immersion in the other, and they are like skiers gliding along a gentle slope, who feel themselves pulled faster as the slope increases. At a certain point they simply give over, they surrender and let themselves fly.

Off come the clothes. He is entranced by the sight of her body. He drinks her in...as if he could somehow swallow her image whole with his eyes, as if he might somehow preserve and keep it. He places his hand on her bare hip, slides his palm up over the bone into the soft curve of her waist, and feels something of what it must be like to touch a wild animal — a shock of delight. He lingers over her, and energy builds in him. He shakes with it, hums with it in pain and pleasure, until he can stand it no longer and sinks into her. Instantly, everything changes. He has passed over into another way of feeling. He holds her, and begins to move.

When a young man is in bed with a woman he desires, it is as if his entire life before that moment has been no more than preamble. He feels himself to be at the exact center of the universe. He is not going somewhere; he is there. He is not waiting for something to happen, it is happening. It seems too good to be true, a fantastically lucky accident, a cosmic windfall. He's afraid that if he thinks about it, he'll lose it, so he doesn't think.

CONSIDER THE MAN...AND IN THIS CASE THE LUCKY man, who has met, loved and been loved by the right woman at the right time. He may marry this woman if he isn't married already, but probably not, because special conditions prevail in what I will call (without apology) the Grand Passion. It is an intense, almost transcendental experience, with its own dynamic, and it cannot last a long time. It is not love to make a marriage, it is love to make a breakthrough, which acts, as it turns out, to prepare the way for all other love to follow, under whatever conditions life dictates.

She is liable to be someone he has passionately admired from a distance, but with whom he never expected to be intimate. In secret he has projected onto her every human virtue imaginable. He has been extremely careful and correct in his dealings with her, as if she were from some rare, exotic species and might spook at any moment. Above all, he respects her. She is a person of character, with a unique soul whose temper and resonance he imagines he can feel in the air when she walks into a room. He respects her—perhaps to an unreasonable degree—and may even be a little bit afraid of her.

They have seen each other off and on for many years at various social occasions. Since each is caught up in his own life, and the lives do not overlap in any significant way, they would not appear to have much in common. Thus they are taken by surprise...entering into an experience they hadn't planned for. It is *trouvé*, which lends it a certain purity and authority. A Grand Passion, by its very nature, is not arranged for, it simply happens.

Over weeks or months they become friends. He continues to control his desire to make love to her, feeling privileged to share her company. He responds instantly, however, when she surprises him with a sign. She wants him.

She is his goddess. We can laugh at him for that, but from his point of view it is absolutely true, and as he holds her body and breathes her breath, as her mouth warms his own, as he feels the quickness of her, the life in her, he knows he is at the source. He becomes aware of her yearning for him—he can feel it under his hands, feel it in her kisses—and he knows that she also senses the source. They are together in a new place of their own making, transforming themselves. It is electric. It is also a profound solace.

They press, they press. They want to sink into each other, bone into bone, head into head, hip into hip. They are angered by the stubbornness of their flesh, the lazy obduracy of their bodies. They bite, they pull, they strain, and nothing can stop them now.

When their union is complete it is as if, paradoxically, they have left their bodies. They sail, they ghost along incorporeal through space, aware of each other's spiritual company, alone together in some indescribable vastness.

He hears something. A dog barking outside, perhaps.

"The world starts up again," she says. "Like a switch." They lie together in each other's arms. They've come back.

IF THE BOY IS BLINDED BY THE FORCE OF HIS DESIRE, and the young man does not think because he believes the whole thing to be lucky magic, the man begins to see and think. The Grand Passion goes on for months, perhaps years, and relatively simple ideas, which had before been only words, words he understood too easily, become earned knowledge.

To begin with, he deals with the implications of the fact that the woman truly loves him. There was no reason for her to become involved with him, probably plenty of reasons for her not to. She is not *trying* to love him—because she is supposed to love him, or wants to love him, or imagines she loves him. Everything she does and says shows clearly that she *can't help* loving him. He did not create the situation, nor did he seduce her. She flat out loves him, for her own reasons, and that means that the engine that drives her is much the same as the engine that drives him. They are in it together, natural companions under a force that exists, as it were, above them.

The honesty prevailing between them allows him to learn swiftly. His imagination moves past the boundaries of his self-preoccupation. They both know their affair will end eventually, and she, no less than he, has no reason to do the sort of wishful thinking, editing, coloring, and withholding that can mark the exchanges of two people beginning to construct or endeavoring to maintain an edifice expected to last a very long time through God knows what conditions. There is a lack of defensiveness, a lack of fearfulness, and she gives the best answers she can to any questions he asks. She will tell him about her body, her sexuality, her image of herself—indeed, anything he wants to know. There are no secrets. From hundreds of bits, some large and some small, he begins to form a sharper picture both of her and of womankind. To some extent he feels like a visitor returning to a strange country, only this time with a guide who explains that he didn't quite get it before. This is not the mating dance, nor a game, however serious. This is straight. The greatest degree of honesty of which they are capable. He learns who she is, and on the way he learns about himself. He sees himself through her eyes and discovers what is important to her in him, and what is not.

WHY DOES IT TAKE SO LONG? ONE WOULD THINK that given the amount of time and energy men devote to women they would know them quite well. But for most it is a long journey. A man's need for women distorts his perception of them. He projects his created images onto them, and they are often adept at allowing him to believe they really are those images. Further, men so often bring to bear hidden agendas of which they are genuinely unaware. They become involved with a woman in order to launch themselves into a new stage of life, or to live up to expectations, or to avoid loneliness, or a dozen other perfectly understandable reasons. Men are too fragile and too involved to see women clearly without a woman's help. There is more than one way for the scales to fall from a man's eyes, but the spontaneous, honest, generous, passionate love of a strong woman is perhaps the fastest.

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The Apostle of Angst

"Happy?" says Paul Simon. "That's a dumb question"

By Jennifer Allen

IT IS A CLOUDLESS BRIGHT JANUARY DAY, the kind of morning in Manhattan when the buildings look as if someone had scrubbed them and polished their windows during the night. Paul Simon steps into the padded quiet of the limousine outside his Central Park West apartment. He wears a chesterfield coat, khakis and a wide, soft scarf swaddled around his neck. He has a cold, and he dreads that it will linger until next week, when he has to begin rehearsals in London for his eighteen-city concert tour.

Today he will talk with a group of students at predominantly black Howard University in Washington, D.C., about *Graceland*, his first million selling album in nearly a decade. He likes speaking to students; he has done it recently at UCLA and at NYU, and he is looking forward, he says, to getting the "black reaction." *Graceland* is a collaborative effort, most of its songs were recorded with black South African musicians, and that country's voices, its rhythms, are bleaded with Simon's dense and quirky lyrics. His use of South African musicians has generated considerable controversy since the release of the album in August—questions have been raised in the press about his possible violation of the cultural boycott against performing in South Africa. But he has answered his critics with confidence, explaining that he did not perform there, has turned down offers to play in Sun City, supports the boycott. He seems unworried about what may transpire today.

Graceland has been near the top of the charts for months, and has received widespread critical blessing. Simon is irked that radio stations have not been playing it, but he is almost certain that it will get a Grammy nomination today for Album of the Year (as it does, along with three other nominations). Ebullience, however, is not his style. When he talks about *Graceland*, it is to say that he is getting bored with performing its songs, as if to deny that after all these years it is sweet to have a hit.

And now, gliding through the city, he talks about the charity work that has kept him busy of late—planning benefit concerts for the homeless and raising money for a medical van to minister to poor mothers and children—and he says, "The world is pretty hopeless. I'm coming to that conclusion."

At the Pan Am shuttle terminal, he meets Charlayne Hunter-Gault, of *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*, who is working on a profile of him and plans to film today's events. He grabs a free *Wall Street Journal* and, smiling, reads aloud a headline: "TALK SHOW CRIES TOO MANY HOSTS, TOO FEW GUESTS. Yeah, I *told* you there weren't going to be enough guests! You said we'll have enough guests and I said no, no, there won't be enough guests!"

MOST OF FORTY OR SO STUDENTS ARE DRESSED CONservatively and look slack, sullen, as if they are



Photograph by Arnold Newman

"I had done Hearts and Bones, and radio stations didn't play it. My first reaction was that I had done something bad, that I was being punished."

sitting through a required orientation lecture.

Simon gives his speech without notes, telling about how the album was made, how he paid the musicians triple-scale American, how he agreed to share royalties whenever they collaborated on the writing of a song, how he learned after his arrival that the black musicians union had held a meeting and decided they wanted him to come. He talks about his visit to Soweto. He talks about the cultural boycott, about the "guilt" he felt while he was in the country. He shows them the video of "Hometess," a song from the album that he sings with the ten-member a cappella group Ladysmith Black Mambazo. He finishes his talk and pleasantly invites their questions.

A boy in an orange sweat shirt is first to stand. *'How can you justify going there and taking all their music?* For too long, artists have gone and stolen black music—you're taking it and bringing it back here and throwing it in my *face!*'

The boy is yelling, jabbing the air with his finger, his face filled with rage. 'You're telling me the Gershwin story of South Africa! It's nothing but stealing! You have not been to South Africa yet! If you did you would not be *alive!*'

"Could I respond?" says Simon. "Have you ever been to South Africa?"

"I know what it's all about, though! I live there!"

"You live there?"

"I live there, I live in Bed-Stuy!"

"Okay, so metaphorically speaking. First of all, I was invited there by black musicians."

"They wanted money!"

"You think it's easy to make a hit? Oh, I know a great way to steal some money. I'll go to South Africa? You don't think it's possible to collaborate?

"Between you and them, no. You don't understand the music at all!"

"You can't say no to me. I know these guys."

"You bought these guys!"

The student moderator interrupts to nervously ask for the next question. Another boy stands and takes objection to the video that Simon has shown. "This is going to be used to make people forget the violence," the boy says.

"I don't see that," says Simon.

"You don't see that because you're part of the plan, my brother."

A South African student demands to know what made you somersault after turning down Sun City. And another, the chairperson of the South African student union, takes offense at Simon's mention of wealthy blacks in Soweto. ("But they *existed*," Simon will say later.) Another South African parodies the Zulu dancing on the video with a bump and grind.

One student seems more tempered. "I'm not going to crucify you," he says. "Thank you," says Simon, smiling.

"But even Jerry Falwell was invited to South Africa by liberal blacks, so it doesn't mean that much."

Cole Porter's name comes up, and so does Sting's, neither of them flatteringly, and phrases like "art for activism's sake." Five television cameras record all of it; reporters scribble. Bathed in the hot lights, Simon sits on a stool, taking occasional sips of water and telling them, over and over, that this album is a beginning, an attempt. "This is a motion toward helping. It exposes a culture, a people. ... I'm trying to be in the dialogue. ... It's an experience to sit here and have people come to you and attack you. It's hard to know if you're being attacked as an artist or as a person. ..."

After an hour, the moderator calls not so much an end to the meeting as a truce. "Well," says Simon, "it's been it's been an education." The moderator then presents him, on behalf of the students of Howard University, with a Howard backpack and T-shirt, a moment so awkward that Paul Simon actually blushes.

Charlayne Hunter-Gault chews a piece of gum and shakes her head. "It's the poor liberals," she says, "who take all the shit."

HE IS, AT FORTY-FIVE, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR songwriters in America. "Bridge Over Troubled Water," a song he says he dislikes, has been recorded by Elvis Presley, the Jackson Five and hundreds of others; the album of the same title has sold more than thirteen million copies around the world and for some years had the dubious honor of being the best-selling album in history, after *The Sound of Music*. Frank Sinatra recorded his own version of "Mrs. Robinson" (*Here's to you, Mrs. Robinson/His love is you more than you will know*), Perry Como recorded Scarborough Fair," and easy-listening orchestras have, it seems, recorded all of them. Paul Simon has had many, many hits—one wide wall in his New York office is covered with framed copies of his fourteen gold and nine platinum albums—but *Graceland* is by far his biggest hit in eleven years. *One Trick Pony*, the 1980 film for which he wrote the script and music and in which he starred, was not a hit. Nor was his 1983 album, *Hearts and Bones*, although it was the most haunting, confessional work of his career.

His record failed, and then, shortly afterward, his marriage of several months to Carrie Fisher failed. He got depressed, not for the first time. "I was just a blank. I had done *Hearts and Bones* and [radio stations] didn't play it. I don't know why. My first reaction was that I had done something bad. I was being punished. I had come to assume, gradually, that I would write ten songs and one of them would be a hit, usually not the one I thought." Of the demise of his marriage he says, "All I could think about was what had happened, but not in a way that I could write about it."

He says this in September, sitting on a soft leather sofa in his large, plum-carpeted corner office in the Brill Building in midtown Manhattan. He has already given many interviews in this office about *Graceland*, but he answers the same questions again and again, polite and patient. The question he has come to dread the most, he says, is "So, how did *Graceland* come about?" He has to remind himself to go slowly, to tell the story exactly as he has done before. In the summer of 1984, a friend sent him a tape of "township jive," music by a group called the Boyoyo Boys. The style reminded him of the simple, happy Fifties rock 'n' roll he had grown up with, intrigued, he sent for more music by different South African groups and played it incessantly. He did not consider using the music for months, but in 1985 he went to Johannesburg, planning to cut one or two tracks with the groups he had been listening to. The trip lasted two weeks, and he returned with several partial tracks. Over the next few months he wrote lyrics, recorded another song in New York with Ladysmith Black Mambazo, and added two more, using a Cajun zydeco band on one and Los Lobos, a Los Angeles Mexican rock group on the other, in an effort to "bring it back home."

When people ask about the title song, he tells them no, "Graceland" is not about Elvis Presley's mansion per se. He also tells them that some of the lyrics in the song—*She said that losing love/It's like a window in your heart/Everybody sees you're blown apart*—are about Carrie, and that coming up with the lines was a "catharsis" for him. After that he was able to begin real work on the album. ("Once I could say that without anger or sadness. ... It's the kind of detachment you need. ... It's almost as if I were a diagnostician, or a doctor, saying, 'This is what is occurring.'") He is asked, occasionally, about his current level of happiness, a shopworn question for the boy composer of such lines as *I have no need of friendship/It's laughter and it's loving I disdain*. His answer is usually yes, he is happier than he has been in a long time—although when he is not being formally interviewed he is less sanguine on this subject. They always ask me if I'm happy when I'm finished with my work," he says. "Happy? Who's happy? What's happy? It's a dumb question."

"FASCINATING," FASCINATING," HE SAYS BRIGHTLY from his corner of the limousine, and sets about

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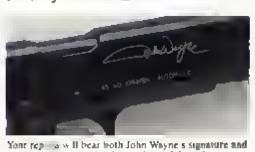
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trying to make sense of the day's events. "You know it's all right to be criticized—you can take it. This is good. Now I'll have to make up my mind about some of these things. That's the hardest part." He hasn't had a reaction like this to the album, not before today, he shifts, during the ride to the airport, from saying that he really wasn't surprised at the hostility to admitting that he was. He broods out loud on what happened, as if he cannot decide whether they have a point and whether he is going to be angry at them. "*Cultural imperialism*—this phrase is so irresistible that people can't help taking a bite out of it. It's racist. I didn't say that today but I'll get to that point. I'll say, 'It's racist.'" He analyzes his performance: he was too defensive for the first twenty minutes, but that first kid, the one who was so angry, threw him. The students, he says, were playing to the cameras, making statements, ignoring what he had to say. "You know," he says on the plane, with something approaching bafflement, "not one of them had anything positive to say."

"I'm cool about it now," he says in the car coming back to Manhattan from La Guardia. And then, flatly, "So. This is what it's like to have a hit album."

"Again," an aide reminds him.

"Again." Later he will say that one of the day's surprises was realizing that he was the older enemy. "I kept thinking, *I* used to be them. *I* used to be the one standing up and yelling at the adults."

That night he stays awake worrying about the incident until 3:00. In the morning, he calls his doctor for a prescription for Valium, a drug he does not usually take. "I can't give it a rest," he says. "I keep thinking about that first kid. He was so angry."

IN OCTOBER, MORE THAN TWO MONTHS BEFORE HOWard Simon takes a break from promoting *Graceland* and flies to London to produce an album by Ladysmith Black Mambazo. He then goes to New York to sing the national anthem at game six of the World Series, an invitation he accepted in part because it offended him to watch George Bush throw out the first ball at the Astrodome during the play-offs. ("Bush—he's not from Texas, he's from Connecticut. He's from CIA. And excuse me, but he throws like a girl.") After this performance—"if you could call that singing"—he flies to Los Angeles for a two-day errand, a long-standing date at the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood.

Today and tomorrow the First Presbyterian Church is in show business—the rehearsal and taping of a gospel special for Cinemax. The singers' stage will be an expanded chancel, and audience members will be invited to the filmed show. The Mighty Clouds of Joy, the Edwin Hawkins Singers, Andrae Crouch, and other black gospel stars have agreed to sing. Luther Vandross and Jennifer Holliday will also appear, as will the Oak Ridge Boys, a white group.

Paul Simon is hosting the program, and three of his songs—"Gone at Last," "Bridge Over Troubled Water" and "Slip Slidin' Away"—will be sung on the show. This morning, before rehearsals begin, he stands inside the church with Ian Hoblyn, the handsome, efficient Englishman who is his manager, talking very quietly and watching two men polish the piano. Simon wears round, thin-rimmed glasses, a blue T-shirt, sport coat, jeans. On his head is a Mets cap and in his lapel, a Mets pin.

Today Simon's face seems to wear no expression at all except a habitual still, oblique intensity that gives nothing away. It does not give away, for example, his displeasure at learning that he is not merely a part of the program but its host. Had he known, he would have made sure he had more control over the script, over the shape of the show. Had he known, he would have suggested that a real gospel singer's voice open the program, not his. ("I can write gospel, but I shouldn't be the first one in a gospel show. Besides, my mother would kill me—*where would I be without Jesus*—no, she wouldn't, but.") Simon will lose on this particular point, and he will lose on his request that the show include footage of gospel master Sam Cooke and his group the Soul Stirrers.

"I'm not comfortable in situations where I'm not in control, where the project is someone else's," he will say later in the day. "I could make all the stink I want. But I won't."

He settles for smaller victories. During rehearsals, Jennifer Holliday, massive and unsmiling, objects to his suggestion for an arrangement of the chorus lines in "Gone at Last," a song that the entire company will perform, pronouncing it "corny." He prevails quietly, without a scene (although as Holliday objects, he does glance at Hoblyn and raise his eyebrows). Later, while rehearsing "Slip Slidin' Away" onstage with the Oak Ridge Boys, he is dissatisfied with the way a speaker and microphone are working. He is assured that the problem will be taken care of but meanwhile is advised to move on to the next number.

"No," he says, "let's fix it now," and they do.

Paul," says Hoblyn as the day wears on, "is having sort of second thoughts about this."

IN A BASEMENT ROOM SIMON SPENDS AN HOUR REhearsing "Slip Slidin' Away" with the four Oak Ridge Boys, who sang backup when he originally recorded the song ten years ago. One of the Oak Ridge Boys reminisces about what a hit the song was. "They used to play it when they had weather reports on TV, like during a snowstorm, when they would show all the cars sliding all over the roads," he says. "It became, like, a national anthem of sorts."

"I was just listening to the record," Simon answers, "and—I'm always doing this to myself—I thought we could have done it better."

He works and worries until after 6:00, drinking only a cup of coffee—he forgets to eat when he is, as he puts it, "adrenalized, in spite of appearance."

"I don't have a brain left," he tells Hoblyn in the limousine that takes him back to his hotel. "I haven't in months. I'm worried about my voice—I can't be in voice for two consecutive days."

"I didn't know I was going to be the star. I'm the *star*. I thought I was going to be a *participant*."

"Well," says Hoblyn, "you *are* a star."

"Yeah," says Simon. "When you're hot, you're hot." His voice trails off, lost somewhere between irony and a simple statement of fact.

He stares, frowning, at some point directly ahead of him.

"Did you know," he finally asks the chauffeur, "that you're driving without a rear-view mirror?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you find that disconcerting?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

He smiles. "So do I."



Paul and Artie in 1965. "It's a fight for all of us not to hate our pasts."

PHOTOGRAPH: MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

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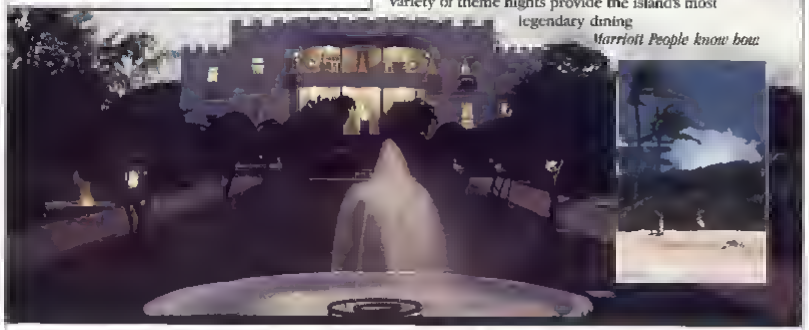
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Looking Ahead in Esquire

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JULY

Next month we will bring you one of the most original pieces of journalism in years, a one-act nonfiction play by Sam Shepard, "True Dylan," a revealing and dramatic portrayal of Bob Dylan. Also, Mike Lupica on the John McEnroe nobody knows. Bob Greene on the lost art of growing up. And a new short story by Nora Ephron.

AUGUST

Our fourth annual best-selling summer reading issue features new fiction by America's finest story writers. The August Esquire will present works by John Updike, William Styron, John Hersey, and others. And it will also include Esquire's exclusive report on who's who—and who's not—in America's literary establishment.

SEPTEMBER

In our annual fall-fashion preview Esquire will offer the best of the new for the cooler months ahead, including a special report on how the world's best designers think you should dress. Be there.

HE IS NOT GIVEN TO REMINISCING, BUT THERE IS ONE moment in his life of which he seems actually fond, and that is the day he discovered rock 'n roll on the back porch of his home in Forest Hills, Queens.

"I was eleven or twelve. I was a tremendous Yankees fan, and in the summertime, when there was a game on the radio, I'd go out on the back porch with my score sheet. I learned to be prepared for the game, to get all my pencils out and everything. *Make-Believe Ballroom* was on before the game, and I had to endure *Make-Believe Ballroom* to make sure I didn't miss *one pitch* of the Yankees game."

The show played popular music of the Fifties. "I just hated it, with that kind of contempt only a twelve year-old can have for the adult world. The deejay used to play all these things by Vaughn Monroe, Perry Como, Rosemary Clooney. One day he said, 'If this record is a hit, I'll eat it.' He played an R & B record called 'Gee' by the Crows. It was the first time I'd ever heard R & B. I remember thinking, 'I don't think this is crap at all!'"

Some months, maybe a year later, a friend told him about Alan Freed's *Rock and Roll Party*, and he tuned in. The first song Freed played was "Sincerely," by the Moonglows, "and it kills me. It just kills me," and the last song was "Earth Angel," which Simon thought was brilliant and promptly bought. "I said to my father, 'You must hear "Earth Angel." Dad,' and he listens to it and says, 'It's just awful.' I say, 'What about the *words*?' He says, 'They're stupid.' I say, 'You don't get it. Dad: earth *angel*. earth *angel*.' It was the first time in my life I had to deal with an oxymoron."

His father, a professional musician turned reading specialist, bought him a guitar. Elvis was his idol—his younger brother, Eddie, says Paul combed his hair like Elvis, played the guitar like Elvis—and, at thirteen, Paul wrote his first song, "The Girl for Me." He and Artie Garfunkel, with whom he had been friends since grade school and who lived three blocks away, formed an a cappella group. They became neighborhood celebrities singing "The Girl for Me" on street corners and at school.

When he and Artie were fourteen, they would take the F train together into Manhattan and call on the small record companies in midtown, hoping to get signed. Later, Artie would say that he found the "fat cigar smoking" meo at these offices terrifying, but his partner didn't. "Paul," he said, "had quite a bit of drive in those days." Soon they were making demos as "Tom and Jerry," sounding exactly like their rockabilly idols, the Everly Brothers. Eddie remembers his brother practicing with Artie at home. Artie pounding on a telephone book in lieu of a drum. A song both boys wrote called "Hey Schoolgirl" became a Top Forty hit when they were fifteen. "We were really stars. I'd been on *American Bandstand*. I was the lead-off hitter on the ball team. I was fifteen and a senior: that's when I really regretted that I'd skipped a grade."

Simon went on to major in English at Queens College, lived at home, made money doing demos, and gave up the idea of becoming a professional ballplayer. "For one thing, I was too small. And I'd rather have made a demo for twenty-five dollars than have gone to baseball practice." He hung around the Village, where the folkies were—at Gerde's Folk City, at the Gaslight, at Cafe Wha. "Everyone was a little older, and the girls—they were like *beauts*. He listened to Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton. Dylan no longer played the clubs, having graduated to Carnegie Hall, but he was recognized as the "absolute lord."

He also hitchhiked in Europe before returning to enroll in Brooklyn Law School, which he quit after five months. About this time he ran into Garfunkel, who had been studying mathematics at Columbia. They hadn't seen each other in years, but began singing together again, and soon recorded their first album, *Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.* The earnest, folk-flavored record didn't sell, and in 1965 Simon went to sing in folk clubs in England.

"He left confused and unhappy," says Eddie. "JFK's assassination had a big effect on him. And he came back a changed guy and a vastly improved musician." He loved his itinerant life in England, but while he was away CBS Records prettied the instrumentals on "The Sounds of Silence" and released it as a single, and the song became a hit. He came home. He and Garfunkel made the *Sounds of Silence* album that was a hit, too, and so were the albums after that. *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme* and *Bookends*. Mike Nichols made the two boys household names by including their songs in *The Graduate* during one week in 1968. "Mrs. Robinson" was the number-one single, *Bookends* was the number-one album, and the sound track for *The Graduate* and *Parsley, Sage* were second and fifth on the charts. In 1970 *Bridge Over Troubled Water* was released. This was their best-selling album, their most varied and mature, and their last.

Their image was that of solemn, self-conscious college boys, and this was not far from the truth. They dressed in loden coats and dark turtlenecks and sport jackets, and they rarely smiled in photographs. One of their songs, "Benedictus," was actually a piece of sixteenth-century religious music that Garfunkel had found in the library. The liner notes to *Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.* written by Garfunkel, made reference to "poetic personification" and "extremely challenging" symbolism. Emily Dickinson appeared in the songs, as did Robert Frost and Tolstoy. "Clouds wept, rain wove its weary tracks, shadows washed the rooms. Everyone was lonely. Some songs were exceptions—"The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy)" and "Cecilia," for example—but mostly it was music for crying one's eyes out after breaking up with a boyfriend, music for being deliciously sad, and

"Because I essentially love Artie, I'll think, 'I should sing one song with him.' That's how seductive it is, but I'm never going back there."

when it was not precious it could be lovely It was also full of a kind of morbid self loathing *All my words come back to me/In shades of mediocrity* Simon wrote and, *I don't know why I spend my time/Writing songs I can't believe*

Usually Simon forgives most of his earlier work as the product of "adolescent angst" "It just happened that my pretensions became very popular and people bought them," he told *The Washington Post* a few years ago But he is not always so generous In his office one day he glimpses a collection of old songs lying on a desk "You're not going to make me *listen* to that are you?" he says making a face Sometimes his disclaimers— "I was always more of a rock 'n' roll kid"—sound as if Simon and Garfunkel's style were an accident, something out of his control

"The whole world was big Simon-and-Garfunkel fans," he has said "But I wasn't" And yet when he is reminded of the remark, he says, "I fight that It's a fight for all of us not to hate our pasts I wonder if Woody Allen feels that way "Then, deflated as if he is losing his own argument, "Even *Graceland* I don't like a lot of it" He says his old songs were "the best I could come up with at the time Some minutes pass "You know," he says quietly, "I feel I can never recoup all my mistakes"

RIGHT NOW IT'S ALL KICKS AND ONE DAY IT'LL STOP being kicks and we'll stop" Simon told a *New York Times* reporter in 1968 It was kicks for a long time He and Artie laughed a lot ("most of it was absurd humor" he says, with a private smile Oh stuff you'd have to be stoned to think was funny) and they made $50 000 per concert But by the time *Bridge Over Troubled Water* was released, it wasn't kicks at all Simon had become intrigued by ska reggae and gospel, and some of the songs on the album reflected these interests but Artie wanted to stay sweet He had acted in a film, *Catch 22* and had left Simon alone for much of the studio work on the album He and Artie were fighting a lot and in one big fight they could not agree on the final cut for the album finally releasing the record one song short

Two of the numbers on *Bridge Over Troubled Water* are actually farewell love songs to Artie, forlorn and full of affection. "The Only Living Boy in New York" and "So Long Frank Lloyd Wright" (*All of the nights we'd harmonize till dawn/I never laughed so long/So long/So long/So long*) "Bridge Over Troubled Water" is a love song too, in a way, written for Artie to sing though the song came to symbolize one of their abiding tensions Artie had the better voice Artie was better looking Artie as Simon said once, "I *should* have been the one who wrote the songs"

They had told reporters for years that, while Simon composed their material, Artie arranged it, but it had never been true—something Simon made clear after they broke up But when Artie sang "Bridge Over Troubled Water" at concerts it seemed to confirm him as the creative spirit, or at least more than the pretty voice and Simon didn't like it "I used to feel so sorry for Paul, dragging his guitar offstage while Artie sang" says Roy Halee, who engineered or produced all of their albums

"I wrote the song" he says now speaking on the phone from a hotel room in Chicago during the *Graceland* tour "I knew he was going to sing it and he sang it better than I did But it was such a huge hit—I was standing off in the wings and the full impact of the hit was going to Artie I felt I was losing my stake in it Maybe I was a little sorry for myself I can't really blame it on him Although he could have said"—he laughs quickly—"something about me"

"The bad stuff" between the two says Eddie "was unbelievably bad"

For years after they split up, when Simon performed concerts shouts of "Where's Artie?" would begin seconds after he appeared onstage Simon made jokes about Artie's absence on his television special and on *Saturday Night Live*, but that was later At the time, says Phil Ramone who has produced several of Simon's albums "it was never funny"

Simon says "People thought we were like the Beatles—you know "That's a Lennon and McCartney song that's a Simon and Garfunkel song It was a Simon and Garfunkel record, but it was a Paul Simon song Artie said an interesting thing on *20/20* a few years ago He said, 'I never claimed I wrote the songs But I never said I didn't' That was the first time he admitted it.

"What he did do" Simon continues "was write his parts, and some of his parts were quite brilliant He wrote all the vocal parts on Scarborough Fair "even the little melody changes in Bridge In terms of arranging the band if there was a problem it was more easily solved by the leader of the band But he did have contributions to make He was enthusiastic He was a great bounce"

IN RECENT YEARS, ART GARFUNKEL HAS MADE FIVE albums acted in three films taken up walking across entire countries with his Walkman "In a balanced life" he said a few years ago "one should die penniless" Last November, an album that he made with Amy Grant was released a cantata by Jimmy Webb about the birth of Christ from the animals' point of view

He is said to be having a difficult time with Simon's *Graceland* success although Simon says he doesn't think this is true In any case, Garfunkel is unavailable for comment His lawyer reports that he is not interested in "finding on Paul's shirttails" but that he may eventually say something two days later the lawyer's secretary says Artie has left on a trip of unknown length or destination

Yet he showed up on *Saturday Night Live* last fall when Simon was the music guest, appearing in one sketch during which Simon pretended not to recognize him "I'm surprised that he did it," says Simon "I don't know whether he found it funny You have to understand, once we got there and closed the dressing room door we were back to the sixth grade

"You'd have to know Artie's sense of humor but he said, 'I'm very happy about the success of *Graceland* I'm so happy I don't even care that you can't find my record in the stores That's how happy I am'"

What is surprising is not that they broke up but that they have gotten back together over the years In 1975 Simon wrote "My Little Town a sharp, bitter song for Garfunkel, and sang it with him on one of Garfunkel's albums as well as on one of his own they recorded a version of 'What a Wonderful World' with James Taylor they sang together for audiences most notably at their Central Park reunion They fought while they rehearsed the concert—Garfunkel wanted to keep it simple just the two of them but Simon wanted, and got, a band—and they fought during the tour that followed and they fought about the album that they had planned to make together which became Simon's *Hearts and Bones*

"Mostly," says Simon of the tour, "I just found Artie weird."

"You can't remarry your ex-wife and do it well" says Phil Ramone

Why, given their history together, given their vastly different tastes in music, did they even undertake the reunion, the tour, the album? Simon says the reunion was a "show business concept—people liked the idea that they could go back to a more innocent time but this is not the whole truth He gives the longer version from his Chicago hotel room "It seemed like a good opportunity to repair a lot of stuff It seemed like a chance to clean everything up I'm a sucker for that"

In spite of their disagreements during rehearsals for their concert in the park, the show was "wonderful" and so was the first little part of the tour It was tense, but I thought that was just because we were beginning to take the tour on the road" One problem was that Simon had decided to play stadiums he felt that the vast number

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of ticket requests justified big arenas while Garfunkel thought that stadiums were too big, that the music wouldn't be heard well.

"That was a point of difference Artie and I never resolved," he was right, but it may have been a self fulfilling prophecy." Instead of working on the sound Paul remembers, "Artie always said, 'I told you, I told you.'"

Before the tour, Simon had decided to include Garfunkel on the album he had been writing. He was wary about it, worried that the songs were too personal. Artie assured him that it didn't matter. "I said, 'Well all right, great.' But he never really got into putting his part down, doing what he was supposed to do. He wanted to take a rest, get into it in January. I said, 'Eh,' who knows if you'll do it in January." He'd been promising since the previous February.

Simon had intended to finish the album before the tour and to sing some of this new material at the concerts, but they had only two songs in shape for the road, and neither of them were among the three songs he felt were the strongest. Artie hadn't completed his parts. "It wasn't indifference. He was fighting his demons. And he has a formidable array of demons."

Simon finally decided to do the album alone. Garfunkel wasn't happy about it, nor were Simon's friends. "Almost all my friends said, 'You're crazy — everybody, including Carrie.' People would say to me, 'Poor Artie.' He's unbelievably gifted at having people say 'Poor Artie.' But," at a certain point I had to take responsibility for my work."

He didn't like it that people were angry with him, felt embarrassed having to explain Artie's absence from the album to the press by saying "it was too personal" and bullshit, bullshit, bullshit. He thought that a major reason why *Hearts and Bones* didn't sell better was that people expected a Simon and Garfunkel album.

"I didn't talk to him for a year. I *really* didn't talk to him. I was in a rage." I like to take chances. In this case I lost.

"As is always the case, because I essentially" — he laughs again — "love him, I fall back in. Occasionally I think, 'I should sing one song with Artie' — *that's* how seductive it is." But I'm never going back there. That's the way I feel."

"It's just, I don't know," says Eddie Simon. "Boy, it's a really complicated thing."

"If they ever do another album with each other," says Ramone, "I'll shoot them both."

PAUL SIMON LIVES IN AN EIGHT-ROOM DUPLEX ON Central Park West. He has a house in Montauk, Long Island, where he spends much of the summer, but he doesn't go there often in the winter because Harper, his fourteen-year-old son from his first marriage, finds it boring. (Harper lives with his mother, three blocks from his father's apartment.) He is a doting father.

He takes his exercise biking and jump roping on tour with him. Peggy Harper, Simon's first wife, once said that the reason he never got poison ivy in the country was because he never stepped off the roads. He has gotten better looking over the years; his face has lost the soft roundness of twenty years ago. He is not much taller than five feet, and seems less sensitive about his height than he used to be. An acquaintance tells this story. Simon used to work out at the West Side YMCA, where he would often see Jim Jensen, a handsome local anchorman. One day Simon asked Jensen how he was. "Not great," Jensen said. His marriage had broken up. And Simon said, "You're six foot three and you're miserable. And I'm five foot four and I'm miserable. Maybe all of life is the distance you are from five eleven." His thinning hair has grown mysteriously fuller over the years. He is ambidextrous and for some time has had calcium deposits on his left hand that make playing the guitar painful after ten minutes. He gave up smoking dope for many years because it depressed him, but has a joint now and then. "I had a real breakthrough — I said to myself, 'It's not the pot I hate, it's these thoughts.' So I went through all the bad thoughts about myself, and then I went through the good ones. 'You've got to be fair.'"

Because he has retained all the publishing rights to his music, he is immensely wealthy, though he says he lives beneath his means. "They don't like it when you're rich," he says, though it is unclear who "they" are. When he travels, he carries little or nothing himself. Other people carry his airline tickets for him. He owns a Mercedes and loves to drive and listen to tapes. He has a Czech housekeeper who makes him fattening dishes that he shouldn't eat but does to keep her happy.

His close friends are Ian Hoblyn, Mike Nichols, Charles Grodin, Lorne Michaels, and his brother, Eddie, who looks so much like Paul that strangers congratulate him daily on the success of *Graceland*. "It would really be unbearable," Eddie says, "if I didn't love him so much."

He is a perpetual student and self-improver. He has taken voice lessons, composition lessons, juggling lessons. He reads a lot, although not necessarily the Proust and Joyce he thinks he should be reading. He has fantasies (doesn't everyone?) about going back to school.

He says he has exactly the same interests he had as a kid: baseball, girls, rock 'n' roll. He is happy to speak at length about baseball and rock 'n' roll, but not about girls. He married Peggy Harper in 1969 and was divorced six years later. For a year or so in the mid-Seventies Shelley Duvall lived in the Central Park West duplex and in 1983 he married Carrie Fisher after they lived together for seven years. "I would like to take a year off and just try to live happily with Carrie," he said after their sudden wedding. They split within a year. But they have stayed friends. He has read her novel, to be published in August, a clever book about a young movie actress with drug problems, men problems, career problems, and says he found it funny. "But I told her I thought she should have more compassion. There's not enough compassion."

For a while he dated a book reviewer for *The New York Times*. He has a girlfriend and has gone down to Washington twice to visit her parents.

His songs are full of the women. Peggy is in several (*Disagreements had begun / And in a while they fell apart / It wasn't hard to do*). Carrie is in "Hearts and Bones," wondering why she can't be loved instead of improved (*Why won't you love me for who I am*) and they are all in a tough, nervous song called "Allergies" from the same album.

My heart can stand a disaster
My heart can take a disgrace
But my heart is allergic
To the women I love
And it's changing the shape of my face

By nature I'm a tenacious person," he says one night when he is talking about the early wound that has colored his life. He does not know what the wound is, only that much of his music is about the psychic bruise that resulted. "I'm investigating the thing all the time, asking what is the problem, what is it. Part of my personality keeps pushing at what hurts, what hurts."

He is defensive about his image as a melan-

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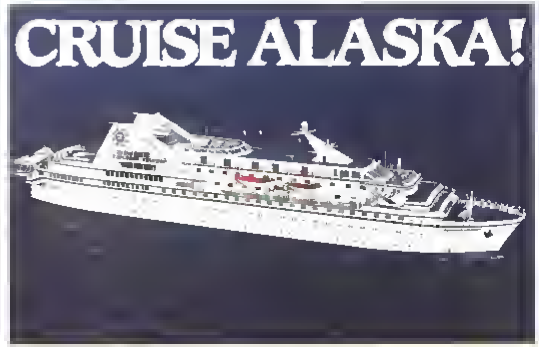
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"Now I have to go back and see if I can do something else. I think I can. I think I can do something entertaining just by thinking."

[illegible] There's a certain insight into my personality that almost never gets said: there's a very male streak in me") and he seems eager to point out that his music has gotten less "sad" over the years. "The case falls apart when you get to *Still Crazy*. There's some acknowledgment that there's some deep problem, and I don't know what it is, but that's only part of it. ... Most hit records I've had have been happy, actually. This may be true, but he sounds just slightly as if he is trying to convince himself of something.

Paul Simon has gone to some lengths in recent years to show that he has a sense of humor about himself—in 1976 he appeared on *Saturday Night Live* in a turkey suit, and in the video of "You Can Call Me Al," a song from *Graceland*, Simon plays a mute, dazed depressive while Chevy Chase lip-syncs the song.

And yet one night, drinking a glass of wine in his suite at the Hotel Bel-Air, he has this to say: "In retrospect," he says of his childhood, "it was very happy and exciting. But I know that in this period of time"—he was twelve or thirteen—"my personality changed to this personality that's always been described as 'melancholy, moody.' Until that time I was always a very happy kid. I remember my mother saying, 'What's happening? You always used to be smiling and happy, and now you're very sullen.' For a while I stopped growing, but I think it was some deeper thing. But I don't know what it is. It can only be some covered-up injury of childhood. ... At thirteen or fourteen I had two rather philosophical thoughts. One was, 'If you decide to wear a certain face as your attitude, after a certain amount of time you actually do become that.' The other thought I had came during a discussion with Artie where I said, 'Can it be, we fall in love with people because they make us see the image of ourselves we want to see?'"

I started to think too much! When I was twelve going on thirteen, he sang on *Hearts and Bones*. *Maybe I think too much.*

BERKELEY IS THE TENTH STOP ON THE *GRACELAND* TOUR—eighteen cities in all, in ten countries. Simon has brought with him a nine-piece band, the ten members of Ladysmith Black Mambazo, three black women backup singers from South Africa, and two South African stars, jazz trumpeter Hugh Masekela and singer Miriam Makeba.

After the second, final show, the other musicians open bottles of beer, light cigarettes, congratulate one another on the performance, hustle in the vans that will take them back to their hotel. Paul Simon is not drinking or smoking anything, and he is not eating the chicken sandwich he requested. He is standing in his dressing room entertaining postconcert callers. He wears his concert clothes—a white shirt and black jeans and track shoes.

Jim Belushi comes by to say hello, followed by a woman who left a note backstage saying that she remembers seeing Simon sing in a London club in the early Sixties. She has brought a man and a woman and her nine-year-old daughter with her, and Simon listens, smiling pleasantly as they tell him what their favorite Simon and Garfunkel songs are. After they leave, Ian Hoblyn ushers in an old classmate from Simon's high school in Queens, a man who has brought his wife, son, cousin, and an old yearbook. Hoblyn treats all backstage callers as if they're going to the dentist, telling them crisply not smoking when they may go in the dressing room, so that they will know they are not to stay long. But this group doesn't take the hint. The classmate leafs through the old yearbook with Simon, talks about their old baseball coach, asks him how it was working on the reunion concert with Artie.

"It was terrible, terrible," says Simon, shaking his head. "We can't get near each other in a work situation. I haven't seen him much lately. His father died, I went to the funeral, and I saw him two or three times after that."

Hoblyn, leaning against a counter, loudly drums his fingers, looks darkly at the visitors, and hovers, knowing that Simon cannot draw conversations to a close; once he has made himself available he behaves as if he has nothing better to do. Finally they ask for their programs to be signed, and exit.

"This being a grown-up, it's hard," says Simon then. "It's hard."

By being a grown-up he means not only entertaining the visitors, signing programs, and answering the inevitable questions about Artie—but being on display in general. The concert tour has two months to go and he doesn't like tours. Performing is part of what he calls the "selling" of this album—along with interviews and photo sessions ("The biggest problem with me is in the area of smiling")—and he doesn't like being a salesman. "The selling of this album is just about over." He has been saying this since September, a wishful chant. Still, most of his laments must be taken with a smidgen of salt, and this one is no exception. It is the idea of performing he dislikes more than the fact of it. He is a perfectionist about each concert, vastly pleased with the tour's reception. "Hot show!" he says, bustling offstage during the concert. "*Very* hot show. The sound was *much* better tonight."

He calls *Graceland* an "elitist" album, says he wrote it for "smart" urban people. He did not expect this much controversy—not at Howard, where he first ran into it in its raw form, as he now puts it, and not later, when he found that the United Nations Special Committee Against Apartheid had threatened to censure him for breaking the cultural boycott. Intermediaries for the African National Congress strongly urged him to write the committee a letter of apology. He finally sent one carefully worded not to be an apology but a reiteration of his refusal to perform in South Africa—which was how he had interpreted the boycott—but he did not like having to send a letter at all.

The past few weeks, as he sees it, have vindicated him. The Grammy for Album of the Year was a vindication, and so was a concert in Zimbabwe in February, attended by a racially mixed crowd of twenty-one thousand. "The government gave me an honorary comradeship," he says. "I'm now known as Comrade Paul, which should be invaluable should I ever run for office." Even the *Village Voice*, which ran an article last fall critical of Simon's trip to South Africa, has chosen *Graceland* as its album of the year.

Bill Graham, who promoted the shows in Berkeley, bounds into the dressing room looking as if he may begin jumping up and down with excitement. "Last night was good, but tonight, incredible! This isn't a concert, this is theater! You could do this in an arena, you don't need chairs, people would just stand and *move*! I love rhythm. I'm a Latin banana. I follow the Latin scene in New York very closely, but this is just—amazing! Whitey loves it ... and when you've got it, *they're* dancing."

He continues for some time. His point seems to be that it is very important to show whitey this music ... and that Simon should do many more concerts to enlighten whitey.

"I guess he's right," Simon frets after Graham leaves. "I think about this show as something I'm getting bored with, but he's talking about it as something important." (Shortly after Berkeley, he talks about extending the tour, but briefly, to play for black audiences in North American cities.) "I could keep doing this for a long time ... no, then you become idealified only with a cause, like Joan Baez. That's not interesting. I find it lazy. And you get cynical, and you can't be creative and be cynical. Because when you're an artist," he says, "you're making up the world."

IN THE CAB BACK TO THE HOTEL AFTER THE BERKELEY concert, he and Hoblyn talk about the next album. "Now I have to go back and see if I can do something else," he says. "I *think* I can do it. I think I can do something that's entertaining. Just by thinking." He sounds at once both sure of himself and not quite convinced.

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Twenty Good Reasons to Cry

By Stanley Bing

1 Your team has just lost the seventh game of the World Series.

2 Your stockbroker is arrested for insider trading, and you realize the guy never did one single unethical thing for you.

3 Your wife has run off with Marvin Hamlisch.

4 You decide to forgo your designer clip joint and have your hair cut by Rocco at the local barbershop. Six dollars and fifteen minutes later, you emerge with a kind of abrupt, vertical look currently sported only by military men and recently deinstitutionalized mental patients.

5 Indoor soccer.

6 You shave off your moustache and remember that you hate your face.

7 You forget to preorder the vegetarian meal on TWA and, famished, eat two stuffed bell peppers in marinara sauce before you realize what you've done.

8 You spend $540 on a state-of-the art compact disc player, only to find out the next day, in the current issue of *Audiophile*, that digital tape has suddenly become the decreed format of choice.

9 Twenty four-year-old M.B.A.s who earn in excess of a million dollars a year and complain their lives are empty.



10 Two weeks with your parents at their geriatric enclave in Sun City, Arizona.

11 You hear from your dermatologist that the only way to save your hair is to have injections of estrogen.

12 Your wife absolutely refuses to let you buy that personal helicopter you saw in the window at Hammacher Schlemmer.

13 In the course of a schmooze with a bright and frisky young woman you thought understood you, she inquires, "Woodstock? You mean Snoopy's little friend?"

14 Fatty corned beef.

15 You find yourself actually paying attention to Dr. Ruth Westheimer.

16 You don your seersucker suit for the first time since last summer and find that, while you can still button the trousers by forcing every bit of air from your lungs, the fly flares so radically your zipper shows.

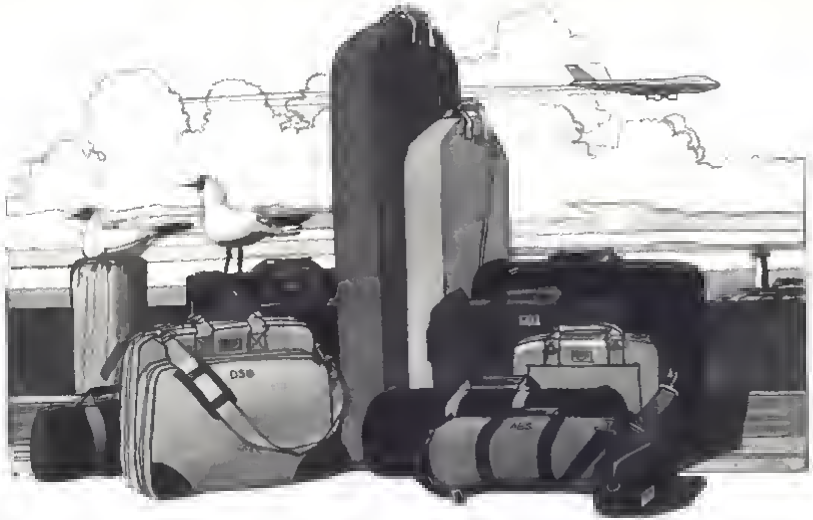
17 In New York City today, the only legal place to light your postdinner Monte Cruz is at home with your wife or in the middle of Central Park—and you don't feel all that safe in either location.

18 You enter a room filled with intelligent, dynamic, slender women, and realize that you will never know a single one except at exorbitant personal cost.

19 You are stuck on an elevator with Siskel and Ebert.

20 Your dog, Rags, with whom you shared every confidence and crisis for more than seventeen years, can no longer control his oddly functions. You make that last, inevitable trip to the vet. Afterward, you stand on the sidewalk in the bright sunshine, alone for the first time since your youth, wondering where life goes and, in your heart, knowing.

PHOTOGRAPH: HOWARD WORLD PHOTOS



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THE BEST OF TIMES



PHOTOGRAPH STEVEN BEGLEITER

Some happen once in a lifetime. Others happen every day. But no matter how often they come around, we know them for what they are: pretty damn swell and eternal.

THE FLY THAT BINDS

By Gil Eisner

I WAS SO STARVED TO FISH THAT I THREW MY gear in with the picnic impedimenta even though fishing *en famille* had never worked before. My plan was to unpack the car, locate the site, gather the wood, get the fire started, and segue swiftly out. Which is what I did. Once the fire was going, I slipped back to the car for my rod and vest, skipping the change into hip boots to get on the water quicker. A futile sacrifice. I was already spotted by my three-and-a-half-year-old, Jake, who was coming up the path and was on me like a barnacle.

"What are ya doin', Pa? Ya gonaa fish, Pa?"

"I'm going to go down there and try to catch a fish."

"Lemme try, Pa." He grabbed the cork butt of the two-and-a-half-ounce split cane rod—a wonderful gift from an old friend who had introduced me to fly-fishing ten years before.

"Lemme try, Pa."

"Wait a minute, Jakey."

"I wanna try. Poppi!"

"Wait a minute. I have to show you how!"

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"Which one are ya gonna use, Pa?" The right question.

"Probably this one, because these flies live around here, and the fish eat them."

"Can I try too, Poppi?" The right tone. I no longer needed to go off alone. I wanted to show him the whole game of trout fishing. I thought, my God, here I am about to pass the baton. I wanted to show him everything I'd ever learned about anything. I gave him the rod and put my hand over his and began to show him what the line did when you waved the rod up.

The size 16 Gray Fox arced out about twelve feet and began to float back to us on the slow, flat surface.

"Look, Pa!" A bubble replaced the Gray Fox.

"You got a fish, Jakey. Pull back and wind him in."

His face became serious, intense. He felt the fish straining below. He never noticed I changed the direction of his retrieve. The rod



curved as he lifted the three-inch pumpkin seed out of the water and held it high, bouncing on the flex of the rod.

"Good, Pa?" He was beaming.

"Very good, Jakey. Let's go show Mom."

Later I was describing how he caught his first fish on a dry fly...one I'd tied, and how exciting it was. And Jake looked up with a three-year-old's exasperation and said, "You forgot to say that it was the bamboo rod."

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

By David Halberstam

NORMALLY I AM NOT A MAN FOR THE VERY early morning. My whole professional life has been premised on working at night, and like most journalists I am slow to start a new day. But there are rare times when I force myself to get up early, when the rest of the world is still asleep, and I am touched by the secret quality of the moment. Rarely, however, because I live in the city, am I touched by the color and the mood created by the dawn.

Mostly I see the dawn when I go fishing. I do not fish the morning tides as often as I used to.

ILLUSTRATIONS: TOM CHRISTOPHER



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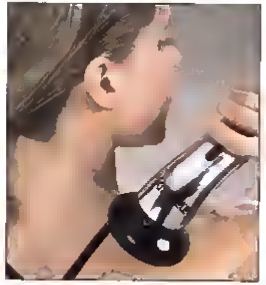
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because when I do I am named for the rest of the day and cannot work. But the pleasure when I do so is special. On these days, I start out in my home in the unspeakable darkness, stealthily bumping around the house. My friend David Fine comes by to pick me up while it is still dark. There are usually two or three of us in his Jeep. It is his boat we will use. Because it is his boat, we go in his car. We are almost always quiet in the



beginning. Fine sets the tone; he is a lovely man, ebullient and outgoing in most circumstances but supple in adjusting himself to the mood of others, and he is aware at moments such as this of an almost primitive, early-morning need for silence of men caught up in their own thoughts.

We fish in the beginning with a certain hard edge. We go about this seriously, who will get on to the first fish, who will take the biggest fish. The early talk is about strikes, about moving a little to find fish, that and little more.

At almost the same time the sun begins to come up, and the colors change, what was a moment earlier only gray becomes blue, and green and gray. The sky turns pink. We pause, astonished that anything so readily attainable, *so near*, can be so beautiful. I stop fishing for a moment and watch—it happens so quickly that one can easily miss it. I think I fish because of the fishing itself, and the friendships, but sometimes I know, I fish because of the colors as well.

THE HOME FIRES

By Mark Singer

His second week on earth, I raced home on my bicycle down Fifth Avenue at rush hour, thinking *I've got to hurry. He'll only be nine days old* once—and nearly died in the process. Unspeakable indignities lurk along the road of life, hoping to ambush my boy. My love is like boot camp: any child who can survive my insane heart, I calculate, can handle the rest.

Our longest running gag goes like this. First, I say something ridiculous. Then he says, "Dad dy, that's a joke." Then I say, "Jeb, I'm not joking, because I *never* tell jokes." And he says, "Daddy, you *do* tell jokes. Even *I* never tell jokes. It's a joke."

We understand each other quite well. At five and a half, he understands that when I remind him each day that he is the most beloved child in the history of beloved children, I am not joking.

He has been blessed with his mother's nose, mouth, and jawline. I have contributed the eyes, hair, flesh tone, and, most inconveniently, the talent for gratuitous spilling and breaking. "It was," his genes require him to explain, roughly twice a day, "uh accident." A year ago, his two brothers were born—two more most beloved children in the history of beloved children. (Fickle I am not; expansible is what I am.) The twins, naturally endowed, also spill and break.

Occasionally, I go away on business. And then I return. The plane touching down means I have reentered their orbit. I check my watch and feel my chest fill with anxiety, the pain of separation concentrated, deferred until the last hour of my journey. Five minutes until the plane reaches the gate, five more until I reach the taxi stand, another fifteen minutes until we're through the tunnel, ten more and I'm inside the elevator. I insert my key into the lock. My life is on the other side of the door. While my back has been turned, one baby has learned to walk, the other has learned to drool. As I lift Jeb to hug him, he begins to deliver a carefully rehearsed speech. "Daddy, you know what? Today something bad happened and something good happened. I'm sorry about the bad thing that happened. Daddy, A



lamp broke. It was uh accident. Daddy. But you know what? The babies almost got hurt, but I didn't let them get hurt. Isn't that good, Daddy?" He is, of course, not joking.

Now I am home, my son is in my arms, and we are both for the moment holding on tight.

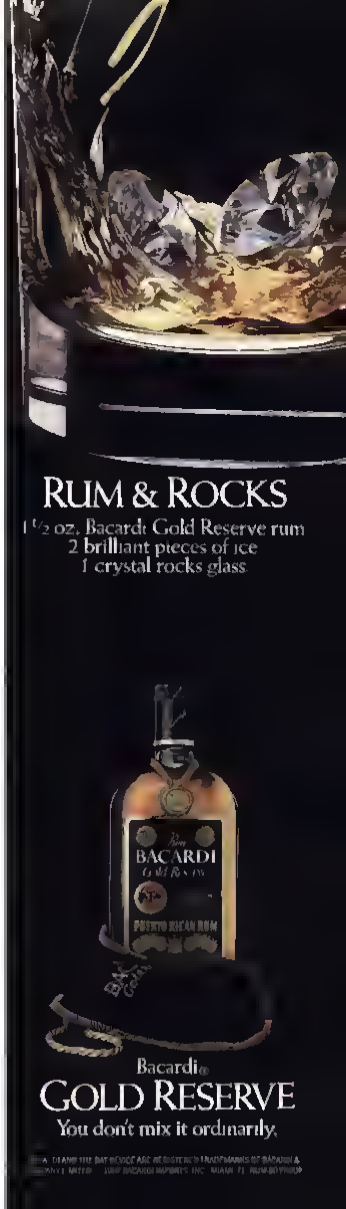
HEY, DON'T I KNOW YOU?

By Daniel Okrent

When I first began to call myself a writer, I was introduced to a famous (if partly stewed) journalist who upon hearing my name said, with at least the facsimile of enthusiasm, "I like your stuff!" At the time, I'd published only two magazine articles, both of them so pedestrian they'd be lucky to get arrested for jaywalking. But this was recognition! He liked my stuff! I didn't even know I *had* stuff!

Nice as it was, I learned later that I had simply engaged in the usual manner of insincere greeting exchanged by newly met writers and writers manqué. Even the most famous novelist in America is less well-known than the actor who plays the third lead on an about-to-be-canceled network sitcom. So because all of us know what each of us needs, we lie to each other. I like your stuff.

But then, just this past winter, after one appearance on the *Today* show, two fairly successful books, several fistfuls of by lines in big-circulation magazines, and even the occasional, hopelessly sincere fan letter (which usually comes from someone who, after a few introductory niceties, allows as how she'd like me to help



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her write the "story of my fascinating life as a druggist's wife in South Dakota"]—after ten years—I was recognized by a civilian.

It happened in a small New England country inn known for its rock-solid kitchen, its sizable investment in clarets, and its clientele of week-ending New Yorkers. I live nearby but had just returned from a business trip to the city. It was an early winter evening...and there was only one other couple in the small dining room in which I'd been seated, nursing a nice Médoc as I waited for my wife. When she arrived in the vestibule on the other side of a thin wall and told the cap-



tain her name, the man at the next table turned his head. He watched her enter the room, and his eyes grabbed both of us as we embraced.

I had just settled back into my chair when the man called over to me, "You're not Daniel Okrent the writer, are you?"

Not too greedily, I hope, I acknowledged that I was.

"I read your last book," the man announced with what I later remembered as genuine enthusiasm. His wife, I am quite sure, was beaming. "I bought it for him for Christmas!" she said.

"No kidding," I said, with my usual profundity and wit. Then, more confident, aglow with both wine and pride, I added with a nicely boyish stammer and a small, self-deprecating blush, "I hope you liked it." I semi-winked at my wife, who had never before seen so humble a performance.

"Well," the man said, his good humor dazzling...his wife grinning and nodding with him, "actually, I didn't. Not at all. I thought it really bogged down. But it's really, really nice to meet you."

On the drive home, we talked about the weather.

WHEN THE EYES HAVE IT

By Jesse Kornbluth

I WAS ALONE, WRITING A SCREENPLAY AGAINST A deadline, when N. invited me for dinner. "It's just going to be three of us," she said, "but my friend is a writer." I sighed. A night of shoptalk. At best, I'd get a line of dialogue out of the evening.

When I arrived, no one was downstairs but my hostess's daughter. We were chatting happily about six-year-old stuff—Barbie, Madonna, like that—when A. appeared. She looked at me. I looked at her. And in that nanosecond we both knew our futures would merge.

This wasn't a matter of gazing like dopes into one another's limpid pools. Life stories, secret fears, unexpressed hopes—in each other's eyes we surely saw disappointment, danger, and, above all, an unearned but certain connectedness. Not that an observer would have noticed. In that brief and frozen moment, we surely looked as though nothing much were happening.

As a screenwriter, I'd be hooted down for writing such a scene in a medium that thrives on conflict, love's a sweaty enterprise requiring misunderstandings, breakups, and a third-act reconciliation. In real life, however, when I tell the "how we met" story, I invariably get nods of recognition. Love at first sight happens all the time.

The simple and open secret of successful eye contact is that it never fails—except for people who actively seek the connection it promises. For eye contact is about a willingness to see, about receptivity. It can't be premeditated...or, as the pickup books have it, reduced to mere technique. That way brings certain failure: for very little in life is more unattractive than a soul on the make.



Interest in the next moment—whatever it brings—is not yours without effort. How do you master it? Follow Mother's advice. Get out of the house. Stand tall. Shoulders back. Chin up. And, for God's sake, keep your eyes open.

HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT

By Vic Ziegel

I BLUFF. I WIN. SOMETIMES I THINK THE FAMILY crest should be a pair of sixes, smile faces inside the circles. I like to play with friends. Strangers do strange things. Friends will hurt you, too, but they drive you home.

There was a Friday night game with friends who worked at the same newspaper. We started at midnight, quit at 8:00 A.M., and ate eggs in a Ukrainian joint with Bunny Berigan on the jukebox. This night, we had a new player. He said he knew the game, but he didn't. The kind of guy who recites over and over to himself, flush beats a straight, full house beats a flush.

It was a half hour into the game, and I had half the chips I started with. The new guy was a chip-stacker. Couldn't make a bet till his chips were perfect twin towers. He whistled by blowing against his teeth, which needed cleaning. Worst of all, he was winning. I hated him. He was ruining my night, and would do the same to my eggs. And I could almost hear him: flush beats a straight, full house beats a flush.

We were playing seven-card stud. Five cards into the hand, I had a high flush, thank you. The new guy was showing a jack, queen, king. I bumped, he straightened his chips, he stayed in. We were the only players. The new cards didn't help either of us. I bumped.

He was turning his chips into a series of Greek columns. "You like to bluff," he said. I should never hear that. I turned to my closest friend in



the game. He was ready to burst out laughing. To make me feel better...he began stacking his chips into a single tower. "I don't think you're bluffing this time," the new guy said. He folded.

I was pulling in the chips, when the new guy said, "I had a straight." There was a bluff available here that had nothing to do with card playing...if I played it right. I answered him with the kind of groan that is meant to show sympathy. "Lucky me," I said, sounding dead earnest, just one regular guy talking to another. "All I had was a flush."

The look on his face said cloudy, possible showers, definite confusion. He said, "But doesn't a flush beat a—" He didn't finish the sentence. I made a big show of snapping my fingers, the way people do when they're about to tell a lie. "That's right," I said, "a flush beats a straight, doesn't it?" The way I looked at it, we were even. He was winning more money, but my bluff had done the job. He hated me now, and the eggs would taste just fine.

RISKY BUSINESS

By Philip W. Moffitt

I COUNT MYSELF AMONG THE LUCKY ONES MORE than once in my life, I have known the triple pleasure of having done a truly great deal.

A great deal begins—where else?—with the pleasure of getting the right price. There is always a number that simply feels right, and it's not just the money itself. In a sense it's like any big accomplishment. One gets the feeling of having won. But it's not like being victorious in war: it doesn't mean that the other guy has to



lose. There are those people—and I can testify to this—for whom reality and expectation have so diverged that they can only feel they've won by knowing the other guy lost, got screwed. These are not the people one wants to do business with.

After the right price, the second pleasure is usually a long time coming, for it occurs only after the specific terms of the contract are negotiated. It's almost impossible to enjoy the process of this part of doing a deal because the stakes are so high that what was gained with price can easily be compromised away. Still, out of this negotiation comes a second great sense of accomplishment over having held the deal intact—it's almost as if one re-experiences that first basic agreement.

The third pleasure comes with the signing itself...the so-called closing. This is the true test of a great deal—that no major doubts burst forth when the papers are signed and money changes hands. Then one can shake hands knowing that both sides are going to be just as pleased a month from now and a year from now as they are at that moment. What is felt then is a pleasure not unlike that of a builder and seller of a quality home: the quiet satisfaction with one's own craftsmanship, which will last for as long as the house stands.

THEY'RE PLAYING MY SONG

By Bob Greene

I'LL BE SITTING IN A CAR WITH THE RADIO PLAYING. Or I'll walk into a restaurant that has music playing in the background. Or I'll be visiting someone's house and the stereo will be on.

And I'll hear those first few words. *You say you will love me...if I have to go.*

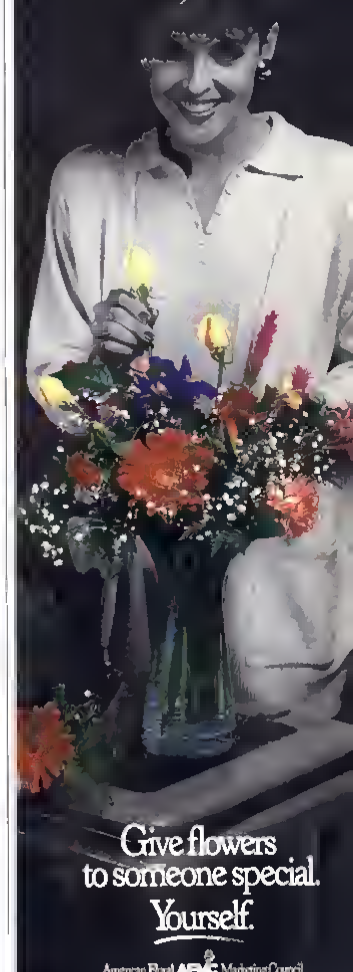
That will be enough to do it for me. It wasn't the most popular Beatles song, in fact, when compared to the famous hits: it is relatively obscure. But "Things We Said Today" has the power to transport me to another time and another place, and after all these years that power is diminished not at all.



The image the song delivers is that of my four best high school friends and myself, cruising in a blue Ford, feeling the freedom of summer nights. So many songs passed in and out of our lives, but somehow, for a reason I can't define, it is "Things We Said Today" that puts me back in that Ford with Allen and Chuck and Dan and Jack. In 1987, Paul McCartney's voice will catch me by surprise, and it will be a gift: it will be a ticket to a time machine, and it will take me away.

Television is powerful and books are enduring, but it is the sound of a song that works magic. I hear the words *Someday when we're dreaming, deep in love, not a lot to say, then we will remember things we said today.* Back then I couldn't have known that those words were more than lyrics: they were a promise that would stay with me forever.

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WHAT GUYS HATE!

Negative passion—and verse

A poem by Roy Blount Jr.

Passions? Here are things that guys,
Deep down inside, *despise*

Tiny things they can't pick up
Not your proverbial porcelain cup
So much as you know, *nuance*. "Um,
I'm full of loving. You want some?"
A guy may say in a spurt of gen-
Erosity and smile and then
Uh-oh. Missed some small relation-
Ship's kind of consideration,
Which she now builds an opus on
A guy named Guy de Maupassant
Wrote a story, "The Piece of String"
It's always some *little* thing

That's why guys have broad-based doubts
Regarding angel hair and sprouts
Don't eat anything thinner than rice
Is good solid guys' advice

Something else guys can't abide
Is patience. Guys have tried and tried
To sit still and not to fidget
Or snore at some damn four-digit-
Ticket beaux arts gala affair;
Tried to deliberate over her hair;
Tried to creep at 55 or
So behind a cowering driver—
Guys can't. They want to get
A move on. To where they aren't to yet

The converse of that is, say a guy sits
For six straight hours drinking Schlitz
And watching football. Say he does.
Does he need to hear the buzz

Of criticism round his head
From those who wish he were instead
The kind of guy who plays recorder
En famille with wife and dorder?
No. He doesn't need to hear it
He is with the girls in spirit

Guys can't fathom women's tears
They may have a couple beers
And get misty in their fashion,
But a woman goes into such an *uration*
Al state it's *scary* when she cries
At worst, it's face-in-the-chih with guys
Where do women think they get
The right to be so damn upset?
What if guys got that undone?
It makes guys want to hit someone

Another thing that's always bugged
Guys: the threat of being mugged
In jail, the street, commerce, court
Marriage, politics, or sport
Bad enough losing, therefore owing
Another meal to sharks and going
Unloved or else unfitly loved—
To think of having something *shoved*
Guys hate that. Otherwise
They'd do it less to other guys

Guys would rather suck dry ice
Than stick to saying something nice
Guys grow up exchanging whacks
And slurs; they seldom wax
Supportive quite convincingly
(Wary of coming off mincingly)
Unless, that is, testosterone
Whispers, "Don't go home alone!

Get yourself cracking after
Her there. Say whate'er you hafter,
And mean it. For the time being
Tell her, "You're like Venus, skiing."

Of course, no given guy's generic—
Ollie North to David Merrick
Each one has his own betes noires,
From bigotry to Asian cars
Which doesn't mean that mine should be
Associated just with me
Still, I think that I can state
That one thing I and all guys hate
Is guys who, well, equivocate

Then too, all this is changing. Guys
Are learning now to sensitize
Come alive and join the Eighties
Act like human beings (ladies
Is roughly what is meant by that)
Guys today are sweet to a cat
And take an interest in curtains. But
If there's one thing that guys have gut
Adverse reactions to, it is
To read a column (headed "His")
In which they're told they're sensitizing
And guys can't stand in advertising,
Guys shown being so damn guysome
Must we watch these scenes? I'll buy some
Löwenbräu if Löwenbräu'll
Show me Adam Clayton Powell
To take a name just from the blue
Or Pelé, or Gerard Depardieu,
Or Wilham Powell, or Bud, or Dick—
Guys who do not make me sick.
Where do they get these guys? L.A.?
What gets guys' goats is guys manqué

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